SABRINAE COROLLA

Phil
Gr & Lat

SABRINAE COROLLA.

Lat. Cl. S

SABRINAE COROLLA

IN HORTULIS

REGIAE SCHOLAE SALOPIENSIS

CONTEXUERUNT

TRES VIRI FLORIBUS LEGENDIS

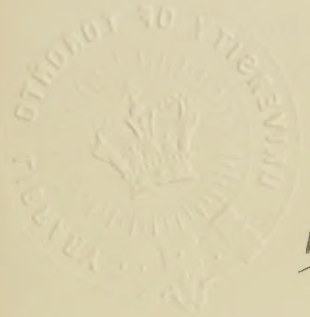
[H. Holden, R. D. Archer-Hind, James Riddell]

Δειξάμενοι στοργὴν φιλομήτορα
ANTHOLOGIA GRAECA

EDITIO QUARTA

LONDONI: G. BELL ET FILII

MDCCCXC



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LONDINI: EXCUDEBANT C. WHITTINGHAM ET SOC.

MUSIS · CAMENISQUE · VETERIBUS

NE · BRITANNIAM · RELINQUANT · DEPRECANTES

D. D. D.

T. V. F. L.

TRIUM VIRORUM PRAEFATIO.

QUAM viam praeivit vir eleganti ingenio et doctrina Henricus Drury,[1] secutus est doctissimus Gulielmus Linwood, cum alter Arundines Cami, suaves illas et lepore plenas, alter pari felicitate Anthologiam contexeret Oxoniensem, eamdem insistimus non aemulantes nos quidem: inter duas enim celeberrimas orbis terrarum Academias unumque Ludum Litterarium aemulatio esse potest nulla: sed, cum harumce litterarum studia, quae veremur ne in dies obsolescant, nondum penitus excidisse videremus, condendum censuimus eiusmodi monumentum, quod posteris hominibus traderet, veteres illas Musas ac Camenas non ad Tamesin solum, sed in Sabrinae etiam ripis aliquando vestigia posuisse.

Etenim iam anni sunt amplius quinquaginta, ex quo Regiae Scholae Salopiensi praefectus est Samuelis Butlerus, vir omni laude praestantior. Qui quid ad litteras antiquas excolendas, quid ad pueros liberalius instituendos contulerit, sciunt quidem multi: quibus autem difficultatibus obluctatus id effecerit, paucis innotuit, plerisque vix

[1] Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi,

qui eximiam illius viri indolem per annos amplius triginta penitus cognoveram.—H.

esset credibile. Nobis igitur hoc opus aggredientibus spes illa calcar subdidit, fore ut viri tanti tamque egregie meriti "haerentem capiti multa cum laude coronam" novis qualibuscumque floribus ornaremus.

In Corolla contexenda quid cuique debuerimus, legentibus erit in propatulo. Qui nos aut suppetiis instruxerunt aut ingenuo favore prosecuti sunt, iis, quotquot sunt, gratias agimus et habemus ingentes. Neque vero dubium est nobis quin multi ubique sint Salopienses, qui si consilii nostri fieri potuissent certiores, summo nos studio nervisque omnibus adiuturi fuerint. Hos igitur in primis et benevolum quemque lectorem enixe rogamus, ut huic opusculo nostro faveant, et, si plura, quod speramus, non displicuerint, maculis iis, quas humana parum caverit natura, offendi se ne patiantur.

Dabamus Londini
Cal. Febr. A. S. MDCCCL.

EORUMDEM EDITIONIS SECUNDAE PRAEFATIO.

SABRINAE Corollam qui ante annos novem contexuimus, iidem Dei beneficio hodie retexentes primum pro virili parte ita emendavimus ut eam ad antiquitatis optimae normam acrius exigeremus; deinde ita immutavimus auximusque ut rerum cum varietati tum dignitati consuleretur; denique ita concinnavimus, ut carminibus ceteris loco motis, quod inviti quidem sed consulto et cogitato fecimus, ea tantum in nova editione comparerent, quae ex alia in aliam linguam conversa essent. Itaque librum, nisi omnia nos fallunt, haud paulo probabiliorem quam antea fuit, lectoribus nostris paucis illis quidem, sed doctis, elegantibus, humanis, in manus tradimus, dolituri, ut cum Flacco loquamur, si spe nostra deterius iis placiturus sit.

Londini
Cal. Ian. A. S. MDCCCLIX.

EDITIONIS TERTIAE PRAEFATIO.

CUM iam sub praelo esset haec Editio Tertia, unus isque natu minimus ex Tribus Viris, qui Floribus Legendis fuerant, Iacobus Riddell, A. M. Collegi Balliolensis Socius, mortalitatem explevit. Qui qua indole virtutis fuerit, qua morum sanctitate, quam modesta constantia, quam suavi humanitate, quam accurata denique et eleganti doctrina, sciunt Oxonienses sui, eumque pari ac nos, praeceptor eius et condiscipulus, amore, luctu, desiderio prosequuntur. Εἰρήνη τῷ εἰρηναίῳ.

In huius locum successit ad Flores Legendos H. H. eiusdem Collegi quondam Scholaris.

Quo adiuvante quod hanc Editionem Tertiam emisimus non emendatiorem tantum, sed multo etiam auctiorem et minore tamen pretio venalem, gratiam inire voluimus apud eos lectores, quibus hic noster libellus nec illepidus videri solet nec ad humanitatis studia fovenda prorsus inutilis.

Londini
Id. Febr. A. S. MDCCCLXVII.

EDITIONIS QUARTAE PRAEFATIO.

QUARTAM hanc Corollae editionem prelo submittimus dolentes ex animo eum qui ter huic operi praefuit non hodie quoque praeesse. Utinam in nobis esset, qua ille orationis humanitate Iacobi Riddell dulcissimam memoriam olim prosecutus est, eadem nostro ipsius desiderio satisfacere.

Minime vero suspicentur lectores hancce editionem, illius obitu mancam, minus idcirco ab ulla parte absolutam in publicum prodire. Noster enim, quae erat illi mirifica industria et prope incredibilis Musarum amor, huic libello augendo et emendando paene ad extremum aetatis iam ingravescentis diem diligentissime incubuit. Illum igitur, talem virum, quisnam omnium, quibus huiusmodi carmina cordi sunt, non in omnem commendare memoriam velit, inter criticos et grammaticos primarium, inter poetas elegantissimum, inter praeceptores omni laude maiorem?

Nobis profecto nihil superest nisi flores ab illo decerptos colligare, et hanc Corollam tanquam *μνημόσυνον τοῦ μακαρίτου* in manus Salopiensium eo libentius tradere quo prioribus multo locupletior sit typisque melioribus distinctior, ideoque omnibus Musarum amicis magis se commendatura.

H. H.
R. D. A. H.

DE HORTULIS EX QUIBUS FLORES DEPROMPTI SUNT.

SCHOLAM Regiam Salopiensem fundavit Rex Eduardus Sextus A.S. MDLI. eamque primum *Liberam* esse voluit (id est, Chartulatam eaque *libertate* donatam, *ut nulli neque Ecclesiae neque Collegio obnoxia esset*) deinde *Grammaticalem, ut Litteris docendis inserviret.* Vectigalia eius auxit Elisabetha Regina, eamque ita legibus bonis firmavit ut Publica esset et civibus universis pateret. Itaque Archididascalus eius primus Thomas Astonus, vir egregius, novem annis discipulos inscripsit Oppidanos ducentos et triginta, Alienos autem septingentos: quorum illustrissima duo nomina sunt, Philippus Sidney et Fulke Greville.

'Philippus Sidney, filius et heres Henrici Sidney, Militis, de Penshurst in Comitatu Cantiae, necnon Serenissimi Ordinis Garterii Militis,' Regiae Scholae Salopiensis ordinibus adscriptus est a. d. xvi. Cal. Nov. A. S. MDLXIV. Pro Batavorum libertate pugnans cecidit artium centum iuvenis A.S. MDLXXXVI. (P. S.)

'Fulke Gryvill, filius et heres Fulki Gryvill, Armigeri, de Beauchamp Court in Comitatu Varvici,' Regiae Scholae Salopiensis ordinibus adscriptus est a. d. xvi. Cal. Nov.

A. S. MDLXIV., qui, cum titulo et dignitate Baronis Brook insignitus esset, homicidae manu scelesta cecidit A. S. MDCXXVIII.: vir probus et sagax, poeta subtilis, Elisabethae Reginae inter Ministros, Iacobo Regi e Consiliis Intimis, et Philippi Sidneii amicus. (B.)

Insequenti saeculo Scholam illustravit inter alios Georgius Savile, Marchio de Halifax, vir ornatissimus civis integerrimus: proximo autem Ioannes Taylor, S.T.P. qui Demosthenis orationes edidit, et Eduardus Waring, A.M. Mathematicus insignis, in Academia Cantabrigiensi Professor Lucasianus.

Catalogum subiecimus eorum, qui Flores ad Sabrinae Corollam contulerunt: Salopiensium anonymorum carmina designant litterae S.A.

CATALOGUS EORUM QUI FLORES AD SABRINAE COROLLAM CONTULERUNT.

Thomas Smart Hughes . .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	T. S. H.
Robert Wilson Evans . .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	R. W. E.
William E. Evans . . .	*Clare Coll.* . . .	*C.*	W. E. E.
Frederick Edward Gretton.	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	F. E. G.
John Price	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	J. P.
George Ash Butterton . .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	G. A. B.
Benjamin Hall Kennedy .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	K.
Thomas Williamson Peile .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	T. W. P.
Herbert Johnson	*Wadham Coll.* . .	*O.*	H. J.
Samuel Marindin. . . .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	S. M.
Charles James Johnstone .	*Gonville and Caius Coll.*	*C.*	C. J. J.
Edmund Hartopp Cradock.	*Brasenose Coll.* .	*O.*	E. H. C.
Charles W. Borrett . . .	*Magdalen Coll.* .	*O.*	C. W. B.
Richard Shilleto	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	R. S.
William Fletcher. . . .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*O.*	W. F.
James Hildyard	*Christ's Coll.* . .	*C.*	J. H.
Robert Scott	*Christchurch* . .	*O.*	S.
George John Kennedy . .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	G. J. K.
George Frederick Harris .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	G. F. H.
William Gilson Humphry .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	W. G. H.
Henry Holden	*Balliol Coll.* . .	*O.*	H. H.
Charles Thomas Newton .	*Christchurch* . .	*O.*	C. T. N.
Henry John Hodgson . .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	H. J. H.
George A. Chichester May.	*Magdalene Coll.* .	*C.*	G. A. C. M.
Henry Thompson	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	H. T.
Thomas Saunders Evans .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	T. S. E.
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William Fellowes . . .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	W. F.
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John Skinner Jones . . .	*Jesus Coll.* . . .	*O.*	J. S. J.
Charles Weatherby . . .	*New Inn Hall* . .	*O.*	C. W.
Cecil Frederick Holmes .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	C. F. H.
Robert Burn	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	R. B.
Philip Perring	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	P. P.
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Henry Whitehead Moss .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	H. W. M.
George Preston	*Magdalene Coll.* .	*C.*	G. P.
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Charles Granville Gepp. .	*Christchurch* . .	*O.*	C. G. G.

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William Emerton Heitland	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	W. E. H.
Richard Dacre Archer-Hind	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	R. D. A. H.
Thomas Ethelbert Page .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	T. E. P.
Edward Branthwaite Moser	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	E. B. M.
William Wallis English .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	W. W. E.
William Glynn Williams .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	W. G. W.
Tancred Earle Raven . .	*Gonville and Caius Coll.*	*C.*	T. E. R.
Arthur Frederic Chance .	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	A. F. C.
Cecil Hill Garland . . .	*St. John's Coll.* .	*C.*	C. H. G.
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Griffith Hartwell Jones . .	*Jesus Coll.* . . .	*O.*	G. H. J.
William Joseph Myles Starkie	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	W. J. M. S.
Owen Seaman	*Clare Coll.* . . .	*C.*	O. S.
Harold Kennedy St. John Sanderson	*Trinity Coll.* . .	*C.*	H. K. S. S.

ERRATA.

P. 67, l. 28, "filia" *lege* "fila."
P. 111, l. 3, "celus" *lege* "scelus."
P. 171, l. 11, "olus" *lege* "holus."
P. 231, l. 1, "formosier" *lege* "formosior.'
P. 301, l. 26, "luctubus" *lege* "luctibus."
P. 305, l. 24, "earam" *lege* "caram."
P. 335, l. 27, "vespera" *lege* "vespere."
P. 409, l. 25, "eragimur" *lege* "erigimur."
P. 411, l. 23, "Mitta" *lege* "mitte."
P. 441, l, 22, "visi" *lege* "visa."
P. 465, l. 12, "χάους" *lege* "φάους."

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16. Asclepiadeum Quintum. Graece, p. 389. Latine, pp. 25, 411.

E. Tetrasticha Dicola.

17. Alcmanium. Latine, p. 71.
18. Asclepiadeum Secundum. Latine, pp. 3, 55, 111, 121, 141, 175, 195, 219, 301, 375, 381, 465, 473.
19. Asclepiadeum Quartum. Latine, pp. 65, 165, 257, 309, 329, 415.
20. Archilochium Primum. Latine, pp. 213, 255.
21. Archilochium Secundum. Latine, pp. 53, 151.
22. Archilochium Tertium. Latine, p. 427.
23. Archilochium Quartum. Latine, pp. 117, 137.
24. Pythiambicum Primum. Latine, pp. 65, 231, 351, 403.
25. Pythiambicum Secundum. Latine, pp. 91, 301.
26. Sapphicum Minus. Latine, pp. 9, 105, 311, 407, 421, 435, 459.
27. Sapphicum Majus. Latine, pp. 55, 97.
28. Hipponacteum. Latine, pp. 235, 315, 453.
29. Strophe Glyconea. Graece, p. 147. Latine, pp. 327, 335.

F. Tetrasticha Tricola.

30. Asclepiadeum Tertium. Latine, pp. 319, 323, 339, 395, 399, 405, 437.
31. Alcaicum. Latine, pp. 3, 21, 45, 59, 73, 135, 193, 245, 269, 277, 285, 317, 333, 345, 355, 385, 391, 393, 431, 451.
32. Strophe Scolii Harmodiani apud Athenaeum XV. Graece, pp. 147,

G. Pentastichon Dicolon.

33. Strophe Glyconea. Latine, p. 151.

H. Systemata.

34. Iambicum Dimetrum. Graece, p. 461.
35. Anapaesticum Dimetrum. Graece, pp. 1, 21, 23, 77, 87, 111, 127, 151, 153, 351. Latine, pp. 331, 463.
36. Ionicum a Minore. Latine, p. 217.
37. Creticum sive Paeonicum. Graece, p. 137.

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38. Strophe Chorica (Soph. Oed. Col. 668). Graece, p. 423.

SABRINAE COROLLA.

Naiadum pulcherrima.

SABRINA fair,
listen where thou art sitting
under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
in twisted braids of lilies knitting
the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
listen and save.

MILTON.

Δῖα Σαβρίνη, κλῦθ' ἵνα θακεῖς
ὑπ' ἀθερμάντου διαδήλοισιν
ῥεύματος αὐγαῖς,
λείρι' ὑφαίνουσ' ἠλεκτροχόοις
χλιδαναῖσι κόμαις πλόκον εὐανθῆ·
τῆς παρθενίας εἴ τι μέλει σοι,
πότνια λίμνας ἀργυροείδους
ἄρχουσα θεά, δεῦρ' ἐπακοῦσαί σ'
ἀντιβολοῦμεν
καὶ σώτειραν προφανῆναι.

K.

Nymph of the Stream, now take a grateful Prayer.

IRGIN daughter of Locrine,
sprung of old Anchises' line,
may thy brimmèd waves for this
their full tribute never miss
from a thousand petty rills,
that tumble down the snowy hills:
summer drouth or singèd air
never scorch thy tresses fair;
nor wet October's torrent flood
thy molten crystal fill with mud:
may thy billows roll ashore
the beryl and the golden ore;
may thy lofty head be crowned
with many a tower and terrace round,
and here and there, thy banks upon,
with groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

MILTON.

Song of the Dying Maiden.

AY a garland on my hearse,
of the dismal yew;
maidens, willow branches bear;
say I died true.
my love was false, but I was firm
from my hour of birth.
upon my buried body lie
lightly, gentle earth.

FLETCHER.

A Fine Day.

F woolly fleeces strew the heavenly way,
be sure no rain disturbs the summer day.

OLD SAW.

Merces tibi defluat.

IRGO, Locrini filia, quae sene
deducis Anchisa eximium genus,
tu semper undarum tributo
pro meritis saturanda curras,
quas mille rivi dent tibi parvuli
lapsi nivosis praecipites iugis:
ne torrida aestas, ne nitentes
flamma poli violet capillos,
neu fontium crystalla liquentia
October udus sordibus oppleat:
in prata beryllos et auri
volvat agens tua semen unda:
celsis corones undique turribus
xystisque multis conspicuum caput,
hinc inde disponens ad oras
cinnama cum redolente murra.

K.

Moritura super crudeli funere.

AXUM sternite lugubrem,
huc vos in tumulo sternite, virgines,
et glaucum salicis decus,
intactaque mori dicite me fide.
tu fallax fueris puer,
fido Leuconoe pectore vixero:
tellus, accipe leniter
et pondus cineri fac leve sis meo.

H. C. A. T.

Caelestia signa.

ANEA caelestes si sternunt vellera tractus,
aestivum pluvia crede carere diem.

K.

Chevy Chase.

T last the Doglas and the Persie met,
like two captains of might and main;
they swapt together till they both swat
with swords that were of fine Myllan.
these worthy freckies for to fight
thereto they were full fain,
till the blood out of their basnets sprent,
as ever did hail or rain.
'hold thee, Persie,' said the Doglas,
'and i'faith I shall thee bring
where thou shalt have a yerl's wages
of Jamy our Scottish king.
thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing,
for the manfullest man yet art thou
that ever I conquerd in field fighting.'
'nay then,' said the lord Persie,
'I told it thee beforne
that I would never yielded be
to no man of a woman born.'
with that there cam an arrow hastily
forth of a mighty ane:
hit hath stricken the yerl Doglas
in at the breast bane.
thorough liver and lungs baith
the sharp arrow is gane,
that never after in all his life days
he spake no words but ane,
that was 'fight ye, my merry men, whiles ye may,
for my life days bin gane.'
the Persie leaned on his brand
and saw the Doglas dee;
he took the dead man by the hand
and said 'wo is for thee!

Ἄμφω δ' αἰχμητά.

Τὼ δ' ὅτε δή ῥ' ἐς χῶρον ἔνα ξυνιόντες ἱκέσθην
ἰφθίμοιν κρατεροῖν τε ἐοικότες ἡγεμόνοιϊν,
Περσιάδης θ' ἥρως καὶ ἀμύμων ἱππότα Δόγλης,
σύν ῥ' ἔβαλον ξίφε' ἄμφω, ἀριπρεπέ' Ἰταλοῦ ἀνδρὸς
ἔργ'· ἰδρὼς δὲ ῥέεν πουλύς· μάλα γάρ ῥα μάχεσθαι
φῶτε λιλαιέσθην τὼ ἀμύμονε· πηλήκοιν δὲ
αἷμ' ὡσεί τε χάλαζα διέσσυτο ἠὲ καὶ ὄμβρυς.
καὶ τότε Περσιάδην προσεφώνεεν ἱππότα Δόγλης·
'παῦσαι δή νυ μάχης, ἐθέλω δ' ὁμόσ' ἦ μὲν ἀπάξειν
τῇ σ' ὅπου ἀνδρὸς ἀγοῦ γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξει
ἥρως ὃς πάντεσσι Καληδονίοισι ἀνάσσει.
λύσω δ' ἄρ σ' ἀνάποινον, ὅ σε φράζεσθαι ἄνωγα,
πάντων γάρ σ' ὄχ' ἄριστον ὀίομαι ἔμμεναι ἄλλων
τούς ῥ' ἐδάμασσά πω αὐτὸς ἐναντίβιον πολεμίζων.'
τὸν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα Βρετανῶν ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν·
'οὔτις ἐμὲ ζωγρεῖ, τό τ' ἔφην πρὶν φημὶ καὶ αὖτις,
ὅς ῥα καταθνητός τε γυναῖκά τε θήσατο μαζόν'.
ὣς φάτο· τὸν δ' ἕτερον μεγάλου παρὰ φωτὸς ὀρούσαν
ῥίμφα διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔδυ βέλος ὄστεον εἴσω.
διὰ μέν ῥ' ἦπαρ ἐσῆλθε δι' ἄμφω δ' ὀξὺς ὀϊστὸς
πνεύμονας· αὐτὰρ ὅγ', ὅφρα φάνη βιότοιο τελευτή,
τόφρα τόγ' ἐξηύδα μοῦνον ἔπος οὐδέ ποτ' ἄλλο·
'νωλεμέως πολεμίζετ', ἐμοὶ ἐρίηρες ἑταῖροι,
εἷος ἔτ' ἔστ'· αὐτὸς γὰρ ὀλέθρου πείρατ' ἀφῖγμαι.'
ὣς φάθ'· ὁ δὲ θνήσκοντα Βρετανῶν ἀρχὸς ἀμύμων
ἄντην εἰσοράασκεν ἐρειδόμενος ξίφεϊ ᾧ,
νεκροῦ δ' αὖθ' ἕλε χεῖρα ἔπος τ' ἔφατ' ἔκ τ' ὀνόμαζεν·

to have saved thy life I would have parted with
my lands for years three,
for a better man of heart nare of hand
was not in all the north countree.'

OLD BALLAD.

The Vegetable Creation.

HE scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
her universal face with pleasant green;
then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered
opening their various colours, and made gay
her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
the swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
and bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
their blossoms: with high woods the fields were crowned,
with tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
with borders long the rivers: that earth now
seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
or wander with delight, and love to haunt
her sacred shades: though God had yet not rained
upon the earth, and man to till the ground
none was; but from the earth a dewy mist
went up, and watered all the ground, and each
plant of the field.

MILTON.

'ὤ μοι ἐγὼ σέθεν εἵνεκ'· ἐπεί μευ πίονας ἀγροὺς
δῶκ' ἂν ἔχειν τρίετές γ' εἴ σ' ἐκ θανάτοιο σάωσα.
οὐδὲ γάρ οὐδ' ἄλλος κραδίην καὶ χεῖρας ἀμείνων
ὕσσους νήσου τῆσδε τό γ' ἥμισυ ἐντὸς ἐέργει.'

H. A. J. M.

Floret Ager.

VIX ea fatus erat, cum nuda incomptaque tellus,
nuda prius lateque informis vastaque visu,
gramina summisit: quae mollia matris apertum
vestivere latus verno viridique lepore.
tum subit herbarum quidquid frondescit; at illae
in florem patuere et versicolore coortae
laetificant specie gremium telluris odorum.
deinde profusa frequens uvis atque ubere vitis;
prorepsit cum ventre cucurbita; iuncus agrestes
direxit calamorum acies et inhorruit hastis;
mox dumus brevis, et squalens hirsuta tenacis
silva rubi; genus extremum et procerior ordo,
plurima processit similis saltantibus arbos,
ramosque exseruit felicia poma ferentes
aut gemmis alacres. agrum silva alta coronat;
caespitibusque viret vallis, viret uvida margo
fontis, et inclusit labentia flumina ripae
agger: eo tellus omnis perfusa leporest
in caeli speciem, divisque accommoda sedes,
qua vellent spatiari et sacras ire sub umbras:
quamvis arva Deus nondum saturaverat imbri,
nec putres homo qui glebas domitaret aratro
ullus erat, sed humo subiens tum roscidus aër
omne solum terrae fruticesque rigabat agrestes.

T. S. E.

The Woodlands.

HEPHERD, I pray thee stay. where hast thou been?
or whither goest thou? here be woods as green
as any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
as where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
face of the curled streams, with flowers as many
as the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells.
choose where thou wilt; whilst I sit by and sing,
or gather rushes to make many a ring
for thy long fingers, tell the tales of love,
how the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
first saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
she took eternal fire that never dies;
how she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
his temples bound with poppy, to the steep
head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
to kiss her sweetest.

FLETCHER.

Pan to his Worshippers.

O rouse the deer with horn and hound,
and chase him o'er the mountains free:
or bid the hollow woods resound
the triumphs of your archery.
Pan leads: and if you hail me right
as guardian of the silvan reign,
I'll wing your arrows on their flight,
and speed your coursers o'er the plain.

MERIVALE (*from* LEONIDAS).

Hic genus omne silvarum fruticumque viret.

UNDE mihi Corydon? qui te fert impetus? eheu
quo fugis, o demens? hac nulla virentior umbrast;
lucidus hic aer, Zephyri vix gratior ala
molliter allabens fluviorum in marmore crispo
luxuriat; circa ridet tibi copia florum
quot novus annus habet, suboles laetissima glaebae.
addo tot ingenuos fontes semperque recentes
delicias ruris, saltus et frigida Tempe:
adde lacus, adde antra hederae praetexta corymbis.
qua libet et gratum est, age, considamus amantes:
tu lentus recubes, teretes ego sedula iuxta
impediam digitos nexis de gramine circlis,
aut calamis ludam silvestribus, aut ego molles
historias dicam, cervos ut pallida Phoebe
per nemora insectans conspexerit Endymiona.
vidit, et ex oculis pueri concepit amoris
aeternas dea victa faces, simul ad tua, Latme,
saxa papavereis redimitum tempora sertis
leniter attollens per somnos abripit; illic
oscula dilecti iuvenis nocturna requirens
lumine fraterno semper iuga montis inaurat.

J. E. B. M.

Pan loquitur.

ITE, per vastos agitate montes
excitam cornu canibusque dammam,
vel cavas late resonante silvas
rumpite nervo.
ite: sin recte nemorum coletis
Pana custodem, duce me sagittae
fugerint certae, rapietque victrix
ungula campum.

K.

Hamlet's Soliloquy.

O be, or not to be, that is the question:
whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
and by opposing end them?—to die,—to sleep,
no more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
the heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
that flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
devoutly to be wished. to die;—to sleep;—
to sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
for in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
must give us pause. there's the respect
that makes calamity of so long life.
for who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
the pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
the insolence of office, and the spurns
that patient merit of the unworthy takes,
when he himself might his quietus make
with a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear
to grunt and sweat under a weary life;
but that the dread of something after death,—
the undiscovered country, from whose bourn
no traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
and makes us rather bear those ills we have,
than fly to others that we know not of?
thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
and thus the native hue of resolution
is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
and enterprises of great pith and moment,
with this regard, their currents turn awry,
and lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

Grande Certamen.

ESSE iuvet necne esse, hoc in discrimen agendumst:
utrum tandem animo sit honestius inmoderatae
glandes pertolerare et spicula fortunaï,
an contra aerumnas ipsum maris instar habentes
arma capessere et obstando pacare per aevum.
mors sopor est, nil praeterea; sed scire soporem
posse animi angores et vulnera naturaï
innumerabilia, humanis contingere sueta,
pacare, est nobis optandus terminu' talis.
mors sopor; at fors visa ferat sopor: haeret ibi res.
quippe etenim somno in mortis quae somnia possunt
accidere, excusso mortalis turbine vitae?
hinc pausam damus; hoc perpenso, denique cunctis
pergimus aerumnis affectum porro agere aevum.
quis ludibria enim atque aetatis verbera ferret,
quisve superborum fastidia vimve potentum
iustitiaeve moras, quis spreti vulnus amoris
lictorisve supercilium aut indigna malorum
facta quibus vexant summissos inque merentes,
ense mero tabulas cum conficere ipse potesset?
quis grave onus fessae vitaï pertoleraret
cum grunnitibus ac multis sudoribus aegris,
ni metus ille, aliquid nobis ne in morte ferat fors,
inque reperta loci ratio, a quo fine viator
nemo usquam remigrat, perculsum distraheret cor?
ergo damna pati praesentia malumus ista
quam nobis nova perfugium atque incognita habere.
haec animus versans timidos nos efficit omnes,
nativusque colos ac strenua vis animaï
tabescunt aegrae palloribus oblita curae;
coeptaque persaepe egregia et molimine magno
declinant sese pravos rationibus istis
in cursus, ea quae fuerant iam indigna cluere.

H. A. J. M.

Upon a Flie.

GOLDEN flie one shew'd to me,
closed in a box of yvorie:
where both seem'd proud; the flie to have
his buriall in an yvorie grave:
the yvorie tooke state to hold
a corps as bright as burnisht gold.
one fate had both; both equall grace,
the buried and the burying-place.
not Virgil's gnat, to whom the spring
all flowers sent to'is burying:
not Martial's bee, which in a bead
of amber quick was buried:
nor that fine worme, that do's interre
her selfe i'th silken sepulchre,
more honour had, then this same flie
dead, and closed up in yvorie.

HERRICK.

Native Nobility.

THOU Goddess!
thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
in these two princely boys! they are as gentle
as zephyrs blowing below the violet,
not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
their royal blood enchafed, as th' rudest wind,
that by the top doth take the mountain pine,
and make him stoop to the vale. 'tis wonderful
that an invisible instinct should frame them
to royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
civility not seen from other, valour
that wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
as if it had been sowed.

SHAKESPEARE.

Honos Sepulcri.

USCA mihi visast, nuper monstrante sodali,
aurea, quam niveo tegmine clausit ebur.
illa tumet, tumet hoc, fastu; nam musca superbit,
materies busti quod sit eburna sui,
iactat ebur rutilo se corpore, quo nitor auri
vincitur, artificis lausque laborque manus.
sors eadem fatis, decor est aequatus, utrique,
quae iacet hic, muscae, quo iacet illa, loco.
non culicis funus, celebrat quem musa Maronis,
ver licet huic tribuat quod dare possit opum,
nec quae viva latet Phaëthontide condita gutta,
versibus Hispani cognita vatis, apis,
nec sibi qui, vermis pulcherrimus, ipse sepulcrum,
undique nens stamen molle, parare solet,
illius eximios muscae superarit honores,
mortua cui niveum membra coercet ebur.

H. W. M.

Fortes creantur fortibus.

Ὦ Φύσις, ἄνασσα πότνι', ὡς ἄρ' εὐγενοῖν
τοῖνδ' οὐκ ἄσημος ἐμπρέπεις παίδοιν τρόποις,
οἳ πρευμενεῖς μέν εἰσιν, ὡς ἡδὺς πνέων
ζέφυρος, ἴων ὁπηνίκ' εὐώδη κόμην
ὑπῆλθεν οὐδ' ἔσεισεν· οἱ δ' αὐτοὶ πάλιν,
ἐὰν τύραννον αἷμα θερμανθῇ ποτε,
τραχεῖς, ὁποῖος ὅστις ἀγριώτατος
ἄνεμος ὀρείαν αὐχένος λαβὼν πίτυν
κάμπτει πρὸς οὖδας. θαῦμά τοι παρειχέτην
φρόνημα φύσαντ' ἀσκόπως ἄτερ τέχνης
τύραννον, αἰδῶ τ' οὐ διδασκάλων ὕπο,
καὶ τοὐπιεικὲς οὐ μαθόντ' ἄλλων πάρα,
αὐτόσπορόν τε θάρσος ἐν δὲ τοῖνδ' ἴσα
γύαις σπορητοῖς ἐκφέρον καρπώματα.

J. R.

The Stedfast Shepherd.

'ME no slave to such as you be;
neither shall a snowy brest,
wanton eye, or lip of ruby
ever rob me of my rest;
goe, goe, display thy beautie's ray
to some more soon-enamoured swaine;
those common wiles of sighs and smiles
are all bestowed on me in vaine.
I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
turne away thy tempting eyes:
shew not me a naked beautie,
these impostures I despise;
my spirit lothes where gawdy clothes
and fained othes may love obtaine.
I love her so, whose looke sweares no,
that all your labour will be vaine.
Can he prize the tainted posies
which on every brest are worn,
that may plucke the spotlesse roses
from their never-touchèd thorne?
you labour may to lead astray
the heart that constant shall remaine:
and I the while will sit and smile,
to see you spend your time in vain.

WITHER.

The Receiver as Bad as the Thief.

AYS the Earth to the Moon, 'you're a pilfering jade,
what you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief.'
'Madam Earth, give up railing,' fair Cynthia said,
'the receiver is reckoned as bad as the thief.'

A.

Spernere fortior.

NON equidem dignor tali me dedere flammae:
quid mihi, candidius si nive pectus habes?
me somno fraudare valent arguta puellae
lumina? me vernis tincta labella rosis?
i procul, i, radiisque nite spectanda Diones,
si quis erit, citius qui capiatur, amans:
insidias in me sollemnes irrita nectis;
seu rides, moveor nil ego, sive gemis.
me semel addixi, me possidet unicus ardor;
quin hinc illecebris lumina plena feres?
parce mihi nudas veneres ostendere; fraude
non meus est tali conciliandus amor.
mens lenocinium mendacis respuit ostri,
et periuratos in mea damna deos.
illa puella placet, vultu quae denegat ipso;
nil agis; incassum diffluet iste labor.
ecquem credideris marcentia sumere serta,
quae fuerint gremio cuilibet ante decus,
fiat ubi roseos carpendi copia flores
indelibatum de vepre quemque suo?
ne labor hic cesset; per me temptare licebit
pectora, quae firmat non abitura fides:
interea ipse sedens spectabo non sine risu
ut vanos agites tempus in omne dolos.

H. W. M.

Quid pro Quo.

NONNE pudet,' Lunam sic orsa incessere Tellus,
'tot radios fratri surripuisse tuo?'
'Terra maligna, tace,' respondit Cynthia, 'numne
qui recipit melior fure putandus erit?'

K.

Martinmas.

T is the day of Martelmas;
cups of ale should freely pass.
what though winter has begun
to push down the summer sun?
to our fire we can betake,
and enjoy the crackling brake,
never heeding winter's face
on the day of Martelmas.

Some do the city now frequent,
where costly shows and merriment
do wear the vapourish evening out
with interlude and revelling rout,
such as did pleasure England's queen,
when here her royal grace was seen;
yet will they not this day let pass,
the merry day of Martelmas.

When the daily sports be done,
round the market-cross they run,
prentice lads and gallant blades
dancing with their gamesome maids;
till the beadle, stout and sour,
shakes his bell, and calls the hour;
then farewell lad and farewell lass
to the merry night of Martelmas.

Martelmas shall come again,
spite of wind and snow and rain;
but many a strange thing must be done,
many a cause be lost and won,
many a tool must leave his pelf,
many a worldling cheat himself,
and many a marvel come to pass,
before return of Martelmas.

OLD POET.

III. Id. Novemb.

MARTINI rediit sacrum : fluentes
tempus cervisiae dari culullos.
quid si coepit hiemps ab arce caeli
semper deciduum movere solem ?
at fas ante focum sedere nobis ;
at lignis crepitantibus fruemur
securi niviumque flaminumque,
Martini redeunte luce festa.
est qui nunc mediam frequentat urbem,
qua pompae et celebres ubique ludi
fallunt desidis Hesperi vapores
mimis, saltibus, omnibus cachinnis :
quae, regina, tibi fuere cordi,
cum nostris modo lusibus favebas.
at non immemor hic boni diei,
Martinus sibi quem sacrum dicavit.
post ludos, abeunte sole, circum
cursantes titubant crucem forensem
cum saltantibus ebrii puellis
tirones operaeque feriati :
quîs seros gravis impigerque custos
tinnitus monitor ciet : iubentque
iam sese puer invicem et puella
Martinique hilarem valere noctem.
Martinus referet suos honores,
quamvis flabra furant nivesque et imbres.
sed fient memoranda multa, multi
stabunt iudicibus cadentque coram,
multus divitias relinquet harpax,
multus se veterator ipse fallet,
multa vulgus hians stupescet, ante
Martino sua festa quam redibunt.

K.

Done into English by Will Shakespeare.

GENTLES, perchance you wonder at this show;
but wonder on, till truth makes all things plain.
this man is Pyramus, if you would know;
this bounteous lady Thisby is, certain.
this man, with lime and roughcast, doth present
wall,—that vile wall that did these lovers sunder,
and through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
to whisper; at the which let no one wonder.
this man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,
presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know,
by moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
to meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
this grisly beast, which by name lion hight,
the trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
did scare away, or rather did affright.
and as she fled, her mantle did she fall;
which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain:
anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
and finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain.
whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
he bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
and, Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,
his dagger drew, and died. for all the rest,
let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,
at large discourse, while here they do remain.

Pyramus.

SWEET Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright:
for by thy gracious golden glittering streams
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

Ἐκ τῆς ἐλεεινοτάτης κωμῳδίας, ἐν ᾗ Πυραμοῦ καὶ Θίσβης οἰκτρότατα παθήματα διηγεῖται ὁ ποιητής.

Παράβασις.

Ὦ θεώμενοι, τάχ' ἴσως θαυμάσεσθε τὴν θέαν.
ἀλλ' ἔτ', ἔστ' ἂν πάντα φράσῃ τἀληθές, θαυμάζετε.
ἄνδρα τόνδε Πυραμὸν ὄντ' ἴστ', ἢν βούλησθ' εἰδέναι,
Θίσβη γὰρ παῖς καλλιπρόσωπος δῆλη 'στ' ἐκεινηί.
ἀνὴρ δ' οὔμπλεως χάλικος καὶ πηλοῦ μιμήσεται
τεῖχος τοὐπίτριπτον, ἐραστὰ διεῖργον τὼ δύο.
τώδε γὰρ τείχους δι' ὀπῆς ἀσμένως τρισαθλίω
νῦν πρὸς ἀλλήλω ψιθυρίζουσ'· ἃ μηδεὶς θαυμάσῃ.
ἄνδρα κεῖνον δ', ὃς κύν' ἱπνόν τ' ἔχει κἀκάνθης βάτον,
σελήνης πρόσωπον ὁρᾶτ'· ἢν γὰρ βούλησθ' εἰδέναι,
τὼ δύ' οὐκ αἰδεῖσθον ἐραστὰ Σεληναίας σέλας
εἰς Νίνου τύμβον προαπαντῶντε καὶ παίζοντ' ἐκεῖ.
θηρίον τόδ' αὖ χαροπόν, λέονθ' ὃν κικλήσκομεν,
Θίσβην πιστήν· ἐρχομένη δ' ἡ παῖς νυκτὸς ἔφθασεν·
ἐξέπληξ' εἶτ' οὖν ἐφόβησ'· ὧδε γὰρ τρανῶς ἐρῶ.
φεύγουσαν δὲ θοἰμάτιον λανθάνει πίπτον χαμαί,
χὠ λέων γνάθοις ἀκάθαρτος χραίνει μιαφόνοις.
κἀν τῷδ' ἡδὺς ὑψικόμας μειρακίσκος προσμολὼν
κτάμενον εὗρε θοἰμάτιον Θίσβης πιστῆς Πυραμός.
φασγάνῳ δὲ τῷ φοβερῷ τῷ φονῶντι φασγάνῳ
φλᾷ φλογωπὸν φοιταλέος φοινίαν φίλην φρένα.
εἶτα, Θίσβη γὰρ παρέμεινεν μόρου σκιᾶς ὕπο,
ἔγχος εἵλκυσ' εἶτ' ἔθανεν. τἄλλα δ' οὖν πάνθ' ὡς ἔχει,
ἡ σελήνη, τὼ δύ' ἐραστά, τὸ τεῖχος, χὠ λέων,
οἷδ' ἀφηγείσθων τάδ', ἕως ἐνθαδὶ μένουσ' ἔτι.

Ἐκ τῆς αὐτῆς κωμῳδίας λείψανον.

Π. Δῖα Σελήνη, σὲ δὲ μαρμαρυγῆς ἄγαμαι τῆς ἡλιοειδοῦς.
ἄγαμαι δῆτ', ὦ δῖα Σελήνη, σελαγεῖς σέλας οὕνεκα λαμπρόν·
ὑπὸ γὰρ τοῖς σοῖς χρυσορύτοισιν χλιδανοῖς χαρίεσσι ῥεέθροις
ὅσσων Θίσβης τῆς πιστοτάτης πίστις πάρα πάγχυ πάσασθαι.

but stay—o spite!
but mark—poor knight,
what dreadful dole is here?
eyes, do you see?
how can it be?
o dainty duck! o dear!
thy mantle good,
what, stained with blood?
approach, ye furies fell!
o fates, come, come!
cut thread, and thrum!
quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

SHAKESPEARE.

To Sir Henry Vane the younger.

ANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
than whom a better senator ne'er held
the helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
the fierce Epirot, and the African bold;
whether to settle peace, or to unfold
the drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;
then to advise how war may best upheld
move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
in all her equipage: besides to know
both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
what severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done.
the bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
in peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

MILTON.

ἀτὰρ οὐχὶ μενεῖς; φεῦ τῆς ὕβρεως·
ὦ δύσμορ' ἐράστ', οὐχὶ κατόψει;
τί τόδ' αὖ φοβερὸν φρικῶδες ὁρᾶν;
ἦ τήνδε θέαν λεύσσετον, ὄμματε;
πῶς δέ, νεόττιον,
ὦ νηττάριον, τάδ' ἂν εἴη;
τὸ δ' ἀμώμητον στάζειν αἵματι
σὴν ἀμπεχόνην. ἐπιχαιρέκακοι
δεῦρ' ἴτ' Ἐρινύες· ἔλθετε Μοῖραι·
τέμνετε λήνεα, τέμνετε πηνία·
κείρετε καίνετε
κἀκθλίβετε, κᾆτα πεπαύσθω.

R. S.

Secundis temporibus dubiisque rectus.

PRIMAEVUS annis, consiliis senex,
tu, Vane, Musa teste vocaberis,
quo non gubernaclum senator
Romuleum melior tenebat,
quando peritae vox sapiens togae,
non vis sagati militis, efferum
certamen Epiri refregit
et Libyae furiale robur;
seu firma suades foedera, seu doces
calumniantis quid populi tegant
incepta, seu munire nervis
militiam properas duobus
ferrique et auri. quid statuat sacrum,
civile quid ius, quosque habeant modos,
haut ista te fallunt sagacem
discere quae didicere pauci.
utrique fines tu gladio suos
addicis. ergo stat tibi maximo
confisa natorum tuaque
relligio stabilita dextra.

K.

Delays are dangerous.

HUN delays, they breed remorse,
take thy time while time is lent thee.
creeping snails have weakest force,
fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
good is best when soonest wrought,
lingred labours come to nought.
Hoise up sail while gale doth last,
tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
seek not time when time is past,
sober speed is wisdom's leisure.
afterwits are dearly bought,
let thy forewit guide thy thought.
Time wears all his locks before,
take thy hold upon his forehead;
when he flies he turns no more,
and behind he shews a bare head.
works adjourned have many stays,
long demurs breed new delays.
Seek thy salve while sore is green,
festred wounds ask deeper lancing,
after-cures are seldom seen,
often sought scarce ever chancing.
time and place give best advice,
out of season out of price. SOUTHWELL.

Oliver Cromwell.

LD Oliver 's gone to the dogs—
oh no, I do mistake:
he's gone in a wherry over the ferry
is call'd the Stygian lake.
but Cerberus, that great porter,
did read him such a lecture,
that made him to roar
when he came on shore
for being Lord Protector.

CAVALIER SONG.

Pelle moram.

TOLLE moras, dolor unde tibi succrescet amarus,
arripe labentem, dum sinit hora, diem:
reptanti cocleae vis est tenuissima, quarum,
ne pigeat, noli criminis esse reus.
sunt bona quae temptas? cito perfice, et optima fient:
occidit ad nilum quem remorere labor.
pande sinus, tua vela dato spirantibus auris;
nullius arbitrio pontus et auster eunt:
neu pete praeteritam, quando semel avolat, horam;
sobrius adproperas? otia nacte, sapis.
stat magno bona mens Epimetheos empta; fac ergo
arte Promethea tu tua corda regas.
omnes ante gerit crinita fronte capillos
tempus; in adverso vertice fige manum:
nec respectanti iam, cum fugit, aufugit ore;
levis et occipiti nudaque calva patet.
multimodis pendent opera interrupta, diuque
versavisse novas est generasse moras.
vulnere iam crudo medicamina quaere: secandum
altius hoc, quotiens inveterascet, erit:
vix ratiost remedi, cum iam sanata gravescunt;
saepe quidem petitur, saepe petita fugit.
sunt consulta loco, sunt tempore capta, iuvabunt;
intempestivast merx, ego nullus emo.

H. A. J. M.

Παφλαγών.

Παφλαγὼν ἔρρει. μῶν ἐς κύρακας;
τὸ μὲν οὖν τούτου σαφὲς ὡς εἰπεῖν,
ἐν πλοιαρίῳ διὰ τὸν πορθμὸν
Στυγίας λίμνης, ἣν ὀνομάζουσ',
ἐπεραιώθη. καὶ σχύντ' ἐπὶ γῆν
ὁ μέγας Κέρβερος, οὐπὶ θύραις στάς,
ἐφρένωσέ νιν ὧδ' ἔστ' οἰμώζειν
μάκρ' ἐποίησεν πατρίδος αἵας
ὡς ἐτυράννευσ'
ἔκνομος ὢν δημοπίθηκος.

C. H. G.

The Portress of Hell-gate.

THE key of this infernal pit by due,
and by command of heaven's all-powerful king,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
these adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
but what owe I to his commands above
who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
to sit in hateful office here confined,
inhabitant of heaven and heavenly-born,
here in perpetual agony and pain,
with terrours and with clamours compassed round
of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
thou art my father, thou my author, thou
my being gav'st me; whom should I obey
but thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
to that new world of light and bliss, among
the gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
at thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

MILTON.

Marion.

WILL ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
and wear in the sheep wi' me?
the sun shines sweet, my Marion,
but nae half sae sweet as thee.
oh, Marion's a bonny lass,
and the blythe blink's in her e'e;
and fain wad I marry Marion,
gin Marion wad marry me.
I've nine milch ewes, my Marion,
a cow, and a brawnie quey;
I'se gie them a' to my Marion
just on her bridal day.

Ταρτάρου μελαμβαθοῦς κληδοῦχος.

Τὴν τῶνδε κλῆδα νερτέρων μυχῶν δίκῃ
θεῶν τ' ἄνακτος παγκρατοῦς βουλεύμασι
φρουρῶ, πυλῶν ταχθεῖσα μὴ χαλᾶν μοχλοὺς
ἀδαμαντίνοις κλήθροισι συγκεκλῃμένων·
καὶ τοῖσιν εἰσφρεῖν πρὸς βίαν πειρωμένοις
Θάνατος ἕτοιμός ἐστιν ἀναπῆλαι βέλος,
πάντων ὅσοιπερ ζῶσ' ἀδείμαντος σθένους.
πῶς οὖν ἐφετμαῖς τοῦδ' ἔφυν ὑφειλέτις
ὑφ' οὗ δι' ἔχθος ἐνθάδ' ἐκβεβλημένη
ἐς τήνδ' ἄβυσσον Ταρτάρου μελαμβαθοῦς
ἀπευχέτοισιν ἐγκατέζευγμαι δύαις,
ἢ πρίν ποτ' ᾤκουν δαιμόνων δαίμων ἕδρας ;
κλύω δ' ἐς ἀεὶ δειμάτων γόων τ' ὄχλον
σπορᾶς ἐμαυτῆς, τῶν ἐμῶν σπλάγχνων βλάβης.
σὺ δ' εἶ πατήρ μου καὶ γενεθλίῳ σπορᾷ
τὸ ζῆν ἔδωκας. τῷ με πειθαρχεῖν χρεὼν
σοῦ μᾶλλον, ἢ τῷ πλὴν σέθεν μεθέψομαι ;
σὺ γάρ μ' ἐς αὐγὰς καὶ πανολβίους ἕδρας
θεῶν ἀπάξεις, οἷς ἐν ἡσύχῳ βίος·
καί μ' ἐν θρόνοισιν ἡδέως τυραννικοῖς
στήσεις, ὅτοισιν εἰκὸς ἐνθακεῖν ἐμέ,
ἥ σοι πέφυκα παῖς τε χαρμονή τ', ἀεί.

A. W. P.

Merione.

QUIN huc digrediens, Merione, visis ovilia
et mecum teneras claudis oves cratibus in suis ?
sol ornet radiis, Merione, dulcibus aethera,
tu plus dimidio dulcior es, saviolum meum.
primus virginei Merione fulget honos chori,
claris eiaculans luminibus laetitiae faces :
o quam suave foret Merionen ducere coniugem,
si vellet mihi se coniugio noster amor dari.
tondet vacca mihi cum vitulo gramina pinguia,
lactentesque novem, Merione, pascit oves ager :
quorum nil tibi non detulero, lux mea, muneri
quo mecum venies in casulam nupta meam die.

K.

There was War in Heaven.

HE on his impious foes right onward drove,
gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
the stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
all but the throne itself of God. full soon
among them he arrived, in his right hand
grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
before him, such as in their souls infixed
plagues. they, astonished, all resistance lost,
all courage; down their idle weapons dropt.
o'er shields and helms and helmed heads he rode
of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
that wished the mountains now might be again
thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
nor less on either side tempestuous fell
his arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four
distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
distinct alike with multitude of eyes.
one spirit in them ruled, and every eye
glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
and of their wonted vigour left them drained,
exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
his thunder in mid volley; for he meant
not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.
the overthrown he raised; and as a herd
of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
with terrors and with furies to the bounds
and crystal wall of heaven, which, opening wide,
rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
into the wasteful deep. the monstrous sight
struck them with horror backward, but far worse
urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw

Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

ROTINUS incestos it nigrae noctis in hostes
instar habens ; caeli stabilis flammantia templa
nutant tota rotis subter ferventibus, ipsa
sede Dei tamen excepta. iamque ocius illis
intererat : dextra flammarum milia dena
prensat agens ante atque infigit corde sub alto
pestes. attoniti cessant obsistere, cessat
robur et e manibus procumbunt irrita tela.
scuta supra, supra galeas galeataque regum
magnorumque ducum pergit capita ire iacentum.
quam vellent iterum montes, tutamen ab ira,
insuper imponi ! nec setius imber utraque
parte sagittarum descendit turbinis instar
quattuor e formis gestantibus ora quaterna,
quaeque oculis distincta suis, distinctaque crebris
quaeque oculis rota viva modo iaculatur eodem.
sed cunctos mens una regit, sed fulguris omnes
stant oculi flammis, unde exitiabilis ignis
emicat invadens sceleratorum agmina, quorum
vis exusta perit, solitus vigor ossa reliquit,
fitque exhausta, exspes, afflicta abiectaque turba.
sed neque dimidias vires exercet et ignem
lapsu inhibet medio, neque enim tam exscindere gentem
quam caelo voluit radicitus eruere omnem.
eversos levat ipse, gregisque ex more coacti
caprarum timidive ovium fugat ignibus ante
afflatos, dum pone metus diraeque secuntur
ad fines usque et pellucida moenia caeli.
illa patent late atque in se revoluta lacunam
ingenti spatio pandunt ad inane profundum.
visum excussit atrox retrorsum horrore, sed ursit
terga tamen longe peius : de margine caeli
dant se praecipites ; ast ira aeterna flagravit
ad cassum fundo post illos usque barathrum.

down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath
burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
nine days they fell. confounded Chaos roared,
and felt tenfold confusion in their fall
through his wild anarchy; so huge a rout
encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last
yawning received them whole, and on them closed;
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.

MILTON.

Then comes in the Sweet of the Year.

THE soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,
with grene hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
the nightingale with fethers new she sings;
the turtle to her make hath told her tale:
somer is come, for every spray now springs;
the hart hath hong his old hed on the pale;
the buck in brake his winter coate he flings;
the fishes flete with new repaired scale:
the adder all her slough away she flings;
the swift swalow pursueth the flies smale;
the busy bee her hony now she mings;
winter is worne, that was the flowers' bale:
and thus I se among these pleasant things
eche care decays; and yet my sorrow springs.

SURREY.

The Disinherited Heir.

HIS whole estate thy father by his will
left to the poor; thou hast good title still.

DONNE.

importunum Orcus strepitum audiit, Orcus ab aethra
praecipitantem aethram vidit, pavidusque dedisset
ipse fugam, ni caeca tenax fundamina fatum
iecisset nimium alta et idem nimium arta ligasset.
ternos ter cecidere dies; mugire ruina
attonitum Chaos omne decemgeminosque tumultus
per molem sentire rudem atque informia regna,
tantae cladis erat violenta strage gravatum.
tandem Erebus facto integros accepit hiatu,
his Erebus domus apta, supraque inclusit: ibi ignis
ardet inextinctus stabulantque et luctus et angor.

H. A. J. M.

Nunc formosissimus Annus.

MELLEA pars anni, florum frondisque creatrix,
iam viridi valles et iuga veste tegit;
colloquium vocalis init cum compare turtur,
laeta novis plumis Attica cantat avis.
ver rediit ruri: iam quaeque repullulat herba,
iam micat in vitreo squama refecta lacu.
cornua mutatus suspendit in arbore cervus;
pelle novus posita currere gestit oryx.
per liquidum muscas tenues cita captat hirundo;
proicit hibernam vipera picta cutim;
sedula miscet apis fragrantem mellis acervum,
pestis enim florum noxia fugit hiemps.
cetera laetantur: deponunt cetera curas:
sed mihi tristitiae flebile crescit onus.

K.

Pauper Heres.

DIVITIAS pater, Aule, tuus legavit egenis
iam moriens: heres tu potes esse patris.

K.

The Warring Angels.

O saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
on the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
no motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
he back recoiled; the tenth on bended knee
his massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
winds under ground, or waters, forcing way,
sidelong had pushed a mountain from its seat,
half sunk with all his pines. amazement seized
the rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled, and shout,
presage of victory, and fierce desire
of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
the archangel trumpet; through the vast of heaven
it sounded, and the faithful armies sung
hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
the adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
the horrid shock. now storming fury rose,
and clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
horrible discord, and the madding wheels
of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
and flying vaulted either host with fire.
so under fiery cope together rushed
both battles main, with ruinous assault
and inextinguishable rage. all heaven
resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
had to her centre shook.

MILTON.

Βὰν δ' ἴμεναι πολεμόνδε θεοί.

DIXIT, et assurgens plagam molitur opimam,
nec dubiam pendentem : ea tanto turbine cristis
mobilibus Satanae superincidit, ut neque velox
vis animi aut oculorum acies, nedum obvius umbo,
fulmineam queat excipiens prohibere ruinam.
reccidit ille gradus vastos bis quinque retrorsum :
in decimo attinuit duplicato poplite nixum
ingens hasta ; velut montem cum sede revulsum
subterranea vis ventorum aut actus aquaï
cum trabibus piceis omnem in latus inclinavit
semirutum. stupor incessit Titanas et ira ;
saevior ira, palam passo praetore repulsam.
exsultare animis nostri ; palmamque frequentes
praecipiunt, mediisque furunt miscerier armis.
Michaël jubet inde cani sacro aere : canorem
dat tuba per vacuum, caelestiaque agmina magna
voce vocare Deum. nec in uno exercitus alter
defixus stetit obtutu : concurritur ultro
vi paribusque minis. nunc irae gliscere caelo ;
nunc perterricrepi fremitus clarescere, numquam
auditi prius. arma armis allisa dedere
horrificum flictu clangorem, aerisque rotarumque
omne solum saevire sonoribus : impete tanto
agmina confremuere. supra caput igneus imber
missilibus tractim flammis stridetqve volatque,
vulcanoque volans acies lato integit ambas.
ergo fulmineus superimminet arcus euntes
comminus in certamen inexpletumque furentes.
omne fragore tonat caelum : et, si terra fuisset,
terra quoque omnis humo penitus tremefacta labasset.

T. S. E.

The Fond Lover.

HY so pale and wan, fond lover?
prithee, why so pale?
will, when looking well can't move her,
looking ill prevail?
prithee, why so pale?
why so dull and mute, young sinner,
prithee, why so mute?
will, when speaking well can't win her,
saying nothing do't?
prithee, why so mute?
quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
this cannot take her,
if of herself she will not love,
nothing can make her.
the devil take her!

SUCKLING.

Sir Hudibras.

E grant, although he had much wit,
h' was very shy of using it,
as being loth to wear it out,
and therefore bore it not about,
unless on holiday or so,
as men their best apparel do.
besides 'tis known he could speak Greek
as naturally as pigs squeak,
that Latin was no more difficile
than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
being rich in both he never scanted
his bounty unto such as wanted;
but much of either would afford
to many that had not one word.

BUTLER.

Ad mea, decepti iuvenes, praecepta venite.

Τί χλωρὸς ὧδ', ἐραστά,
τί δ' ὠχριῶν ἀλύεις ;
ὅς γ' οὔ τι τήνδ' ἔκαμπτες
κάλλιστος ὢν ἁπάντων,
πῶς αἰσχρὸς ὢν κρατήσεις ;
τί μοι, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις ;
τί κωφὸς ὧδ', ἄμουσε,
μελαγχολῶν τ' ἀλύεις ;
ὅς γ' οὔ τι τήνδ' ἔπειθες
λέγων ἄριστα πάντων,
πῶς σῖγ' ἔχων δυνήσῃ;
τί δή, τί ταῦτ' ἀλύεις ;
παῦσαι τοιαῦτ' ἀλύων·
οὐχ ὧδ' ἔλοις ἂν αὐτήν.
εἰ μὴ θέλει τὸ πρῶτον
ἐρᾶν ἑκοῦσ' ἑκόντος,
οὐδ', ἢν τι δρᾷς, θελήσει.
μέθες, μέθες μιν ἔρρειν.

K.

Noris nos, inquit, Docti sumus.

NON animo caruit noster, sed noluit uti;
lucibus hunc certis protulit ille foras,
ne tereret metuens: festis ut lauta diebus
vestimenta solet promere bellus homo.
sed, mentem propriis ut sus grunnitibus edens,
traditur hic Graece sic potuisse loqui,
nec solitus sermone minus garrire Latino
quam merula argutos pipilet ore modos.
dives ut amborum, sic parcus neutrius, ultro
praestabat veteres, siquis egeret, opes.

K.

The Accusing Soul.

GO, soul, the body's guest,
upon a thankless arrant,
fear not to touch the best,
and truth shall be thy warrant:
go, since I needs must die,
and give the world the lie.
Tell men of high condition,
that manage the estate,
their purpose is ambition,
their practice only hate:
and if they once reply,
then give them all the lie.
Tell age it daily wasteth,
tell honour how it alters;
tell beauty how she blasteth;
tell favour how it falters;
and if they shall reply,
give every one the lie.

SIR W. RALEIGH.

The Death of Paganism.

GO in the still, deserted fane
the mourning priest is left alone,
the sea-nymph haunts no more the main,
the Dryad from the grove is gone.
no bolt defends the Thunderer's brow,
vain, vain Apollo's wisdom now.
no spirit in the statue dwells:
the fires die out that deathless were:
and, wise no more, old oracles
stammer and lie and cease.
untired, unresting, everywhere
by fount and grove and sacred well
the mighty Prophet sounds the knell
of all thy gods, O Greece.

A.

Animula vagula.

ITO, anime, i quondam perituri corporis hospes,
vindicis ingratum suscipe munus eri.
aggrediere viros: veniant in crimina summi,
dictorumque fides non levis auctor erit.
i, mea maturo dabitur quod vita sepulcro:
argue quot scateant tempora nostra malis.
i, reprehende quibus rerumst commissa potestas,
parce nec illustri condicione viris.
his etenim haec summast: odiis crudelibus ardent,
pectoraque insano laudis amore tument.
dicta redarguerit si quis crimenque negarit,
invalidum et mendax quidlibet esse proba.
fare age ut instabiles hominum mutentur honores,
langueat ut tarda curva senecta lue.
gratia ne careat culpa; flaccescit in horas;
attenuant formam deminuuntque dies.
haec renuit siquis, si se negat esse nocentem,
omnis criminibus sit rea vita tuis.

A. W. P.

Di periere.

EN templum sine voce vacat, maeretque sacerdos
numine cultorem destituente suum.
ludere sueta prius Nereis in aequore cessit;
desiit in silvae fronde latere Dryas;
protegit ipse Tonans haud ullo fulmine frontem;
nil iam, nil propria Delius arte valet.
marmoribus defit divinae spiritus aurae;
friget, inexstincto qui fuit igne, focus:
oracli titubat vox inscia facta vetusti,
orsaque mentiri tempus in omne tacet.
nulla non regione potens se nuntius infert,
indefessus agens, irrequietus, iter:
per nemora, ad fontes cantat laticesque sacratos:
'quotquot erant Graecis deperiere dei.'

H. W. M.

Alma Venus.

AENEADUM genetrix, hominum divomque voluptas,
alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa
quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentis
concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum
concipitur visitque exortum lumina solis.
te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli
adventumque tuum, tibi suavis daedala tellus
summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti
placatumque nitet diffuso lumine caelum.
nam simul ac species patefactast verna diei
et reserata viget genitabilis aura favoni,
aeriae primum volucres te, diva, tuumque
significant initum perculsae corda tua vi.
inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta
et rapidos tranant amnis ; ita capta lepore
te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.
denique per maria ac montis fluviosque rapacis
frondiferasque domos avium camposque virentis
omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem
efficis ut cupide generatim saecla propagent.
quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas
nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
exoritur neque fit laetum neque amabile quicquam,
te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse
quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadae nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.
quo magis aeternum da dictis, diva, leporem.
effice ut interea fera moenera militiai
per maria ac terras omnis sopita quiescant ;
nam tu sola potes tranquilla pace iuvare
mortalis, quoniam belli fera moenera Mavors
armipotens regit, in gremium qui saepe tuum se

Χρυσέη Ἀφροδίτη.

Αἰνεαδέων γενέτειρα, θεῶν χάρις ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
πουλυβότειρ' Ἀφροδίτη, ὑπ' ἄστρασιν οὐρανοφοίτοις
ἣ ῥ' ἄλα νηυσιπέρητον ἰὲ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν
ἀνστρέφεαι, διὰ σεῖ' ὅτε ἔθνεα πάντα κυεῖται
ζωόντων ἀνιόντα θ' ὁρᾷ φάος ἠελίοιο·
φεύγουσίν σ' ἄνεμοι, φεύγει νέφε' οὐρανόθι πρὸ
ἐρχομένην σε, θεά· σοὶ ἡδέα δαίδαλον οὖδας
ἄνθε' ὑπεκπροέηκε, γέλασσε δὲ νῶτα θαλάσσης,
μειλιχθεὶς δ' αἴγλῃ λάμψ' οὐρανὸς ἀμφιχυθείσῃ.
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰαρινὸν ἀναπέπταται ἤματι εἶδος
ἐκ δὲ λυθὲν ζεφύροιο μένος φυσίζοον ὁρμᾷ,
πρῶτα μὲν ἀμφαίνουσιν ὑπουράνιοί σ' ὄρνιθες
σάς τ' ἐσύδους κατὰ θυμόν, ἀτέμβει γάρ σφε τελῇ ἵς.
θῆρες δ' αὖ θρώσκουσι νομοὺς ἀνὰ τηλεθόωντας
καὶ ποταμοὺς νήχουσι δι' ὠκέας· ὣς γλυκὺς αἰρεῖ
ἵμερος ἔνθ' ἴμεν ᾗ κε ἑκάστῳ ἡγεμονεύῃς.
καὶ δ' ἀνὰ πόντον ὄρεά τε καὶ ὕδατα δινήεντα
οἰωνῶν τ' εὔφυλλα μέλαθρ' ἀγρούς τ' ἐριθηλέας
πᾶσιν ἔρον γλυκύθυμιον ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἰεῖσα
ἐνδυκέως κατὰ φῦλα τεκέσθαι τέκνα βιάζεις.
αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ μούνῃ πάντων φύσει ἐμβασιλεύεις
οὐδέ τι νύσφι σέθεν δίους εἰς ἤματος οὔρους
οὔτε πέφυκ' οὔτ' αὖ θαλερὸν γένετ' οὐδ' ἐρατεινόν,
χρηίζω σὲ παρέμμεν' ἐμαῖς ἐπιτάρροθον οἵμαις,
ταῖσιν ἀειδέμεναι πάντων φύσιν ἠμετέροιο
Μεμμιάδεω μέμον' εἴνεχ', ὃν ἐκπρεπέ' ἤματα πάντα
πᾶσι, θεά, καλοῖσι κεκασμένον ἤθελες εἶναι.
τῷ μᾶλλόν γε ἔπεσσι πόροις χάριν ἄφθιτον αἰεί.
ἀλλὰ τέως κοίμησον ἀπηνέα δηιοτῆτος
ἔργ' εὔδειν πᾶσαν κατὰ γῆν πᾶσαν δὲ θάλασσαν·
οἵη γάρ τ' ἀγανὴν δύνασαι δόμεν ἀνθρώποισιν
εἰρήνην, ἐπεὶ πολέμου νέμει ἄγρια ἔργα
Ἄρης ἐγχεσίμωρος, ὃς ἐν σῷ πολλάκι κόλπῳ
πίπτει ἀνηκέστοισι δαμεὶς ἕλκεσσι πόθοιο·

reicit aeterno devictus vulnere amoris,
atque ita suspiciens, tereti cervice reposta,
pascit amore avidos inhians in te, dea, visus,
eque tuo pendet resupini spiritus ore.
hunc tu, diva, tuo recubantem corpore sancto
circum fusa super, suavis ex ore loquellas
funde petens placidam Romanis, incluta, pacem.
nam neque nos agere hoc patriaï tempore iniquo
possumus aequo animo nec Memmi clara propago
talibus in rebus communi desse saluti.

LUCRETIUS.

To Phyllis.

PHYLLIS, why should we delay
pleasures shorter than the day?
could we (which we never can)
stretch our lives beyond their span,
beauty like a shadow flies,
and our youth before us dies:
or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
change in love to heaven does climb;
gods, that never change their state,
vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis, to this truth we owe
all the love betwixt us two.
let not you and I inquire
what has been our past desire;
on what shepherd you have smiled,
or what nymphs I have beguiled:
leave it to the planets too
what we shall hereafter do:
for the joys we now may prove,
take advice of present love.

WALLER.

καὶ τότε ἑρκόμενός σ' ἀπό τ' εὐφυέ' αὐχένα ὀχμῶν
ὔσσε μεμαύτ' ἔρῳ βόσκει, θεά, εἰς σὲ κεχηνὼς
ὕπτιος, ἐκ δὲ τεοῦ κρέμαται στόματός οἱ αὐτμή.
τὸν σύ, θεά, κλινθέντα τεῷ προτὶ σώματι δίῳ
ἀμφὶ περιπροχυθεῖσα χέ' ἐκ γλώσσης ὕπα καλήν,
πότνια, Ῥωμαίοις αἰτεῦσ' ἐρατὴν εἰρήνην.
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάτρης μετὰ πήμασι τοῦτό γ' ἀπήμων
ἔρδειν οὐδ' ἂν τλαίη ὁ Μεμμίου ἀγλαὸς ὄζος,
τῇδε παρὰ χρειοῖ, ξυνῆς χάσσασθαι ἀνάγκης.

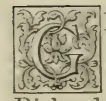
H. A. J. M.

Carpe Diem.

QUID, mea Phylli, iuvat longos differre per annos
gaudia praecipiti vel breviora die?
si fas cuique foret vitam, quod fata negarunt,
ultra concessas ducere sorte colos,
forma tamen veluti tenues fugit umbra per auras,
et citius quam nos ipsa iuventa perit.
si vellet iuvenale decus, si forma manere,
at celeri penna transvolat acer Amor.
ille habet alarum citiorem Tempore motum,
caelestique etiam sunt in amore vices;
et, cui nil aliud varium et mutabile, saepe
motibus alternis odit amatque deus.
hinc, mea Phylli, venit, si vis mihi credere, nostra
pectora sinceri quidquid amoris habent.
nobis scire nefas, nec iam, mea vita, rogemus,
qui mihi temptarit, qui tibi pectus amor:
quem modo fallaci tu spe lactaris amantem,
quae fuerit verbis capta puella meis,
astra docere queant: astris permitte, quid ipsa
mox facias, et quae sint facienda mihi.
tempora quid laeti nobis praesentia donent
sit tibi nunc monitor, sit mihi, solus amor.

E. M. C.

The Curse of Kings.

E.  REAT king, within this coffin I present
thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
the mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
B. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
a deed of slander with thy fatal hand
upon my head and all this famous land.
E. From your own mouth, my lord, I wrought this deed.
B. They love not poison that do poison need,
nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
the guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
but neither my good word nor princely favour:
with Cain go wander through the shade of night,
and never shew thy head by day nor night.
lords, I protest my soul is full of woe
that blood should sprinkle me to make me grow.
come mourn with me for what I do lament,
and put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
to wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
march sadly after: grace my mournings here,
in weeping after this untimely bier.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Parasitic Theory.

IG fleas have little fleas
upon their backs to bite 'em;
little fleas have lesser fleas,
and so 'ad infinitum.'

A.

Tuum maculavi crimine nomen.

Ε. Ὦ ’ναξ φέριστε, ξυντεθαμμένον δέος
τὸ σὸν στέγει τόδ’ ἄγγος· ἄψυχος δ’ ὅδε
ὁ πρὶν μέγιστος πολεμίων κεῖται σέθεν
Εὐκάρδιος, βάσταγμα τῆς ἐμῆς χερός.
Β. οὗτοι σ’ ἐπῄνεσ’, ὅς γ’ ἀνηκέστῳ χερὶ
ὄνειδος αἰσχρὸν ἐγκατέσκηψας τόδε
ἐς κρᾶτα τοὐμὸν ἔς τε πάνδημον πόλιν.
Ε. καὶ μὴν ἔτλην τὸδ’ ἔργον ἐκ γλώσσης σέθεν.
Β. ἀλλ’ οὔθ’ ὅτῳ δεῖ φαρμάκων αὐτὸς φιλεῖ
τὰ φάρμακ’ οὔτ’ ἐγὼ σέ· κεἰ θανεῖν σφ’ ἔδει,
φιλῶ θανόντα τὸν κτανόντ’ ἀποπτύσας·
σοὶ δ’ οὖν ἔπαινος οὔτε κείσεται χάρις
ἀνθ’ ὧν ἔδρασας, ἀλλὰ τὸ ξυνειδέναι
μύσος τὸ σαυτοῦ χἄμα τῷ πρωτοκτόνῳ
πλάνητ’ ἀλᾶσθαι νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας σκότῳ,
καὶ μηκέτ’ αὐγαῖς ἡμέρας αἴρειν κάρα.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ ἀλγεῖ φρήν, θεοὶ ξυνίστορες,
εἴ μοι χυθεὶς βλάστημον ἀλδαίνει φόνος.
ἴτ’ οὖν, ἄνακτες, ἀμφιβάλλεσθε στολὴν
πενθοῦντι συμπενθοῦντες ὡς τάχος λυγράν·
κἀγὼ πρὸς ἱεράν, ἐκ μιαιφόνου χερὸς
τόδ’ αἷμα νίψων, ναυστολήσομαι χθόνα.
ὑμεῖς βάδην ἕπεσθε, κήδειον χάριν,
δάκρυσιν ἄωρον τήνδε θρηνοῦντες ταφήν.

R. S.

Quid Fles?

MAGNE gemis parvo mulcatus pulice pulex
pulice tu, pulex parve, minore gemis.
efficitur series sic infinita dolorum;
magna facit parvum, parva dolere minus.

K.

The Stony Heart.

HENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose:
'twas from her cheekes that shame the rose;
from lyppes that spoyle the rubie's prayse;
from eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
whence comes my woe, as freely owne:
ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.
The blushynge cheeke speakes modest mynde,
the lyppes befittinge wordes most kynd:
the eye does tempte to love's desyre,
and seemes to say, 'tis Cupid's fire:
yet all so faire but speake my moane,
syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.
Why thus, my love, so kyndely speake
sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
yet not a heart to save my paine?
o Venus, take thy giftes again;
make not so faire to cause our moane,
or make a hearte that's like our owne.

SIR JOHN HARINGTON.

Cupid.

UPID is a wicked wight;
yet, methinks, 'tis merely stupid
thus the old song to recite:
'what a wicked wight is Cupid!'
call him by an evil name,
Love is charmed, and thanks the caller,
glories in his very shame,
cocks his chin and looks the taller.
one thing sorely puzzles me:
tell us, Venus, if it may be,
how the daughter of the sea
came by such a firebrand baby.

K. *from the Greek.*

Stat tibi in corde lapis.

AUSA mihi quae sit, mea mens effator, amandi;
illius, adsurgit quîs rosa verna, genae,
curalii laudem rapientia labra, tuumque
lumina quae rident, vane pyrope, iubar.
causa mihi flendi quae sit neu parce fateri;
ei mihi! cor quo non durior ipsa silex.
molle rubet facies animum confessa pudicum;
mitia credideris mite labella loqui;
quae cupido sensus acies incendit amore,
nonne Cupidineam se docet esse facem?
sed tam pulchra meum declarant omnia luctum;
quippe tacet cordis saxeus ille rigor.
cur oculi, mea vita, tui tam suave locuntur,
labraque melle suo plena, genaeque rosis,
mens tamen est in te nostri secura doloris?
o tua nunc retro dona resume, Venus;
quae nos excruciet, tam pulchram fingere noli,
vel similem nobis fingere corde velis.

K.

Improbus ille Puer.

IRUS Amor, dirus. sed quo recitare misello
sic iterum atque iterum murmure: dirus Amor?
scilicet his ridetque puer, laedique renidet,
crescit et opprobriis erigiturque suis.
dic age, quae liquidi celebraris filia ponti,
quomodo tu flammae, Cypria, mater eras?

K.

Triumphant Death.

THE glories of our birth and state
are shadows, not substantial things:
there is no armour against fate;
death lays his icy hand on kings:
sceptre and crown
must tumble down,
and in the dust be equal made
with the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
and plant fresh laurels where they kill;
but their strong nerves at last must yield;
they tame but one another still:
early or late
they stoop to fate,
and must give up their murmuring breath,
while they, pale captives, stoop to death.
The garlands wither on your brow;
then boast no more your mighty deeds:
upon death's purple altar now
see where your victor-victim bleeds.
all heads must come
to the cold tomb;
only the actions of the just
smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

John Lilburn.

AS John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
let them not both in one grave buried be;
but lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout;
for, if they both should meet, they would fall out.

BUTLER.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

NIL fama confert, nil solidi genus
et res avitis in penetralibus;
quas saeva non expugnat arces
mors gelidam impositura dextram
reges in ipsos? nam diademata et
deiecta magnae sceptra tyrannidis
cum falce et agresti ligone
sorte pari premit aequa tellus.
quid ense campum si metit horridum
laurusque fuso in sanguine conserit
bellator? haud vivax in aevum
robur habet domitor domantem
passurus. omnes serius ocius
in vincla tractos nec sine questibus
vitam relinquentes triumpho
funereo Libitina ducet
exsangue vulgus. pone superbiam,
cui fronte laurus defluit. en ubi
mortis cruentatas severae
tingit ovans modo victor, idem
nunc victima, aras. omne quidem caput
olim ad sepulcri frigora venerit;
at sola fragranti coronat
flore memor pia facta caespes.

G. P.

Marcus Manlius.

MARCUS obit? fato concessit Manlius? ergo
Manlius et Marcus, nobile par, valeant.
at vos cognati, vos, gens agnata, cavete
ne tellus eadem nomen utrumque tegat.
tutior hic Marcus ponetur, Manlius illic;
compositis una rixa duobus erit.

K.

Eve at the Fountain.

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
and what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
of waters issued from a cave, and spread
into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
pure as the expanse of heaven. I thither went
with unexperienced thought, and laid me down
on the green bank, to look into the clear
smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
as I bent down to look, just opposite
a shape within the watery gleam appeared,
bending to look on me: I started back,
it started back; but pleased I soon returned;
pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
had not a voice thus warned me: what thou seest,
what there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
with thee it came and goes.

MILTON.

Young Love among the roses.

ONE day as I was weaving a garland of sweet posies,
my luck it was to light upon young Love among
the roses;
so by the wings I caught him and plunged him in the
draught,
and seized the cup, and merrily Love, wine, and all I
quaff'd;
but ever since within me I have felt him, and i' faith
I'm much afraid his tiny plumes will tickle me to death.

BAYLEY (*from the Greek*).

Imaginis Umbra.

MULTA mihi redit illa dies, cum prima sopores
excussi: recubantem in floribus umbra tegebat
frondea: sic iacui multum meditata, quid essem
quaque, tulisset eo quae fors atque unde locorum.
haud procul inde latex saliens strepitabat aquaï
spelunca, liquidumque patescens latus in aequor
stabat caeruleus caelique exemplar aperti.
huc animi imprudens deveni membraque porro
fusa dedi virides per ripas, inque tuebar
marmora pura lacus splendentiaque aetheris instar
alterius. dum procumbo tueorque, per undam
ecce relucentem contraria fulsit imago,
procumbenti eadem similis similisque tuenti.
absilio; absilit illa: recurro laeta; recurrit
laeta, paremque pari vultu promittit amorem.
sicut eram, speculans steteram perfixaque vano
tabueram desiderio, nisi missa per aures
vox monuisset ibi, 'te, formosissima rerum,
te specularis; adest tecum pariterque recedit.'

T. S. E.

Haustus Amor.

SERTA mihi quondam texenti suavia florum
visus Amor mediis involitare rosis.
hunc ego correptis alis in pocula ieci,
vinaque commixto laetus Amore bibi.
mox teneras sensi plumas, timeoque, misellum
ne me titillans denique mactet Amor.

K.

Katherine and Grumio.

Kath.

PR'YTHEE go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot!

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
how say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
what say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,
or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
that feed'st me with the very name of meat:
sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
that triumph thus upon my misery!
go, get thee gone, I say.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Fisherman's Weather-wisdom.

HEN the wind is in the North,
then the fisher goes not forth;
when the wind is in the South,
it blows the hook in the fish's mouth;
when the wind is in the East,
then the fishes bite the least;
when the wind is in the West,
then the fishes bite the best.

OLD SAW.

Quid dem? quid non dem?

Κ. ἀλλ' οὖν ἀνύσας τι δεῖπνον ἐνσκεύαζέ μοι,
ὁποῖον ἀμελῶ βρῶμ', ἐάνπερ ὑγιὲς ᾖ.
Γ. ἀλλ' ἡδέως ἂν καταφάγοις μόσχου πόδα;
Κ. ἥδιστά γ', ὦ παῖ· τοῦτ' ἀνύσας πάραθες σύ μοι.
Γ. καίτοι φοβοῦμαι μὴ μάλ' ὀξύθυμον ᾖ
τοῦτ'. ἀλλὰ πῶς σε κοιλία προσίεται
λιπαρά τε καὶ κάλλιστ' ἐπηνθρακισμένη;
Κ. πάντως μὲν οὖν· ἀλλ', ὠγάθ', ἐνσκεύαζέ μοι.
Γ. καὶ μὴν ἀπορῶ γε μὴ τόδ' ὀξύθυμον ᾖ.
πῶς νᾶπυ καὶ βόειά σοι πρὸς ἡδονήν;
Κ. ἐδέσμαθ' οἷων δὴ πασαίμην ἂν φίλως.
Γ. ἀλλ' ὀξὺ γὰρ τὸ νᾶπυ θερμότερόν τέ τι.
Κ. δὸς οὖν τὰ βόεια, τὸ δέ γε νᾶπυ χαιρέτω.
Γ. οὐκ. ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ νᾶπύ γ' ἕξεις, εἰ δὲ μὴ
οὐδὲν βοείων τοῦδε πάρα λήψει κρεῶν.
Κ. ἑκάτερον οὖν ἢ θάτερον, εἴθ' ὅ τι δὴ θέλεις.
Γ. δέξαι μὲν οὖν τὸ νᾶπυ, τὰ δὲ βόεια μή.
Κ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας, ὦ δόλιε κἀπίτριπτε σύ·
αὐτῶν κρεῶν ὀνόματι προσφέρβεις ἐμέ.
ἀπόλοιο καὶ σὺ καὶ τὸ πάνδημον γένος
τῶν ξυμφοραῖσιν ὧδ' ἐπιχαιρόντων ἐμαῖς.
βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας σὲ τὸν μιαρώτατον λέγω.

T. S. E.

Exemplo rem sapienter ages.

RIGORE cum Boreas caelum contristat acuto,
nil tibi, piscator, proderit ire foras;
at Notus, imbriferis simul advolitaverit alis,
impulit hamatos piscis in ora dolos.
si furet Eurus atrox, homini gravis ille ferisque,
torpescit minimo piscis amore cibi;
sed male sana fames, sed maxumus ardor edendist,
cum Zephyrus molli flamine mulcet aquas.

H. K. S. S.

Venus and Adonis.

NEVER did passenger in summer's heat
more thirst for drink than she for this good turn;
her help she sees, but help she cannot get,
she bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
O, pity, gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!
'tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?
I have been wooed as I entreat thee now,
even by the stern and direful god of war,
whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
who conquers where he comes in every jar;
yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
and begged for that which thou unasked shalt have.
Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:
strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
for mastering her that foiled the god of fight.

SHAKESPEARE.

She walks in Beauty.

FAIRE mistresse of the earth with garlands crowned,
rise, by a lover's charme, from the parcht ground,
and shew thy flowery wealth: that she, where ere
her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there.
should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
force thy affrighted lilies there to grow,
thy roses in those gelid fields t'appeare;
she absent, I have all their winter here.
or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
her the coole breathing of Favonius lend,
thither command the birds to bring their quires;
that zone is temperate, I have all his fires.

HABINGTON.

Ἀμφ' Ἄρεος φιλότητος ἐϋστεφάνου τ' Ἀφροδίτης.

NON sitit aestivo laticem sub sole viator
acrius, id gratum quam dea munus avet.
cernit opem praesto, nec opem tamen invenit ullam;
se lavit in gelida, sed furit ignis, aqua.
'o miserere,' loqui sic infit, 'ego oscula quaero
sola; puer saxo saepte cor, ista negas?
quod supplex ego te, cupidus me saepe poposcit
Mars immitis atrox qui fera bella regit:
hostica cervices flectit vis nulla torosas,
quaecumque ingreditur proelia, victor abit:
ferre iugum tamen ille meum, mea vincla, coactus,
quam tibi praestabo sponte, rogavit opem.
sic supero qui cuncta domat deus, ipsaque ducit
captivum rubris nexa catena rosis;
cuius et eduris parent durissima nervis
aera, meis morem fastibus ille gerit.
parce superbire et validas ostendere vires,
me tibi, dante mihi Bellipotente manus.'

H. A. J. M.

Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit.

CINCTA Cupidineis terrae regina corollis,
surge vel e sicca, poscit amator, humo;
Phyllida sic sollemne decus, tua copia florum,
sidera delectet qua sua cumque trahant.
audax, sive petat Rhipaei frigora caeli,
lilia fac saevo stent tremebunda solo;
nec tua praegelidis illic rosa cesset in agris:
Phyllis abest, nobis hic ea friget hiemps.
sive viam zonae flectat torrentis ad aestus,
auspice te Zephyri ventilet aura vagam;
ducat eo philomela choros: sibi temperat aer
ille, tulit totas huc mihi flamma faces.

A. H.

A Lover's Liberty.

AWAY with those self-loving lads,
whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
away poor souls that sigh and weep
in love of those that lie asleep!
for Cupid is a merry god,
and forceth none to kiss the rod.
My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
in every tree I write her name,
and every day I read the same.
where honour Cupid's rival is,
there miracles are seen of his.
If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree;
if doubt do darken things held dear,
then well-fare nothing once a year.
for many run, but one must win:
fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

LORD BROOKE.

Rich and Poor.

RICH—you were a happy lover;
poor—your courting days are over.
then you were a dear Adonis;
altered now the fair one's tone is:
now you fall beneath her knowledge;
Phyllis asks your 'name and college.'
ah, my friend, to heart you're laying
all too late the sad old saying:
'swallows come and go with weather;
friends and Fortune fly together.'

K. *from the Greek.*

Ἀναγκαῖον πᾶν ἀνιαρὸν ἔφυ.

STA Cupidineis numquam exhilarata sagittis
facessat hinc procul sibi turba placens iuvenum.
sintque procul qui flent et qui suspiria proflant,
formaeque securae nimis quos miser angit amor.
laetus amat risus hilares ludosque Cupido,
nec cogit invitos suis subdere terga flagris.
me vatem vocat Anna suum; mea carmina poscit:
et feriatus anulis illius ornor amans.
illius in nulla non scribitur arbore nomen,
nulloque non idem die rite mihi legitur.
qua sibi rivalem credit certare Pudorem,
vinci Cupido nescius prodigiosa facit.
sin ut reddatur suus anulus imperet Anna,
iam nomen Annae deleam cortice ab iliceo.
si quondam cari fiducia fallat amoris,
anno salutandum semel praestet habere Nihil.
curritur a multis: unus fert praemia victor;
quisquis cuculum claudere certat, ineptus homost.

K.

Infelix Paupertas.

IVES amator eras: desisti pauper amare:
tam medicina potens est in amore fames.
quae te saviolum dulcemque vocabat Adonim,
nunc eadem qui sis Phyllis et unde rogat.
o Corydon, Corydon, didicisti serior illud:
'nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.'

K.

To the Genius of the House.

OMMAND the roof, great Genius, and from thence
into this house pour down thy influence,
that through each room a golden pipe may run
of living water by the benizon;
fulfil the larders, and by strengthening bread
be evermore thy bins replenished.
next, like a bishop, consecrate my ground,
that lucky fairies here may dance their round;
and, after that, lay down some silver pence,
the master's charge and care to recompense;
charm then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
more than for peevish pining sicknesses;
fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proof.

HERRICK.

The Primrose.

SK me why I send you here
this firstling of the infant year:
ask me why I send to you
this primrose all bepearled with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
the sweets of love are washed with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth show
so yellow, green, and sickly too;
ask me why the stalk is weak,
and, bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
what doubts and fears are in a lover.

CAREW.

Ad Larem Familiarem.

AR mihi culte, summis
insidens tectis placido numine ades faveque
aedibus, ut per omnem
aurei fontes trepident iugis aquae recessum ;
horrea tu salubri
laeta frumento et cumeras fac locupletiores ;
ruraque consecrabis
auguris ritu, veniat quo celebretque faustos
plurima nympha ludos ;
pone mox asses nitidos, sint ut ero laborum
praemia sumptuumque :
tum fove miris thalamos artibus, atque lectos,
candide Lar, quieti
sterne quam morbi querulis luctibus aptiores ;
stet bene firma moles,
nec vetustatem metuant tecta Iovemve iniquum.

W. G. C.

Primula Veris.

UAERIS cur tibi muneri
sic anni dederim primitias novi ;
cur haec venerit ad tuum
limen rore micans primula gemmeo ?
quas dat delicias Amor,
illas, crede mihi, fletibus irrigat.
quaeris cur ita palleat
aegrescens viridi lumine flosculus ;
culmo cur tenero nimis
flectatur, neque adhuc fractus humi cadat ?
haec te, crede mihi, docent
ut spes inter Amor pendeat et metus.

E.

Francesca e Paolo.

' IEDE la terra, dove nata fui,
su la marina dove il Po discende
per aver pace co' seguaci sui.
amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
prese costui della bella persona
che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m' offende.
amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
amor condusse noi ad una morte:
Caina attende chi vita ci spense.'
queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
da che io intesi quelle anime offense,
chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso,
finchè il Poeta mi disse: 'che pense?'
quando risposi, cominciai: 'o lasso!
quanti dolci pensier, quanto disio
menò costoro al doloroso passo?'
poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,
e cominciai: 'Francesca, i tuoi martiri
a lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
ma dimmi: al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
a che e come concedette amore,
che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri?'
ed ella a me: 'nessun maggior dolore,
che ricordarsi del tempo felice
nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
ma se a conoscer la prima radice
del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
farò come colui che piange e dice.
noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse:
soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.

Quisque suos patimur manes.

RBS quae me genuit positast in litoris ora,
qua Padus, errorum requiem iam certus habendi,
descendit comitum coetu stipatus aquarum.
dulcis amor, raptim ingenuo qui pectore gliscit,
corporis hunc forma cepit praestante, mihi olim
erepti: plagam vel nunc ego abominor illam.
durus amor, nulli qui se condonat amato,
me rursum usque adeo cepit dulcedine amantis,
ut mihi nunc etiam videas decedere nolle.
saevus amor nos inde necem perduxit ad unam;
auctorem Caina necis manet'. hactenus isti.
postquam indignantes audivi effarier umbras,
lumina deieci defixusque ora tenebam,
cum tandem vates 'animo quid volvis?' at illi
sic orsus refero 'quanta et quam grata cupido,
heu heu, quantus amor clademque importavit acerbam?'
tum conversus ad hos, 'miseret, Francisca, tui me'
incipio 'lacrimasque movet tuus anxius angor.
verum age dic nobis, inter suspiria quondam
blanda quod indicium, quae tandem ab amore dabantur
signa, quibus dubia ante foret manifesta cupido?'
sic ego, at illa mihi 'tempus meminisse beatum
est miseris dolor infandus, scit ut iste magister.
sed si tantus amor primam cognoscere nostri
radicem casus, faciam de more dolentis
dicentisque simul. legere olim forte iuvabat
nos, Lancilotum vis ut torqueret amoris.
solus erat mecum, securusque iste pericli,
secura ipsa fui: tum saepe legentibus una
convenere oculi, tum non color oribus idem.
nec nisi momentum interea nos vicerat unum:
dum legimus, dulce ut ridentis tantus amator
oscula libaret, libavit et oscula nostra

per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
quando leggemmo il disiato riso
esser baciato da cotanto amante,
questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse:
quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."
mentre che l' uno spirto questo disse,
l' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
io venni men così com' io morisse,
e caddi, come corpo morto cade.

DANTE.

May Morning.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
the flowery May, who from her green lap strows
the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
mirth and youth and warm desire;
woods and groves are of thy dressing;
hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
thus we salute thee with our early song,
and welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

The Lamb.

THE lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
and licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

POPE.

iste vir, iste, a me qui numquam tempore in ullo
divellendus erit, libansque perhorruit omnis.
Pandarus et liber ipse et libri Pandarus auctor.
illa luce quidem nos nil ibi legimus ultra.'
altera dum fatur, fletus dedit altera tales
umbra, ut deficerem luctu quasi mortuus essem,
et caderem, cadit ut rigidum iam morte cadaver.

H. A. J. M.

It Ver.

AM, fax diei praevia, Lucifer
splendens eois partibus exilit,
Maiumque florentem sodalem
ducit. eum croceamque calthâm
sparsisse cernas e viridi sinu et
quae prima pallet vere novo rosa.
salvere te blandae iubemus
laetitiae facilem datorem,
te fervidorum, Maie, cupidinum
fontem et iuventae. tu foliis nemus
saltumque convestis, tuoque
vallis ovat recreata cultu
clivusque felix. sic bona dicimus
nos mane primo carmina, sic tibi
gratamur ingresso, precantes
hic maneas diuturnus hospes.

K.

Agna.

UAM gula iam leto tua destinat, agna proterve
ludere num vellet praedita mente tua ?
gramina ad extremum carpit cum floribus, ultro
se iugulaturam lambere prompta manum.

W. G. W.

Bosworth Field.

HIS rankes he in a larger forme displayes,
which all were archers, counted in those dayes
the best of English souldiers; for their skill
could guide their shafts according to their will;
the featherd wood they from their bowes let flie;
no arrow fell but caused some man to die.
so painfull bees with forward gladness strive
to ioyne themselves in throngs before the hive,
and with obedience, till that houre, attend,
when their commander shall his watchword send:
then to the winds their tender sailes they yield,
depress the flowres, depopulate the field.
wise Norfolke to avoyde these shaftes the more,
contrives his battaile thin and sharpe before;
he thus attempts to pierce into the hart,
and breake the orders of the adverse part.
as when the cranes direct their flight on high,
to cut their way they in a trigon flie;
which pointed figure may with ease divide
opposing blasts, through which they swiftly glide.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

Change of Scene.

SEND me not, when vext with city life,
whither mad Fashion makes her holiday
by coast or spa; but rather let me roam
in quest of nooks where Nature, not unkind,
harbours within her leafy arms the child
of suffering; that, in listening to his tale,
I may a lesson gain of glad content,
and exercise the heart-enriching grace
of sympathy.

A.

Instructio Militum.

LLE Britannorum iam rarius explicat agmen,
arcubus armatos omnes: tunc nempe pharetrae
primus honos bello; nam quo mens cumque iuberet,
dirigere instabant, letalia tela, sagittas,
vulnere quamque suo fretam et sua fata ferentem.
sic et sollicitas alacri virtute ruentes
cernere apes poteris, denso quando agmine signum
expectant servantque fores; mox ordine iusso
dant Boreae pennas, vela heu male firma, procaci;
it per agros infesta manus, populatur et hortos.
gnarus at ille mali fugiturusque arte periclum
suptilemque aciem tenuatasque ante phalangas
instruit, interiora petens, si impellere possit:
ardua qualis iter longo stridore gruum vis
per nubes trifido cursu secat; ocius ultro
obstantemque Notum et luctantia flamina vincunt.

W. W. E.

Ruris amator.

E, precor, urbis ubi strepitu fumoque fatigor,
visere Solis Aquas iubear Baiasve marinas,
quo levis impellit fessos insania cives.
me potius iuvet errando petere intima ruris,
quodque salutifero mortales excipit aegros
hospitio nemus atque umbra solatur amica:
illic, non spernens alienum audire dolorem,
ipse meis aequo fatis assuescere corde
expertusque mali miseris succurrere discam.

H. K. S. S.

Falstaff's Recovery.

Falstaff.

EMBOWELLED! If thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah (*stabbing him*), with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.—SHAKESPEARE.

When unadorned, adorned the most.

MY love in her attire doth show her wit,
it doth so well become her;
for every season she hath dressings fit,
for winter, spring, and summer.
no beauty she doth miss
when all her robes are on;
but beauty's self she is
when all her robes are gone.

HERRICK.

'Αναιδείην ἐπιειμένε, κερδαλεόφρον.

ΦΑΛ. Τὸ δ' ἔντερα τἀμά σ' ἐξελεῖν· ἐὰν μὲν οὖν
τῷδ' ἐν φάει 'ξέλῃς σφε, τὠπιόντι με
τεμάχη ποιήσεις λεπτά, καὶ κατεδεῖ γε πρός.
μὰ Δί' ἀλλ' ἐνόμιζον οὐκ ἔτος φενακιεῖν,
εἴ μ' οὑτοσὶ θερμουργὸς ἄγριος Σκύθης
δώσειν ἔμελλεν οὐ τάχ' ἀλλ' ἤδη σκότῳ.
ποῖον φενάκισμ' ; οὐ γὰρ ἀλλὰ ψεύδομαι·
οὐ δῆτ' ἐφενάκισ' · ἐστὶ γὰρ φενακίσαι
τὸ θανεῖν· ὁ γὰρ μηδ' ἐμπνέων ἀνθρωπίνως,
μορφὴν ὑποδὺς ἀνθρωπίνην, ὁδὶ φέναξ.
ὁ δ' ὡς θανὼν φενακίσας, ἐν τῷδε δὲ
ζῶν, οὐκ ἐφενάκισ' οὗτος, ἀλλὰ ζῶν κυρεῖ
πάμψυχος ἤδη κοὐδὲν ἐξηκασμένος.
τοῦ μὲν θράσους πλεῖν ἡμίσους τὸ σωφρονεῖν·
τούτῳ δ' ἐγὼ νῦν οὐ τέθνηκα θἠμίσει.
οἴμοι τάλας· ὡς τόνδε καὶ θανόνθ' ὅμως
βροντησικέραυνον Περσέα δείσας ἔχω.
ἴσον γὰρ οὗτος εἰ φενακίζων τύχῃ,
ἐγὼ τί γένωμαι, τοῦδ' ἀναστάντος πάλιν ;
δέδοικ' ἄμεινον μὴ φενακίσας κυρῇ.
φέρ' οὖν ἀνύσω νιν καὶ κατομύσω καὶ κτανεῖν.
πῶς ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ἀνσταίη γ' ἐμοί ;
οὐδέν μ' ἐλέγχει πλὴν τὸ καθορᾶσθαι μόνον·
τὸ δ' οὐ πάρεστι· τοιγαροῦν, ὦ τᾶν, ἔχων
πρὸς τοῖς παλαιοῖς ἕλκος ἐν μηρῷ νέον,
ὧδ' ἂν βαδίζοις ἐξόδους κοινὰς ἐμοί.

J. R.

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

AEGLE nostra sapit ; sapientem comprobat illa
tam bene commendans vestis erile decus.
ver sit an aestivum tempus, sit bruma, diei
cuique suos comptus convenienter habet.
nullam veste nitens venerem desiderat Aegle,
veste tamen posita, fit, reor, ipsa Venus.

G. P.

Jolly Spring.

ARTH now is green and heaven is blue;
lively Spring, which makes all new,
jolly Spring doth enter;
sweet young sunbeams do subdue
angry aged Winter.
winds are mild and seas are calm,
every meadow flows with balm,
the earth wears all her riches;
harmonious birds sing such a psalm
as ear and heart bewitches.

SIR J. DAVIES.

L' Usignuolo.

FFESA verginella,
piangendo il suo destino,
tutta dolente e bella,
fu cangiata da Giove in augellino
che canta dolcemente, e spiega il volo,
e questo è l' usignuolo.
in verde colle udì con suo diletto
cantar un giorno Amor quell' augelletto,
e del canto invaghito
con miracol gentil prese di Giove
ad emular le prove:
onde poi ch' ebbe udito
quel musico usignuol che si soave
canta, gorgheggia, e stilla,
cangiollo in verginella; e questa è Lilla.

FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

A Paisley Toast.

EACE and Plenty without killing;
beef at a groat, and meal at a shilling.

Vere nitent Terrae.

ERRAE iam viridis, caerulus est color
caeli: ver vegetum, cuncta redintegrans,
ver laetum subiit: iam senium domat
iratasque hiemis minas
festivus radiis sol iuvenalibus.
mitescunt zephyris frigora: Nereo
sternuntur tacito marmora; balsamis
manat quisque suis ager,
omnesque induitur divitias humus;
concordes avium carmina dum chori
aures atque animos pellicientia
blandis ingeminant modis.

K.

Luscinia.

MMERITOS flentem casus vertisse puellam
dicitur in volucrem rexque paterque deum.
illa volat, ramoque sedens suavissima silvas,
nomine Lusciniae cognita, mulcet avis.
devius in latebris illam nemoralibus olim
audiit ambrosium fundere carmen Amor:
audiit, aeternique Patris miracula prisca
prodigiis credit vincere posse novis.
Iuppiter in volucrem converterat ante puellam;
femineo volucrem corpore donat Amor.
haec est, quae domitas Orpheo carmine gentes
fascinat, Arctoae gloria Linda plagae.

K.

Publica Vota.

AX et Copia sint sine sanguine; bubula binis
senisque far sestertiis.

K.

Where were ye, Nymphs?

HERE were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
for neither were ye playing on the steep,
where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
ay me! I fondly dream
had ye been there; for what could that have done?
what could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
the Muse herself, for her enchanting son?
whom universal Nature did lament,
when by the rout that made the hideous roar
his gory visage down the stream was sent,
down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.
alas! what boots it with incessant care
to attend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
and strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
were it not better done, as others use,
to sport with Amaryllis in the shade
or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
that last infirmity of noble mind,
to scorn delights and live laborious days.
but the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
and think to burst out into sudden blaze,
comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
and slits the thin-spun life. 'but not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

MILTON.

Jest.

LL things are big with Jest; nothing is plain,
but may be witty, if we have the vein.

HERBERT.

Πᾶ ποκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὅκα Δάφνις ἐτάκετο ;

UA, nymphae, fueratis, inexorabile marmor
ut vestri Lycidae subter caput hausit amatum ?
nam neque ludus erat vobis in vertice clivi,
qua Druidae, vates antiqua laude, quiescunt,
vester honos ; nec Mona iugo qua surgit ad auras
hirta suo, vel Deva magum tamen explicat amnem.
ei mihi, vos vano somni frustramine fingo
praesentes : quid enim praesentia vestra iuvaret ?
Musa quid ipsa, inquam, genetrix Orpheia, iuvit,
natum Musa suum, tenuit quamquam omnia cantu,
et rerum lamentatast natura peremptum,
quando illum thiasus taetrum mittens ululatum
ora dedit fluvio, fluvio ora cruenta secundo,
Lesbiacumque rapax ad litus detulit Hebrus.
eheu, perpetuis quid pastoralia curis
incompta exercere iuvat despectaque pensa ?
quid fida ingratam meditemur harundine musam ?
nonne fuit satius vulgi de more sub umbra
seu temptare iocis Amaryllida, sive Neaerae
nugari cum crine comisque illudere plexis ?
gloria calcar habet (versatque ille ultimus error
excellentem animum), stimulet quod vivida corda
spernere delicias et duros degere soles.
cum tamen optato speramus posse potiri
munere et ad claram subito iam emergere lucem,
caeca venit furia atque invisa forfice vitae
tenuia filia secat : ' sed laudem non tamen illa,'
sic Phoebus contra, ac tremulas simul attigit aures.

H. A. J. M.

Nil non ridiculum.

UANTUM est ridiculi ! quae res tam seria nobis
quin aliquid praestet, sit modo vena, ioci ?

K.

Unthrifty Sweetness.

DO confess thee smooth and fair,
and I might have gone near to love thee,
had I not found the slightest prayer
that lips could feign had power to move thee.
but I can let thee now alone
as worthy to be loved by none.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
thy favours are but like the wind
that kisses everything it meets.
then since thou canst by more than one,
thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.
The morning rose that untouched stands
armed with her briers, how sweet she smells;
but, plucked and strained through ruder hands,
her sweet no longer with her dwells:
but scent and beauty both are gone,
and leaves fall from her one by one.
Such fate ere long will thee betide,
when thou hast handled been awhile,
with sere flowers to be thrown aside:
and I will sigh while others smile,
to see thy love for every one
hath made thee to be loved by none.

SIR H. WOTTON.

On Cowley's Tragedy, 'The Fall of Sparta.'

O great thy art, that, when we viewed
of Sparta's sons the lot severe,
we caught the Spartan fortitude,
and saw their woes without a tear.

A.

Translatos alio maerebis amores.

AT, fateor, levi spectaris candida forma,
nec multum afuerat quin mea flamma fores,
ni prece vidissem tua pectora quaque moveri,
ficta foret levibus quamlibet illa labris.
nunc tamen illecebras didici contemnere tales ;
digna, reor, non es quam colat ullus amor.
sunt tibi, non aliter dico, tua mella : sed illis
debueras quondam parcere : parcis ubi ?
nonne vides ? spargit cunctis aura obvia rebus
oscula : par aurae spargitur iste favor.
sic, quoniam plures non dedignaris amantes,
digna parum facta es quam petat ullus amans.
matutina rosae fragrantia quanta recentist,
quae redolet spinis horrida facta suis !
sed manus hanc carptam contrectet durior, eheu
nil ibi, quod fuerat suave, moratur adhuc ;
fusus odor periit, veneres abiere priores,
et folia hinc illinc singula lapsa cadunt.
et tibi, cum manibus fueris permissa trecenis,
destinat haud aliud sors inimica malum.
flens ego te positam, ceu marcida serta rosarum,
aspiciam, forsan rideat alter amans,
quae male cauta, procis totidem studiosa placendi,
feceris ut ne cui sis placitura proco.

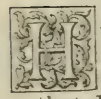
T. M.

Fortitudo.

ARS tua tam mirast, cum Spartae fata videmus,
aemula mens Spartae nos quoque flere vetat.

K.

The Hymn of Arion.



AIL, Neptune, greatest of the gods,
thou ruler of the salt sea floods:
thou with the deep and dark-green hair,
that dost the golden trident bear:
thou that with either arm outspread
embosomest the earth we tread:
thine are the beasts with fins and scales
that, round thy chariot, as it sails,
plunging and tumbling, fast and free,
all reckless follow o'er the sea.
thine are the gentle dolphin throng,
that love and listen to the song;
with whom the sister Nereids stray,
and in their crystal caverns play.
they bore me well to Pelops' isle,
and Sparta's rocky mountain-pile;
and through the deep Sicilian sea
the briny champain ploughed for me,
when wicked men had cast me o'er
our vessel's side into the roar
of clashing waters, and a grave
yawned for me in the purple wave.

C. MERIVALE (*from the Greek*).

The Remorseless Deep.

MOOTH was the sea and seem'd to call
two prettie girles to play withall:
who padling there, the sea soone frown'd,
and on a sudden both were drown'd.
what credit can we give to seas,
who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

HERRICK.

Hymnus Arionius.

IVE deum coetus inter validissime, salsi
rector have, Neptune, profundi,
qui glomeras viridi gemmantis luce capillos,
auratoque tridente coerces
oceani spatia, et palmis utrimque reductis
terrarum complecteris orbem.
sunt tua quae squamis pinnarumque horrida vallo
monstra ruunt titubantque per aequor
pone tuos currus, rapidisque hinc inde choreis
plebs stipant temeraria regem.
et tibi mitis adest delphinum turba, Camenae
carmina quae cupida bibit aure;
quacum Nereides gaudent errare sorores
et vitreis saltare sub antris.
litora me Pelopis Spartaeque ad saxa tulerunt
et Siculos impune per aestus,
tempore quo rabidi media inter proelia ponti
praecipitem de puppe virorum
gens dederat scelerata, mihique hiscebat in undis
purpureis immane sepulcrum.

K.

Mare perfidum.

ISUM est leve sibi advocare lusum
marmor lacteolas duas puellas.
ludentes aqua cinxit et repente
contracta cita fronte mersit ambas.
quis, Nereu, tibi fidat osculando
tam castis animis necem struenti?

K.

To the Lord General Fairfax.

AIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
and all her jealous monarchs with amaze
and rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,
thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
victory home, though new rebellions raise
their hydra heads, and the false north displays
her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
o yet a nobler task awaits thy hand;
for what can war but endless wars still breed,
till truth and right from violence be freed,
and public faith cleared from the shameful brand
of public fraud? in vain doth valour bleed,
while avarice and rapine share the land.

MILTON.

Inscription on a Boat.

HEY say that I am small and frail,
and cannot live in stormy seas.
it may be so; yet every sail
makes shipwreck in the swelling breeze.
nor strength nor size can then hold fast,
but Fortune's favour, Heaven's decree.
let others trust in oar and mast,
but may the gods take care of me!

C. MERIVALE (*from the* GREEK).

Lucem redde tuae, Dux bone, patriae.

DUX clare, cuius perstrepit inclutis
Europa bellis, sive quis invidet,
seu laudat invisum tyrannis
attonitis popularis aura
dirumque nomen regibus ultimis;
virtute semper parta tua redit
victoria, insurgat rebellis
hydra licet reparata semper,
et falsa rupto Scotia foedere
vires refectis adserat anguibus.
quid Marte producto lucramur
perpetui nisi damna Martis?
ergo morantem splendidius vocat
te, Magne, pensum. tu, violentia
ius fasque ne frangat, fidesque
publica ne pereat cavebis
polluta fraudis crimine publicae.
nil larga virtus sanguinis efficit,
dum vexat infaustos rapinae
foedus avaritiaeque cives.

K.

Inscriptio Cymbae.

AT tenuis, narrant, at sum male firma natando,
at rabidi nequeo verbera ferre sali.
sim tenuis, sim firma parum: tamen omnis in alto
naufragium Borea flante carina facit.
tum nec magna tenet moles, nec quernea transtra,
sed fortuna favens et sua fata, ratem.
cetera confidat malis remisque caterva;
tutantes adsint di mihi, sospes ero.

K.

The Archangel.

EACH on himself relied,
as only in his arm the moment lay
of victory. deeds of eternal fame
were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
that war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
a standing fight, then soaring on main wing,
tormented all the air; all air seemed then
conflicting fire. long time in even scale
the battle hung; till Satan, who that day
prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
no equal, ranging through the dire attack
of fighting seraphim confused, at length
saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
wide wasting: such destruction to withstand
he hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
a vast circumference. at his approach,
the great archangel from his warlike toil
surceased.

MILTON.

Masque.

SPRING all the graces of the age,
and all the loves of time;
bring all the pleasures of the stage,
and relishes of rhyme;
add all the softnesses of courts,
the looks, the laughters, and the sports;
and mingle all the sweets and salts,
that none may say, the triumph halts.

BEN JONSON.

Anceps Pugna diu.

Μάρναντο σφετέρῃσι πεποιθότες ἠνορέῃσιν
ὡς ἐν χερσὶ ἕκαστος ἔχων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην.
ἔνθ' ἐτελέσθη ἔργ' ὧν δὴ κλέος οὔποτ' ὀλεῖται,
ἀλλ' ἀπερείσια πάντα· πολύς τε γὰρ ἐκτέτατό σφιν
καὶ παντοῖος Ἄρης· ὁτὲ μὲν γὰρ ἐπ' οὔδεϊ μακρῷ
μάρναντο σταδίην, τότε δ' αἰρομένων πτερύγεσσιν
αἰθὴρ μαίνετο πᾶσα, δέμας πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο.
καὶ δηρόν γ' ἐπὶ ἶσα τέλος τέτατο πτολέμοιο,
πρίν γ' ὅτε δὴ Σατάνας—ἀπέδειξεν δ' ἤματι κείνῳ
ἠνορέην ὑπέροπλον, ἔκυρσε δ' ἄρ' οὐδενὶ ἴσῳ
ἔγχος δινεύοντι—κατ' αἰνὴν δηιοτῆτα
οὐρανιδέων τ' ἀνὰ μῶλον ἀρήϊον ἠλασκάζων,
ὀψὲ Μιχαήλοιο βίην ἴδεν, ἔνθ' ἐδάϊζε
βάλλων ῥεῖα φάλαγγας, ὕπερθε δὲ χειρὶ διπάλτῳ
αἶψα κραδαινομένοιο κατήϊε δουρὸς ἀκωκὴ
οὐλομένη. τῷ δ' ἔσσυθ' ὅγ' ἀντιόων ὀλέκοντι
καὶ προέχων σάκος εὐρὺ πολύπτυχον ἐξ ἀδάμαντος,
κύκλον θεσπέσιον. τὸν δέγμενος ἀΐσσοντα
ὄρχαμος οὐρανιδέων ἠρώησεν καμάτοιο.

T. S. E.

Io Triumphe!

N age fer Veneres quotquot nova saecla crearint,
luserit et toto tempore quidquid Amor:
adde voluptates, quas nobis scaena paravit,
quique subest numeris carminibusque lepos.
confer et illecebras, regum quibus adfluit aula,
vultusque et risus, ludicra mixta iocis.
dulcia cum salibus sic coufundantur, ut absit
vox ea: 'pro, claudo quam pede pompa venit!'

F. E. G.

The Host of Satan.

AND now
advanced in view they stand, a horrid front
of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
of warriors old with ordered spear and shield,
awaiting what command their mighty chief
had to impose. he through the armed files
darts his experienced eye and soon traverse
the whole battalion views, their order due,
their visages and stature as of gods:
their number last he sums. and now his heart
distends with pride and hardening in his strength
glories; for never since created man
met such embodied force, as named with these
could merit more than that small infantry
warred on by cranes; tho' all the giant brood
of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
that fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
in fable or romance of Uther's son
begirt with British and Armoric knights.

MILTON.

Ariel's Song.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I,
in a cowslip's bell I lie;
there I couch when owls do cry;
on the bat's back I do fly,
after summer, merrily.
merrily, merrily, shall I live now
under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKESPEARE.

Exercitus Orci.

AMQUE in conspectu stant comminus, horrida ductu
praelongo immani frons et rutilantibus armis,
bellatorum instar veterum quae derigit hastam
et clipeum, expectans quid dux sibi magnus agendum
imperet. armatos obit impiger ille maniplos
lumine sollerti, totumque inde ordine iusto
derectum, transversa tuens, cito dispicit agmen,
oraque, uti divom, proceraque corpora lustrat,
et numerum postremus init. iam conscia fastu
corda tument et opes indurescentia iactant
ipsa suas; neque enim coiit vis ulla creatos
post homines usquam legionum robore tanto,
quae collata simul pluris meruisset haberi,
quam parvus pedes ille gruum infestatus ab armis;
omnis ut una esset suboles Phlegraea gigantum,
heroumque genus quod bella gerebat ad altam
Ilion ac Thebas, permixtum utrimque deorum
auxiliis; quantamque virum resonare per ora
fama loquax vel scripta docent, Uterana propago
cincta Britannorumque et Aremorico equitatu.

H. A. J. M.

Ariel.

Ἴδε μ', ὦ τέκνον, ταῖσι μελίσσαις
τὸν σύνδειπνον, τὸν ἔσω κάλυκος
νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ κατακοιμηθέν θ',
ὡς νυκτερίδος πτέρυγα στομίων
ἄτερ εὐθύνων
βόσκω τὸν ἀκήρατον ὄλβον.
καὶ γὰρ πολλὰς πρόσθε κελεύθους
ἦλθον γλυκερῷ θέρει ἀμφιπολῶν·
νῦν δ' εὐφροσύνας ἱεροὺς καρποὺς
εἶμ' ἀποδρέψων
στεφάνοις ὑπὸ δενδροκόμοισιν.

G. O. M.

The Rose.

GO, lovely rose,
tell her that wastes her time and me,
that now she knows,
when I resemble her to thee,
how sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
and shuns to have her graces spied,
that, hadst thou sprung
in deserts where no men abide,
thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
of beauty from the light retired:
bid her come forth,
suffer herself to be desired,
and not blush so to be admired.
Then die: that she
the common fate of all things rare
may read in thee;
how small a part of time they share,
that are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

A novel Show.

NOW room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know
they do bring you neither Play nor University Show;
and therefore do entreat you that whatever they rehearse
may not fare a whit the worse for the false pace of the verse.
if you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass;
for know here is indeed the soul of Pythagoras,
that juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow.

B. JONSON.

Ῥόδον ἀνθέων ἄριστον.

ROSA, flos florum: cum te conspexerit illa
quae tempusque suum meque perire sinit,
se certare tibi me discet iudice; discet
quam suavis species sit sua quamque decens.
hac quoque tu teneram castiga voce puellam,
quae veneres nimio victa pudore tegit:
'si rosa nata foret, dessent ubi saecla virorum,
una fuit miserae sors, sine laude mori.'
vilescit pretium fugientis lumina formae:
prodeat abiecto nostra timore iube
seque coli sinat et mirantum ferre coronam,
nec rubeat curae mille futura procis.
tum morere, ut quidquid rarist quae fata sequantur
sentiat exemplo docta puella tuo;
quam cito tot pereant gratae miracula formae,
quam paucos habeant optima quaeque dies.

K.

Arcana renati Pythagorae.

Νῦν αὖτε κωμασταῖς νέοις τοῖσδε πάρεχε χῶρον·
τρυγῳδίαν οὐκ εἰσάγειν φασίν, ὡς ἂν εἰδῇς,
οὐ Μεγαρόθεν κεκλεμμένον σκῶμμα θαυματουργεῖν.
οὔκουν ὁ κῶμος ἀξιοῖ ταῦθ' ἃ νῦν περαίνει,
ἐν τῷ ῥυθμῷ κἂν μηδὲν ᾖ, χεῖρον αὐτὰ πρᾶξαι.
εἰ δ' οὖν σε θαῦμα τῶνδ' ἔχει, θαυμάσει τι μᾶλλον
πρὶν καὶ παρελθεῖν τὴν θέαν· ἴσθι γὰρ τόδ' ἄγγος
τὸ σῶμα Πυθαγόρου στέγον· θαυματουργὸς οὗτος
κᾆθ', ὡς ἐροῦμεν ὕστερον, θεῖος ἦν σοφιστής.

R. S.

The Foliage of Love.

NO white nor red was ever seen
so amorous as this lovely green.
fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
cut in these trees their mistress' name:
little, alas, they know or heed
how far these beauties her exceed.
fair trees, where'er your barks I wound,
no name shall but your own be found.
When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
the gods, who mortal beauty chase,
still in a tree did end their race;
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
only that she might laurel grow;
and Pan did after Syrinx speed,
not as a nymph, but for a reed.

MARVELL.

The Man who had Nought.

THERE was a man, and he had nought,
and robbers came to rob him;
he got up the chimney-top,
and then they thought they had him.
he got down on th' other side,
and then they could not find him;
he ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
and never looked behind him.

GAMMER GURTON.

Arbores amatae.

ILIA mixta rosis in virginis ore Cupido
posthabet ipse comae qua mea silva viret.
his puer arboribus, sic efferat ignis amantem,
incidit dominae nomina saepe suae;
ei mihi! nec didicit nec curat discere, quanto
sit minus arboreis illa venusta choris.
si, decus o nemorum, per me liber iste dolebit,
sola piae referent nomina vestra notae.
decurso spatio cum iam frigemus amoris,
huc Amor, ut certa pace fruatur, abit.
dis quoque mortales avidis captare puellas
finiit admissum non semel arbor iter.
quid cupiens Daphnen agitavit Phoebus Apollo?
laurus erat miris nempe creanda modis;
sic calami studio, non Naidos ictus amore,
Pan voluit, Syrinx, te fugiente, sequi.

H. W. M.

Οὐδὲν ἔχων.

Ἄισομαι ἄνδρα πενιχρὸν ἀνείμονα, τόν ποτε κλέπται
λωποδυτεῖν ἔσπευδον· ἔβη δὲ πρὸς αἰετὸν ἀκρον,
οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἔχειν εὔχοντο· κάτω δ' ἑτέρῃ καταδύντος
ἤμπλακον· αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' ὀκτωσταδίους ὅγε φεύγων
ἤμασιν ἐν δεκάπεντε δρόμους ἐτάνυσσε δὶς ἑπτὰ
ὥκα θέων· ὁ γὰρ οὔτι μετατροπαλίζετο φεύγων.

R. S.

The Deluge.

MEANWHILE the south wind rose, and, with black wings
wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
from under heaven; the hills to their supply
vapour and exhalation dusk and moist
sent up amain. and now the thickened sky
like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
impetuous; and continued, till the earth
no more was seen: the floating vessel swum
uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwelling else
flood overwhelmed, and then with all their pomp
deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,
sea without shore; and in their palaces,
where luxury late reigned, sea monsters whelped
and stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
all left in one small bottom swum imbarked.

MILTON.

Eyes and Rubies.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
which starlike sparkle in their skies,
nor be you proud that you can see
all hearts your captives, yours yet free.
be you not proud of that rich hair
which wantons with the love-sick air:
whereas that ruby that you wear
sunk from the tip of your soft ear
will last to be a precious stone
when all your world of beauty's gone.

HERRICK.

Omnia Pontus erant.

INTEREA egreditur Notus et nigrantibus alis
imminet, agglomerans pendentia nubila caeli:
ollis aërium umorem tenebrasque ministrant
continuo colles. piceus superastitit aether
more lacunaris: ruit ingens agmen aquarum
et tandem opprimitur crescenti gurgite tellus.
it ratis insultans haud setius aequore summo,
et secura natat rostrata concita prora,
sola hominum domus; at prorumpens abdit aquae vis
cetera: subsidunt ipsi, luxusque sub aestus
omnis it in cassum: simul unda supervenit undam
immensique fremunt late sine litore fluctus.
quae modo regifica splendebant atria pompa
nunc horrenda tenent ululantum monstra ferarum:
relliquiaeque hominum, de tot modo milibus eheu
pars quota? naviculae parva conduntur in alvo.

R. J. M.

Forma bonum fragile est.

SI tibi sic oculi fulgent ut sidera caeli
bina, supercilio, lux mea, parce tamen;
parce supercilio, quamvis tibi videris omnes,
nulli te victas, Phylli, dedisse manus.
nec fastus nimios sumat coma flava, procacem
arte cupidinea fallere docta Notum.
nam splendore tuo diuturnior iste micabit
qui rubet a tenera pendulus aure lapis:
copiaque haec quando venerum tam larga tuarum
fugerit, in pretio gemma superstes erit.

G. P.

True Beauty.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
for that yourself you daily such do see;
but the true fair, that is the gentle wit
and virtuous mind, is much more praised by me.
for all the rest, however fair it be,
shall turn to nought, and lose their glorious hue;
but only that is permanent and free
from frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
that is true beauty, that doth argue you
to be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
derived from that fair spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what He fair hath made;
all other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

SPENSER.

Invocation.

WHY art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
to stop a wretch's breath,
that calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
a prey unto thy dart?
I am not young nor fair; be therefore bold;
sorrow hath made me old,
deformed and wrinkled; all that I can crave
is, quiet in my grave.
such as live happy hold long life a jewel;
but to me thou art cruel,
if thou end not my tedious misery,
and I soon cease to be.
strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me
for one short hour's delay is tyranny.

MASSINGER.

Quid Pulchrum.

PULCHRA celebraris vulgo : tu credis, Ianthe,
ipsa tibi nullo non ita visa die.
sed magis illa mihi, quae vere pulchra putantur,
indole cum pura mens generosa, placent.
cetera delebit, quamvis pulcherrima, tempus ;
fugerit eximio splendidus ore color.
illa manent tantum quae dempta carne supersunt,
illa vigent aegra libera sola lue.
dixeris hanc formam, qua tu divina propago,
seminis aetherei conspiciare seges.
procreat hanc pulcher, qui pulchri quidquid ubique,
Conditor, exacti causa caputque boni.
pulcher is, et sicui pulchro dedit esse : sed, ut flos,
ante suum pereunt cetera pulchra diem.

K.

Mors, ades.

QUID dubitas, O Mors, requies mihi sola laborum,
huic animae ingratae ponere prompta modum ?
nam precor ut citius venias, ultroque vocando
obicio telis pectora maesta tuis.
fugit enim (secura veni) decus omne iuventae,
meque vides luctu consenuisse meo.
sum deformis anus rugis : id quaeritur unum,
in tumulo demum posse quiete frui.
nil bene viventi longo pretiosius aevo ;
ast ego difficili te nimis usa fui,
taedia si dubitas miserae mihi tollere vitae,
exanimisque ictu non citiore cado.
percute nunc, ipsum cor percute : durius in me
saevieris, minima commiserata mora.

W. G. W.

Song of Comus.

THE star that bids the shepherd fold
now the top of heaven doth hold;
and the gilded car of day
his glowing axle doth allay
in the steep Atlantic stream;
and the slope sun his upward beam
shoots against the dusky pole,
pacing toward the other goal
of his chamber in the east.
meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
midnight shout and revelry,
tipsy dance and jollity:
braid your locks with rosy twine,
dropping odours, dropping wine.
rigour now is gone to bed,
and advice with scrupulous head,
strict age and sour severity,
with their grave saws, in slumber lie.
we, that are of purer fire,
imitate the starry quire,
who in their nightly watchful spheres
lead in swift round the months and years.

MILTON.

Treason.

THAT treason never prospers, what's the reason?
why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

SIR J. HARINGTON.

Comus.

Λαμπρὸς ὅδ' ἀστὴρ ὁ ποτὶ σταθμοὺς
ποίμνας κατάγων, οὐρανὸν ἤδη
μέσον ἀμβαίνει,
κἀν ἑσπερίοις κύμασι πρηνὴς
ὁ θεὸς σπεύδει χρυσοφαέννων
παῦσαι μαλερὰν σύριγγα δίφρων,
ἀνακοντίζει θ' ὕπτιος ἤδη
πρὸς κυαναυγῆ πόλον ἀκτῖνας,
τέρμα βαδίζων
θαλάμων τηλοῦρον ἑῴων.
ἄγε δὴ θαλιῶν χάρις εὐστεφάνων
κώμων τε μέλη μηδ' ἄτερ οἴνου
τῶν παννυχίων κελάδημα χορῶν.
ῥοδέοις στέμμασι πᾶς ἀναδείσθω
κρατὸς ἔθειραν, μύρον ἐνστάξας
καὶ γάνος οἴνης Διονύσου.
νῦν γὰρ πᾶς τις κατεκοιμήθη
φθονερός, σοφίας τ' εἴ τις ἐραστὴς
τῆς πολυβούλου.
ἐν δὲ γερόντων καὶ βαρυθύμων
πᾶν ὀδυνηρὸν γένος αὐταῖσι
γνώμαις ἐν ὕπνῳ κατάκειται.
δεῦτ' οὖν ὑμεῖς πυρὸς αἰθερίου
καθαροὶ παῖδες, τῶν οὐρανίων
ἄστρων ἤδη μιμεῖσθε χορούς,
οἳ ταχυδίνοις περιτελλόμενοι
κύκλοισιν ἔτη
καὶ μῆνας ἄγουσι τελείους.

E. H. G.

Laesa Maiestas.

UR semper est illaesa sancta Maiestas ?
laedatur, audit vindicata Libertas.

H. A. J. M.

Eternal Summer.

HALL I compare thee to a summer's day?
thou art more lovely and more temperate:
rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
and summer's lease hath all too short a date:
sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
and often is his gold complexion dimmed;
and every fair from fair sometime declines,
by chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.
but thy eternal summer shall not fade,
nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
when in eternal lines to time thou growest:
so long as men can breathe, or eye can see,
so long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

Self-love unselfish.

IN of self-love possesseth all mine eye
and all my soul and all my every part;
and for this sin there is no remedy,
it is so grounded inward in my heart.
methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
no shape so true, no truth of such account;
and for myself mine own worth I define,
as I all other in all worths surmount.
but when my glass shows me myself indeed,
beated and chopped with tanned antiquity,
mine own self-love quite contrary I read:
self so self-loving were iniquity.
'tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
painting my age with beauty of thy days.

SHAKESPEARE.

Musa vetat mori.

EN licet aestivo componere, vita, diei?
at tu temperie candidiore places.
Maii deliciae flores rapiuntur ab Euris,
et spatia aestati sors dedit arta nimis.
interdum nimio Titan fulgore calescit,
aureus interdum deficit oris honor;
pulchraque nunc rerum vicibus nunc turbine fati
omnia mutantur, nec, velut ante, vigent.
sed tibi quod pulchrist nullo defecerit aevo;
non erit aestatis gloria fluxa tuae:
numquam vana suis te Mors adscripserit umbris,
sed tuus aeterno carmine crescet honos:
dum spirare homines, oculi dum cernere possunt,
vivit teque vetat nostra Camena mori.

K.

Sui amans non sine rivali.

OTOSQUE pravus hic amor mei visus
totumque pectus, omne possidet membrum,
pravi nec ullumst huius adlevamentum,
sic corde in ipsost funditusque fundatus.
os tam venustum quam meum, puto, nulli,
tam vera forma, veritasque tam rara;
definioque sic mihi meas dotes,
omnes ego omni dote ceteros vinco.
imaginoso ut me tamen vitro vidi
tusum atque tritum squalida vetustate,
mei hunc amorem tum lego retroversus:
amare sic se summa iniquitas esset.
sum tu ipse, qui me praedicaverim pro te
tuoque flore pinxerim meam aetatem.

H. A. J. M.

The Gates of Hell.

ON a sudden open fly,
with impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
the infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
of Erebus. she opened, but to shut
excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,
that with extended wings a bannered host,
under spread ensigns marching, might pass through,
with horse and chariots ranked in loose array;
so wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
before their eyes in sudden view appear
the secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
illimitable ocean, without bound,
without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
and time and place are lost; where eldest Night
and Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
eternal anarchy, amid the noise
of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

MILTON.

Orpheus.

NO more, sweet Orpheus, shalt thou lead along
oaks, rocks, and savage monsters with thy song,
fetter the winds, the struggling hailstorm chain,
the snowy desert soothe, and sounding main;
for thou art dead: the Muses o'er thy bier,
sad as thy parent, pour the tuneful tear.
weep we a child? not e'en the gods can save
their glorious offspring from the hated grave.

BLAND (*from* ANTIPATER).

Inania Regna.

ROTINUS horrisono stridentes cardine portae
tartareae panduntur et acri dissiliunt vi;
commoti barathrum quatiunt immane fragores.
dissiliunt valvae, nulla tamen arte reverti,
nulla vi poterant; sed quantum expleverit alis
dispositis acies, fluitantibus undique signis,
instructis et equis et curribus ordine raro,
in tantum patuere, caminique instar habentes
fumiferam noctem commixtis ignibus edunt.
ante oculos subito canentis caeca profundi
stagna patent, qualis tendit sine limite pontus
fluctibus immensus nigris; non meta locorum,
non aevi modus est; mensurae oblivia semper;
hic Chaos et mater Nox antiquissima rerum
perturbata tenent aeternum regna, perennes
inter bellorum strepitus, constantque ruina.

G. H. H.

Rhodopeïus Orpheus.

ON scopulos quercusque vagas, non amplius, Orpheu,
tuis ligata monstra cantibus trahes:
non iam flabra premes et sternes grandinis iram,
nec Ismari nivesque et obstrepens salum
mollieris. te mors rapuit. sed busta canoris
parens Camena rite lacrimis colit.
nos puerum gemimus? non di de prole parentes
abominata depulere Tartara.

K.

The Noble Maiden.

'THIS a happy omen.
rise, blest one, and speak boldly. on my virtue
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring
sweet rivers ever flow.

C. Then thus to you,
my noble father, and these lords, to whom
I next owe duty: no respect forgotten
to you, my brother, and these bold young men,
for such would I have them, that are, or should be,
the city's sword and target of defence;
to all of you I speak; and, if a blush
steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
your paleness, willingly I would not say
your cowardice or fear. think you all treasure
hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwrecked
in Neptune's watery kingdom, can hold weight,
when Liberty and Honour fill one scale,
triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?

MASSINGER.

Justice.

SHE was a virgin of austere regard,
not as the world esteems her, deaf and blind;
but, as the eagle that hath oft compared
her eye with heaven's, so and more brightly shined
her lamping sight; for she the same could wind
into the solid heart, and with her ears
the silence of the thought loud speaking hears,
and in one hand a pair of even scales she wears.

GILES FLETCHER.

Γύναι, κατ' ἄνδρα σώφρον' εὐφρόνως λέγεις.

Γ *Ἐδεξάμην τὸν ὄρνιν· ἀλλ' ἀνίστασο,*
γύναι μάκαιρα, κἀξελευθεροστόμει.
ἀρετὴν γὰρ ὄμνυμ', ὧδε καλλιπαρθένου
πηγῆς γλυκεῖαι πλεῖστον αἱ διαρροαί.
Κ. *σὲ τοίνυν, ὦ γενναῖε, προσφωνῶ, πάτερ,*
ὑμᾶς τ', ἄνακτες, οἷσι δευτέραν νέμειν
μοῖραν προσήκει, σοῦ, κασίγνητον κάρα,
ἐπιστραφεῖσα τῶνδέ τ' εὐθαρσῶν νέων,
πλεῖστον γὰρ εὐθαρσοῖεν, οἳ πολίσματι
τούτῳ ξίφος τε καὶ φερέγγυον σάκος
ἤτοι πάρεισιν ἢ παρεστάναι χρεών·
ἅπασι δ' οὖν λέξαιμ' ἄν. εἰ δ' αἰδοῦς βαφὴ
ὑπῆλθ' ἐμὴν παρηίδ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
χλωροῖσιν ὑμῶν μέμφεται τοῖς ὄμμασι,
φάναι γὰρ ὀκνῶ, τῷ κακοσπλάγχνῳ φόβῳ.
ὅσος κέκρυπται χρυσὸς ἐν χθονὸς μυχοῖς,
ὅσου τε ποντισθέντος ἐκ ναναγίων
κρατεῖ Ποσειδῶν, τόνδε ποῦ θέσθαι πρέπον
ὑπότε τάλαντον θάτερον καταρρέπει
τοὐλεύθερόν τ' αἰδώς τε, τῷ ζυγῷ τ' ἔπι
ἡ καλλίνικος ἐγκαθίδρυται Δίκη ;

H. W. M.

Sancta Themis.

VIRGINIS os grave, nec, quod vulgo creditur, aures surdum, lucis inops; sed uti quae saepe superbos est aquila ausa oculos oculo conferre diei, haud alia, atque etiam visus accenditur olli lucidior lampas, solidi non inscia cordis excussisse sinus; quin et secreta silentum aures accipiunt intus resonantia clare consilia, aequalesque manus tenet altera lances.

J. E. B. M.

The Architect of Hell.

THE ascending pile
stood fixed her stately height; and straight the doors,
opening their brazen folds, discover wide
within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
and level pavement: from the arched roof
pendent by subtle magic, many a row
of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
with naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
as from a sky. the hasty multitude
admiring entered; and the work some praise,
and some the architect: his hand was known
in heaven by many a towered structure high,
where sceptred angels held their residence,
and sat as princes; whom the supreme King
exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
nor was his name unheard or unadored
in ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
from heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
to noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
a summer's day; and with the setting sun
dropped from the zenith like a falling star,
on Lemnos, the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
erring; for he with this rebellious rout
fell long before; nor aught availed him now
to have built in heaven high towers; nor did he scape
by all his engines, but was headlong sent
with his industrious crew to build in hell.

MILTON.

Mulcibri ascivit manum.

POSTQUAM summus apex moli superastitit, exim
dissiluit valvis bipatentibus aerea porta:
apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt
instratique solo lapides: laquearibus altis,
artis opus magicae, dependent ordine multo
lumina lychnique et stellarum imitamina taedae,
quae piceo asphalti naphthaeque bitumine pastae
diffundunt iubar aetherium. raptim irruit agmen
mirantum: hi tollunt opus ipsum laudibus, illi
artificem. artificis dextram confessa magistram
stabant per caelum turrita palatia passim:
illic in solio sceptris armata sedebant
numina, sacrorum series nitidissima regum,
quîs summus Princeps rerum mandarat habenas
ordine cuique suo tractare. neque illius olim
nomen inauditum Graiis, nec Graia silebant
carmina: Mulciberum dixerunt Ausones, utque
deciderit caelo, decantavere poëtae,
per crystallina pinnarum fastigia praeceps
ab Iove deturbatus: Eoo a sole deorsum
ad medium, sole a medio rorantia ad astra
aestivum cadit usque diem; et cum lumine summo
labens aetherio de vertice sideris instar
incidit Aegaeae Lemno. sic fabula mendax
scilicet: ille autem turba stipante rebelli
ante diu cecidit: neque enim iam profuit olli
aerias caelo turres struxisse, fugamque
fabrica nulla dabat, quin ipse volutus ad umbras
artificemque trahens turbam aedificaret in Orco.

T. S. E.

The Current of Love.

L. DO not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
but qualify the fire's extreme rage,
lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

J. the more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
the current that with gentle murmur glides,
thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
but when his fair course is not hindered,
he makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
he overtaketh in his pilgrimage,
and so by many winding nooks he strays
with willing sport to the wild ocean.
then let me go and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream
and make a pastime of each weary step,
till the last step have brought me to my love:
and there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
a blessed soul doth in Elysium.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ungrateful Beauty.

NOW, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'twas I that gave thee thy renown:
thou hadst in the forgotten crowd
of common beauties lived unknown,
had not my verse exhaled thy name,
and with it imped the wings of fame.
That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
thou art my star, shin'st in my skies.
then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
lightning on him that fixed thee there.

CAREW.

Ἔρωτος ῥεῦμα.

Λ. Ἀλλ' οὐ σβέσαι πῦρ, ᾧ σ' ἔθαλψ' ἔρως, θέλω,
πυρὸς δ' ἐπακρίζοντα ῥυθμίζειν κότον
τὸ μὴ φλογισθὲν ἐξορίζεσθαι λόγου.
Ι. ᾧ τοι κατίσχεις τῷδε καὶ μᾶλλον φλέγει·
τὴν γοῦν ψόφοις ἔρπουσαν ἡμέροις ῥοὴν
οἶσθ' ὡς κατειρχθεῖσ' ἔζεσεν παλιγκότως,
ὅταν δ' ἑτοίμων μὴ βλαβῇ δραμημάτων,
εὐηχὲς ἐν στικτοῖσι μελοτυπεῖ λίθοις,
φίλημα δόνακας μαλθακὸν φιλοῦσ' ἀεὶ
ὅσους ἐφέρπει τὴν ὁδὸν πλανωμένη.
πολλούς τ' ἀμείβουσ' ὧδε κολπώδεις μυχοὺς
ἑκοῦσα παίζει δύσχιμον ζητοῦσ' ἄλα.
οὔκουν μ' ἀφήσεις μηδ' ὁδοῦ βλάψεις ἔτι ;
ὡς ἐξισώσω τόλμαν εὐμενεῖ ῥοῇ,
βάσει θ' ἑκάστῃ τέρψομαι κάμνουσ' ὅμως,
ἔστ' ἂν τὰ φίλταθ' ὑστάτῃ μάρψω βάσει
παῦλαν τόθ' ἕξουσ', ἣν ὄχλον πολὺν μέτα
ψυχὴ μάκαιρ' Ἡλύσιον εἰσελθοῦσ' ἔχει.

T. E. P.

Caelo Musa beat.

CAELIA, si superbis,
me tibi scito decoris quidquid habes parasse :
de grege viliorum
una vixisses Venerum, nullo in honore forma,
ni mea Musa pennis
aureae Famae titulos ferre tuos dedisset.
non tua dos placere,
non tuast : voce atque oculis me tribuente polles :
quod decet est meum in te :
in meo semper rutilas aethere dulce sidus.
num, mea dona, caelum
possidens, in me supera mittis ab arce fulmen ?

K.

He lives, he lives.

EEP no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more
for Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
sunk tho' he be beneath the watery floor:
so sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
and yet anon repairs his drooping head
and tricks his beams and with new-spangled ore
flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
so Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
through the dear might of Him that walked the waves;
where other groves and other streams along
with nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
and hears the unexpressive nuptial song
in the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
there entertain him all the saints above
in solemn troops and sweet societies,
that sing and singing in their glory move,
and wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:
henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
in thy large recompense, and shalt be good
to all that wander in the perilous flood.

MILTON.

Grace and Will.

ITHIN the infant rind of this small flower
poison hath residence and medicine power;
two such opposed foes encamp them still
in men as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
and, where the worser is predominant,
full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

SHAKESPEARE.

Non periit Lycidas.

SISTITE lugubrem, pastores, sistite fletum :
non periit vester Lycidas dolor, ut sit aquarum
marmora demersus subter : sic mergitur alto
oceani gremio radiatum insigne diei,
et tamen actutum languens caput erigit, ignes
instaurans, aurique novo splendente metallo
in matutini flagrat primo aetheris ore.
sic, alte Lycidas mersus modo, tollitur alte
Illius virtute, pedes qui fluctibus ibat ;
iamque novos propter lucos, nova flumina, crines
ipse lavit puro lutulentos nectare, et audit
in faustis hymenaeon, inenarrabile carmen,
mitibus in regnis, ubi gaudia amorque perennant.
illic omnis eum quae suprast turba piorum
excipit : inter se sollemnibus illa maniplis
iucundisque sodaliciis canit inque canendo
fertur ovans, lacrimasque viro deterget in aevum.
nunc, Lycida, non flent pastores : litoris hinc iam
perpetuum tutamen habes fruerisque laborum
ingenti mercede, et eris bonus ipse vaganti,
gurgitis illius quicumque pericula temptat.

H. A. J. M.

Intra muros pugnatur.

EN ubi nascentis tenui sub germine floris
non sine vi medica dira venena latent !
sic hominum mentes ratioque et bruta libido
oppositis certant viribus utra regat ;
et, quam deterior victa meliore gubernat,
ut flos, mortifero mens ea felle perit.

K.

A sad Song.

EEP no more nor sigh nor groan ;
sorrow calls no time that 's gone ;
violets plucked the sweetest rain
makes not fresh nor grow again.
trim thy locks, look chearfully ;
fate's hid ends eyes cannot see :
joys as wingéd dreams fly fast ;
why should sadness longer last ?
grief is but a wound to woe ;
gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no mo.

J. FLETCHER.

A Perfect Woman.

HIS morning timely rapt with holy fire
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse
what kind of creature I could most desire
to honour, serve, and love, as poets use.
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
nor lend like influence from his lucent seat ;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
fit in that softer bosom to reside.
only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should with even powers
the rock, the spindle, and the shears control
of Destiny, and spin her own free hours ;
such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
my muse bade Bedford write, and that was she.

B. JONSON.

A Sweeping Charge.

EN have many faults, women only two :
nothing right they say, nothing right they do.

A.

Parcendum lacrimis.

ITTE procul lacrimas, gemitus, suspiria mitte ;
praeteritos revocat lacrima nulla dies ;
nec violis semel excerptis dulcissimus imber
aut vitam aut venerem, quae fuit ante, refert.
fac niteant crines, vultus assume serenos,
mortales oculos abdita fata latent.
gaudia diffuginut rapidis, ut somnia, pennis ;
qui velit aerumnas tardius ire, quis est ?
vulnera pectoribus fletus lugentibus addit :
parce igitur lacrimis, lux mea, parce tuis.

E. B. M.

Γενναία γυνή.

ATUTINUS ego et iam prima luce iubebam
Pierin insolito concitus igne meam
fingere cui servirem, et quam me vate fidelis
cultus et aeternus prosequeretur honos.
luciferum, dixi, ne surgere pulchrius astrum
blandius aut possit spargere sede iubar :
adsit in hac virtus mollissima quaeque puella,
pectore quas sancto mollior ipsa colat.
at fortem, dixi, doctamque huic insere mentem,
quae sibi confidens ipsa suique potens
forcipibusque suis semper fusisque fruatur,
temperet et fati libera fila sui.
talem ego cum cuperem nec posse videre putarem,
Musa mihi : 'pones Eucharin' : ipsa fuit.

G. J. K.

Multum in Parvo.

IR premitur vitiis centenis : non nisi binis
femina : nil loquitur, nil facit illa boni.

K.

The Page.

HAVE a boy,
sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
not yet seen in the court. hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
and paid the nymph again as much in tears.
a garland lay him by, made by himself,
of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
delighted me: but ever when he turned
his tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
as if he meant to make 'em grow again.
seeing such pretty helpless innocence
dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
he told me that his parents gentle died,
leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
which gave him roots: and of the crystal springs,
which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
then took he up his garland, and did shew
what every flower, as country people hold,
did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
the prettiest lecture of his country art
that could be wished: so that, methought, I could
have studied it. I gladly entertained

O formose Puer.

Παῖς ἔστι μοί τις, ὃς τόδ' ἐκπράξων χρέος
θεόσδοτος πέφηνεν, ὡς ἐλπίς μ' ἔχει,
οὔπω μελάθρων βασιλικῶν ἐπίστροφος.
εὗρον δ' ἐγώ νιν, ἐς ἐλάφου θήραν ἰών,
κρήνης παρὰ ῥείθροισιν, ὧν ἤντλει ποτόν,
δίψης ἄκεσμα· καῦθις ἀντημείβετο
ὀφθαλμοτέγκτω τὴν θεὰν πλημμυρίδι.
τούτου δ' ἔκειτο στέφανος εὐώδης πέλας,
ὃν ποικίλοισι τῶν ἐκεῖ τεθηλότων
ὕφηνεν αὐτὸς ἀνθέων βλαστήμασιν.
οὕτω δ' ἐν ἐκπάγλοισιν ἠσκήθη τρόποις,
ὥστ' εἰσιδὼν ἐθαύμασ' εὐφράνθην δ' ὅμως.
ὁπότε δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς ὀμμάτων στρέφοι κύκλους,
ἐνταῦθα δὴ 'δάκρυεν, ὡσπερεὶ θέλων
νέας ἐγείρειν ἀνθέμων βλάστας πάλιν.
κἄγωγ' ἀναύδοις ἐννοῶν ἐν ὄμμασιν
οὐ δυστόπαστον νηπίας φρενὸς τέκμαρ,
ἀνιστόρησα τοῦ πάρος βίου τύχας.
ὁ δ' αὖτ' ἔλεξεν εὐγενεῖς θανεῖν γονεῖς
λιπόντας αὐτὸν ὀρφάνευμ' ἀγροῖς, παρ' ὧν
ῥίζας δέχοιτο, ταῖς τε κρηναίαις θεαῖς,
αἳ ναμάτων οὐ σχοῖεν εὔποτον ῥέος,
Φοίβῳ θ', ὅτῳ φῶς λαμπρὸν ἡμέρας ἔφη
ἀεὶ φέροντι μυρίαν ἔχειν χάριν.
κἀνταῦθ' ἐπαίρων στέμμα, πάντα τἀνθέων,
ὡς ταῦτ' ἀγροίκοις ἀνδράσιν νομίζεται,
ἔδειξε σύμβολ', ἠδ' ὅπως τούτῳ τρόπῳ
πλεχθένθ' ἑαυτοῦ λυπρὰ σημαίνοι πάθη.
δοκεῖν δ' ἔμοιγε, ῥημάτων σοφίσματα
κάλλιστ' ἔλεξε μυστικῆς τέχνης πέρι,
ἥδιστον ἀκρόαμ'· εἶτ' ἐφιέμην ἐγὼ
ταύτης ἅπαντα μανθάνειν εὑρήματα·
ἑκών θ' ἑκόντα τονδ' ἐδεξάμην τρόχιν.

him who was glad to follow: and have got
the trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
that ever master kept. him will I send
to wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

J. FLETCHER.

Funeral Honours.

THINK not that with garlands crowned
inhuman near thy grave we tread,
or blushing roses scatter round
to mock the paleness of the dead.
what though we drain the fragrant bowl,
in flowers adorned and silken vest,
o think not, brave departed soul,
we revel to disturb thy rest.
feigned is the pleasure that appears,
and false the triumph of our eyes;
our draughts of joy are dashed with tears,
our songs imperfect and in sighs.
we inly mourn: o'er flowery plains
to roam in joyous trance is thine,
and pleasures unallied to pains,
unfading sweets, immortal wine.

BLAND (*from the Greek*).

Divination by a Daffodil.

HEN a Daffodil I see
hanging down his head towards me,
guess I may what I must be:
first, I shall decline my head;
secondly, I shall be dead;
lastly, safely buried.

HERRICK.

ἔχω δὲ παῖδα πιστόν, εὐνοίας πλέων
ὡς οὔποτ' ἄλλος δεσπότης ἐκτήσατο.
πέμψω δ' ἐγώ νιν σοὶ διάκονον πέλειν
ἡμῶν τ' ἔρωτος ἄγγελον κεκρυμμένου.

J. F.

Tumulo referunt sollemnia.

QUOD tua florentes sertis prope busta moremur,
ne tu saevitiae nos age, care, reos:
neu, quae pallenti cupiant inludere morti,
per tumulum sparsas crede rubere rosas.
quid si, dum bibimus fragrantia pocula, vestit
aurea palla umeros, florea vitta comas?
talia ne, claros inter fortissime manes,
rere tuae labem festa quietis agi.
fingimus heu vani simulato gaudia risu,
et fallax oculos ille triumphus init:
in calices furtim lacrimarum stillat amaror,
inter singultus carmina manca cadunt.
nos gemimus: celebrare tuumst florentia prata;
sunt tibi sincerae somnia laetitiae,
quaeque malo nescit tingui maerore voluptas,
et sine felle sales et sine faece merum.

K.

Floris augurium.

LANGUIDUM si flos hyacinthus olim
pronus inclinat caput intuenti,
auguror qualis maneat caducum
me quoque finis:
namque demittam caput ipse primum;
clauserit dein mors oculos; suprema
sorte, depostus tumulo, quiescam
tempus in omne.

C. H. G.

The Ambitious Wife.

LAMIS thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
what thou art promis'd:—yet do I fear thy nature:
it is too full o' the milk of human kindness
to catch the nearest way. thou would'st be great;
art not without ambition; but without
the illness should attend it. what thou would'st highly,
that would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
and yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
that which cries, 'thus thou must do, if thou have it,'
and that which rather thou dost fear to do
than wishest should be undone. hie thee hither,
that I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
and chastise with the valour of my tongue
all that impedes thee from the golden round,
which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
to have thee crown'd withal.—what is your tidings?

A. The king comes here to-night.

L. Thou'rt mad to say it:
is not thy master with him, who, wer't so,
would have informed for preparation.

A. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming:
one of my fellows had the speed of him;
who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
than would make up his message.

L. Give him tending:
he brings great news.

SHAKESPEARE.

Conjugal Peace.

ERE lies my wife, and let her lie,
she is at rest, and so am I.

OLD EPITAPH.

Γυνὴ φιλότιμος.

M. Τὰ μὲν κέκρανται δισσά σοι προσφθέγματα,
τεύξει δ' ἔτ' αὖθις οὖ πέφην' ἐλπὶς τρίτου.
καίτοι πεφυκόθ' οἷος εἶ ταρβῶ σ'· ἐπεὶ
πῶς ὧδε μαλακῷ τῷ φιλανθρώπῳ βρύων
ὁδοῦ 'πιβήσει τῆς γε συντομωτάτης;
ἐφίεσαι μὲν τοῦ κρατεῖν, οὐδ' ὅνθ' ὁρῶ
φιλοτιμίας σ' ἄμοιρον, ἀλλ' ἄμοιρος εἶ
τῆς τῇδ' ὑπούσης εἰκότως πανουργίας.
προὔχειν σὺ χρῄζεις δῆθεν εὐσεβεῖν θ' ἅμα,
κλέπτειν τε μηδὲν καδίκου νίκης κυρεῖν.
ἴσθ', ὦ κάρα κράτιστον, ἱμείρων ἔχειν
τὸ φθόγγον εἶεν 'αὐτὸ δραστέον τάδε
μέλλοντί γ' ἔξειν,' καὶ σὺ ὁρᾶν τὸ πρᾶγμ' ὀκνεῖς,
ἀργὸν δ' ἐῶν ἄχθοι' ἄν· ἀλλ' ἔλθ', ἔλθ', ὅπως
φρόνημα τοὐμὸν ὡσὶν ἐμπνέουσά σοῖς
ἀπ' ἀνδροβούλου στόματος ἐκπλήσσω λόγοις
ἅπαντα τἀπείργοντα χρυσέου κύκλου,
ὃν μοῖρά τ' αὐτὴ μυστική τ' ἐπάρκεσις
τῷ σῷ προσάπτειν κρατὶ φαίνεται θέλειν.
τί δ' ἔστι; ποίαν σημανῶν ἥκεις τύχην;
A. ἄναξ πάρεσται πρὶν φθίνειν τήνδ' ἡμέραν.
M. μαίνει λέγων τάδ'· οὐχὶ δεσπότης ὁ σὸς
ξύνεστ' ἐκείνῳ, κἂν ἐκοίνωσέν τί μοι,
ὥς γ' ὧδ' ἐχόντων, ὥσθ' ἑτοιμάζειν ἃ χρή;
A. πείθοι' ἄν· ἀψευδῶ γάρ· ὧδ' ὁδοιπορεῖ,
δέσποιν', ἀνὴρ σός, ὃν φθάσας τις οἰκετῶν
δύσπνους ἱκάνων ὥστε κἀκπνεῦσαι σχεδὸν
μόλις τι πνεῖν ἔτ' εἶχ' ἀπαγγείλας τάδε.
M. κηδεύετ' αὐτόν· πρᾶγος οὐ σμικρὸν φέρει.

H. W. M.

Parta Quies.

AC mea Deianira iacet iaceatque sub herba;
pace potita illast, pace potitus ego.

S. A.

Edward Kno'well, Braynworm, Mr. Stephen.

K. ID he open it, sayst thou?

B. Yes, o' my word, Sir, and read the contents.

K. That scarce contents me. what countenance (pr'y thee) made he, i' the reading of it? was he angry or pleased?

B. Nay, Sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

K. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

B. Marry, Sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell no body that he opened it; which, unless he had done, he would never fear to have it revealed.

K. That's true: well I thank thee, Braynworm.

S. O, Braynworm, did'st thou not see a fellow here in a what'-sha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

B. Yes, Master Stephen, what of him?

S. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him—Where is he? canst thou tell?

B. Faith, he is not of that mind: he is gone, Master Stephen.

S. Gone! which way? when went he? how long since?

B. He is rid hence: he took horse at the street-door.

B. JONSON.

Bassanio. Shylock.

B. HIS is no answer, thou unfeeling man, to excuse the current of thy cruelty.

S. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

B. do all men kill the things they do not love?

S. hates any man the thing he would not kill?

B. every offence is not a hate at first.

S. what, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

SHAKESPEARE.

Scitus, Cerebrosus, Inscitus.

S. IN has resignasse? *C.* Atque edepol sibi quod volunt
tabulae id legisse. *S.* Vix volenti mihi quidem.
quaeso legenti vultus quid sibi vult color?
legitne iratus an lubens? *C.* Immo, ut scias,
non vidi legere non resignare istas erum.
S. Qui scis utrumvis fecisse ergo, si negas?
C. Nego hercle vero: nam aibat, si facerem palam
quoiquam esse solutas, dare se mi magnum malum:
quod ni fecisset, non rescitum id metueret.
S. Pol credo, et summam, Cerebrose, habeo gratiam.
I. Salve, Cerebrose: ecquem tu tabulas huc modo
adferre patruo nostro vidisti togam
nescio quam indutum? *C.* Vidi; sed quid eo fuat?
I. Ubinamst is? nostin? verberato homine est opus.
C. Quia non opus ipsist, hinc abiisse scilicet.
I. Abiisse hinc autem? qua? quando abiit? quam diu
factumst? *C.* Equo hercle hinc invehens ante ostium.

R. S.

Vindicta.

Β. Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ τοῦτο τοῦπος, ὦ σκληρὸν κάρα,
λύει σε μὴ οὐχὶ λῆμ' ἀθώπευτον κλύειν.
Σ. οὐ δεῖ με φωνεῖν πάντα σοι πρὸς ἡδονήν.
Β. ἔκτεινε γάρ τις εὐθέως ἃ μὴ φίλ' ᾖ;
Σ. ἦλθηρε γάρ τις ταῦθ' ἃ μὴ κτείνειν θέλει;
Β. οὐ πᾶν γε νεῖκος εἰς ἅπαξ ἔχθραν φύει.
Σ. δὶς γὰρ σὺ πληγείης ἂν ἐξ ὄφεως ἑκών;

T. C. B.

In Pride our Sorrow lies.

WELL no more, proud man, so high :
for enthroned where ere you sit,
raised by fortune, sinne, or wit,
in a vault thou dust must lye.
he who's lifted up by vice
hath a neighbouring precipice
dazeling his distorted eye.
pitch'd down from that height you beare,
how distracted will you lye ;
when your flattering clients flye
as your fate infectious were !
when of all th' obsequious throng
that mov'd by your eye and tongue,
none shall in the storme appeare !
each small tempest shakes the proud ;
whose large branches vainely sprout
'bove the measure of the roote.
but let stormes speake nere so loud,
and th' astonisht day benight ;
yet the just shines in a light
faire as noone without a cloud.

HABINGTON.

The Lion and the Unicorn.

HE lion and the unicorn
were fighting for the crown ;
the lion beat the unicorn
all round the town.
some gave him white bread,
some gave him brown,
some gave him plum-cake,
and sent him out of town.

GAMMER GURTON.

Praeceps immane ruinae.

LTRA ne nimium tume ;
quantacumque sedes arce superbiens,
quem fors, ingenium, aut celus
auxit, te tumulus pulvereus manet.
siquos flagitium extulit,
stant in praecipiti despicientium
conturbante oculos ; simul
isto decideris vertice, quam miser
prosterneris humi, cohors
quando diffugiet blanda clientium,
ne par se capiat lues,
quando, quos domuit lingua diu tua
vultûsve imperium minax,
cunctos pellet hiemps ! parva superbiam
tempestas quatit : arboris
aegre celsa nimis bracchia sustinet
radix. at polus infremat,
at nox attonitam nigra diem tegat,
fulget luce tamen bonus
pulchra, ceu vacuus nube meridies.

R. S.

Θηρομαχία.

Ἐμάχονθ' ὁ λέων χὠ μουνόκερως
περὶ τοῦ στεφάνου·
καὶ μουνόκερων ὁ μὲν ἀντίδικος
περὶ πᾶν ἥκιζ' ἄστυ διώκων·
ὁ δὲ δωρηθεὶς ἄρτοις λευκοῖς,
φαιοῖς δ' ἑτέροις, ποπάνοις τ' ἄλλοις
μυριοκάρποις
οὕτως ἔκδημος ἐπέμφθη.

K.

Self-reproach.

WHAT a rogue and peasant slave am I!
is it not monstrous that this player here,
but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
could force his soul so to his own conceit
that from her working all his visage waned,
tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
a broken voice, and his whole function suiting
with forms to his conceit? and all for nothing,
for Hecuba:
what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
that he should weep for her? what should he do,
had he the motive and the love for passion
that I have? he would drown the stage with tears
and cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
make mad the guilty and appal the free,
confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
the very faculties of eyes and ears:
yet I,
a dull and muddy-mettled rascal, freak,
like John-a-dreams, impregnant of my cause,
and can say nothing, no, not for a king,
upon whose property and most dear life
a damned defeat was made.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Gout in the Hand.

RLES had the gout so that he could not stand,
then from his feet it shifted to his hand;
when it was in his feet his charity was small,
now it is in his hand, he gives no alms at all.

HERRICK.

Τὸ μὴ μέλλειν ἀκμή.

Οἴμ' ὡς πανοῦργός εἰμι καὶ σκαφεὺς λάτρις·
ἦ ταῦτ' ἀνέχθ' ; οὗτος μέν, ἐκμιμούμενος
τάραγμα πλαστὸν ἐμφερές τ' ὀνείρατι,
ψυχὴν καθ' αὑτοῦ φροντίδ' ὧδ' ἠνάγκασεν
ὥστ' ὠχρίασε πάντα τῆσδ' ὁρμῇ χρόα,
κεκλαυμένος δ' ἦν ὄμμα, δέργμα δ' ἐκπλαγείς,
φωνὴ δ' ἀπορραγεῖσα, συμμετρουμένων
ἀεὶ τύποισι φροντίδος τῶν δρωμένων·
καὶ πάντα ταῦτ' ἐς οὐδέν· ἐς Ἑκάβην· τί δ' οὖν
αὐτῷ πρὸς Ἑκάβην ; τί δ' Ἑκάβη προς αὐτὸν αὖ,
ὥστ' ἐκδακρῦσαί νιν· ; τί δ' ἂν ὀρφὴ λαβὴν
ἔχων ἀφορμήν θ', ἣν ἐγώ, ταράγματος ;
σκήνην γε δακρύοισι κατακλύσειεν ἂν
καὶ πᾶσιν οὖς σχίσειε φρικώδει βοῇ·
λύσσαν τ' ἀνάγνοις, δεῖμ' ἀναιτίοις ἐνείς,
κλονῶν δ' ἀπείρους, ὄψεώς τε κἀκοῆς
αὐτοῖς ἐπ' ὀργάνοισι κἂν θάμβος βάλοι·
ἐγὼ δέ,
τὸ λῆμα νωθὲς βορβορούμενόν τ' ἔχων,
ὀνειρόπληκτος ὥς, μαραίνομαι τάλας,
δίκης ἀκύμων τῆς ἐμῆς κοὐδὲν λέγων
οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ἄνακτος, ᾧ θεοστυγέστατα
ὄλβος τε κεδνός τ' ἐξαπεφθάρη βίος.

H. A. J. M.

Chiragra.

FORTE laborabat claudus Caracalla podagra :
mox abit in digitos articulare malum.
pauca dabat Caracalla, pedes cum morbus haberet,
nunc manibus captis dat Caracalla nihil.

T. S. E.

The Grasshopper.

WHY, shameless shepherd, pluck me
from the branches wet with dew?
I am but a poor cicala,
and ne'er did harm to you.
the forest lawns, I love them,
and I love a lonely nook;
but the one thing that I love not
is a shepherd's finger-crook.
their nightingale, I follow
the wood-nymphs on their way
in combe and shady dingle,
making music at mid-day.
there's the song-thrush and the blackbird,
and all those starling thieves,
the plunderers of your ploughlands,
the sackers of your sheaves;
your fruit-tree filchers, catch them,
'tis right, and kill them too;
but why my green leaf grudge me,
and my tiny drops of dew?

BAYLEY, *from the Greek.*

He is gone, he is gone.

AND will he not come again?
and will he not come again?
no, no, he is dead,
go to thy death-bed,
he never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
all flaxen was his poll;
he is gone, he is gone,
and we cast away moan,
God ha' mercy on his soul.

SHAKESPEARE.

Cicada.

NON pudet ex udis, pastor, me vellere ramis,
quae tibi nil facio parva cicada mali?
avia amo nemorum saltusque et prata, sed istis
includi digitis non ego, pastor, amo.
errantes comitor Dryadas per tesqua, per umbras,
hisque die medio, ceu philomela, cano.
tu merulam, turdum, sturnos, furacia saecla,
i, cape, quae segetes et sata laeta vorant:
quot rapiunt fructus fas est occidere: sed cur
haec folia invideas, roscida tecta, mihi?

K.

Perpetuus Sopor urget.

Οὐκέτ', οὐκέτ' ἄρ' αὖθις, οὐκέθ' ἥξει;
οὐκέτ', οὐκέτ', ἐπεὶ τέθνηκε κεῖνος·
θανάτου δ' ἀρωγὴν θάνατον
τλῆθι, πάλιν γὰρ οὐκ αὖθις ἐλεύσεται.
ἦν χιὼν ἅτε λευκόν οἱ γένειον,
χὴ κόμη λίνος ὥς· ὁ δ' οὐκέτ' ἔστι·
περίεργος, οὐκ ἔστι, γόος·
ψυχὴ δ' εὐπαραίτητον ἔχοι θεόν.

J. R.

Richard. Elizabeth.

R. NFER fair England's peace by this alliance.
E. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
R. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
E. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.
R. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
E. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
R. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
E. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?
R. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
E. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
R. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
E. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.
R. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
E. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
R. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
E. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
R. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
E. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

SHAKESPEARE.

Pan's Lamentation.

AREWELL, ye straying herds, ye crystal fountains,
ye solitary woods, and breezy mountains.
goat-footed Pan will now no longer dwell
in the rude fastness of his sylvan cell.
what joy has he amid the forests hoar
and mountain summits? Daphnis is no more.
no more, no more! they all are lost to me:
the busy town must now my refuge be.
the chase let others follow: I resign
whate'er of joy or rapture once was mine.

MERIVALE (*from* MELEAGER).

Ὡς τὼ μὲν χαλεποῖσιν ἀμειβομένω ἐπέεσσιν.

P. πατρίδι γάμους τούσδ' εἰπὲ γῇ σωτηρίους.
A. οὔκ· ἀλλὰ παγκαίνιστον ὠνεῖσθαι μάχην.
P. ἱκέτης, λέγ', ἄναξ ἔρχεται, κρατεῖν παρόν.
A. κρατῶν δὲ τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἀντρεῖ Θεός.
P. λέγ' ὡς γεγῶσ' ἄνασσα δεσπόσει μέγα.
A. γέρας γε κωκύσουσα μητρῴοις τρόποις.
P. στέρξω νιν ἆρα τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον.
A. καὶ τόνδε ποίῳ ξύμμετρον λέγεις χρόνῳ;
P. καλῷ τελείως ξυμμετρούμενον βίῳ.
A. καλὸν δὲ βίοτον ἐκτενεῖ πόσον χρόνον;
P. ὅσον γε Θεοῦ βουλαῖσι μηκύνει φύσις.
A. ὅσον μὲν οὖν Ἄιδῃ τε σοί τ' αὐτῷ φίλον.
P. λέγ' ὡς κρατῶν περ λάτρις εἰμ' αὐτῆς ἐγώ.
A. σὴ λάτρις αὐτὴ τοῦτ' ἀπέπτυσεν κράτος.
P. μηδὲν λίπῃς μοι μὴ οὐχὶ ποικίλλειν ἔπη.
A. οὐ ποικίλων δεῖ τἄνδιχ' ἑρμηνευμάτων.
P. τοίγαρ καταύδα μηδὲν αἰνικτηρίως.
A. ἁπλοῦς δ', ἂν ἀδικῇ, δυσφιλὴς ἄγαν λόγος.

P. P.

Tua non tibi Maenala curae.

VOS armenta iugis passim vaga, vos valete silvae ;
vos montium aurae limpidique fontes,
vivite : Pan capripes non, ut prius, e tenebricosis
exesa saxis antra nec vetustos
incolet amfractus nemorum neque Maenali cacumen.
quis fructus horum Daphnide interempto ?
a periit periit quidquid mihi risit hic locorum
tam dulce nuper tamque delicatum :
rus mihi iam non est habitabile ; rure sed quieto
muto fragores inquilinus urbis.
venantes alii rapiant iuga : me reliquit ardor,
me spes ; et omnis displicet voluptas.

K.

Invective on Shaftesbury.

F these the false Achitophel was first,
a name to all succeeding ages curst:
for close designs and crooked counsels fit;
sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit,
restless, unfixed in principles and place,
in power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
a fiery soul, which, working out its way,
fretted the pigmy body to decay,
and o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
a daring pilot in extremity,
pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
he sought the storms; but for a calm unfit
would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
great wits are sure to madness near allied,
and thin partitions do their bonds divide;
else, why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
refuse his age the needful hours of rest,
punish a body which he could not please,
bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease;
and all to leave what with his toil he won
to that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son,
got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
and born a shapeless lump, like anarchy?
in friendship false, implacable in hate,
resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
to compass this, the triple bond he broke,
the pillars of the public safety shook,
and fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
so easy still it proves in factious times
with public zeal to cancel private crimes.

DRYDEN.

Maledicta culpae addita.

HIS falsus caput ille fuit, cui nomen ab omni
excipiet turpem posteritate notam:
insidiis natus tortisque ambagibus, audax,
callidus, ingenium seditione potens:
inrequietus, amans animum mutare locumque,
sordet enim datus huic, angit ademptus honor.
pygmaeum male corpus, iter dum rumpit, habebat
ignea mens, limo vix laris apta sui.
rector in extremis audens avidusque procellae
captabat tumidi grata pericla sali;
sed nimium, freta ferre negans tranquilla, premebat
vicinas syrtes, ingeniosus homo.
ingenio certe non multum insania distat,
et tenuis fines separat ora duos;
aut horas somni quas flagitet, ille senectae
cur opibus dives, dives honore, neget?
quodque frui nequeat, corpus cur puniat ultro?
vita ruat, curas augeat ipse suas?
et tamen ut tanto capiat quaesita labore
filius, implumis scilicet ille bipes,
res genita in turbis animi, rudis edita moles,
taeter ut informi civicus ore furor!
falsus amicitiis, odio implacabilis idem,
vertere decrerat rem vel habere sibi:
rupit ob haec triplex foedus columenque salutis
laesit, ut externo gens foret apta iugo.
iamque timens, famam adfectans tamen, 'omnia,' dixit
'mentito patriae fretus amore luam.'
sic facilest studio populari, turbida cum sunt
tempora, privatum dissimulare nefas.

H. A. J. M.

The faithless Maid.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
faithless as the winds or seas,
sometimes coming, sometimes coy;
yet she never fails to please:
if with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling
and beguiling
makes me happier than before.
Though, alas! too late I find
nothing can her fancy fix;
yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks:
which though I see,
I can't get free;
she deceiving,
I believing:
what need lovers wish for more?

SEDLEY.

Fancy.

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
in the heart or in the head?
how begot, how nourished?—
it is engendered in the eyes,
with gazing fed; and Fancy dies
in the cradle where it lies.
let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I will begin it: ding, dong, bell;
ding, dong, bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

Culpari non metuens Perfidia.

OLA Phyllide gaudeo,
qua non Hadria, non perfidior Notus :
numquam pectora non domat,
sive ultro adproperans, seu simulans moram.
frontis si timui minas,
mox, vultus nimium lubricus adspici
cum fallax mihi riserit,
spe tanto recreor laetifica magis.
heu sero didici fidem
nulla vi dubiam posse tenerier :
sed culpam fugiunt doli,
mutantur quotiens tristia mitibus.
quod cum perspiciam, tamen
extricare pedes insidiis volo
frustra, credulus, a, nimis
fallenti : quid amans expetat amplius ?

O. S.

Ἔρως.

Πᾶ ποκά μοι γεννατὸς Ἔρως, πόθεν ἔρχεται ποτ᾽ ἄμμε ;
ἐκ τεῦ δ᾽ ἔβλαστε, κρατὸς εἴτε καρδίας ;
πόθεν τεκνωθείς, πῶς τραφεὶς πεφύκη ;
τῆνος ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν, ἐμὶν δοκεῖ· εἶτ᾽ ἐβωκολῆτο
λεύσσων, θανών τ᾽ ἐν σπαργάνοισι θάπτεται.
ταφέντα δ᾽ ἀιάσδωμες αὐτόν· αἰαῖ,
αἰαῖ, αιαῖ.

W. B. T. J.

The Old Man's Lament.

BUT what availed this temperance, not complete
against another object more enticing?
what boots it at one gate to make defence,
and at another to let in the foe,
effeminately vanquished? by which means
now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,
to what can I be useful, wherein serve
my nation and the work from heaven imposed,
but to sit idle on the household hearth,
a burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
or pitied object, these redundant locks,
robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
vain monument of strength; till length of years,
and sedentary numbness craze my limbs
to a contemptible old age obscure?

MILTON.

Life.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
creeps in this petty pace from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time,
and all our yesterdays have lighted fools
the way to dusty death. out, out, brief candle!
life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
that struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
and then is heard no more: it is a tale
told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing.

SHAKESPEARE.

To Fool or Knave.

THY praise or dispraise is to me alike,
one doth not stroke me nor the other strike.

B. JONSON.

Sampson Agonistes.

Τί δ' ὠφέλει μ' ἥδ' ἐγκράτει' οὐκ ἐγκρατὴς
πρὸς χρῆμα μᾶλλον καρδίας θελκτήριον;
τί γὰρ φυλάσσειν τὴν μὲν ὠφελεῖ πύλην,
ἐᾶν δ' ἐσελθεῖν πολεμίους ἄλλης δία,
ἥσσω γυναικὸς ἐκφανέντ'; ἀνθ' οὗ τανῦν
τάλας, τυφλός, δύσθυμος, αἴσχιστος, δαμείς,
τῷ πρόσφορος δῆτ' εἰμί, πῶς ὑπηρετεῖν
ἔχω πάτρᾳ νῦν οἷς τ' ἐπέστειλεν Θεός;
ἀργόν με θάσσειν χρὴ πρὸς ἑστίᾳ δόμου
κηφῆν' ἐπαχθῆ, τοῖς ἀεὶ ξένοις θέαν,
ἐλεινὸν ὄμμα, καλλιβότρυας τρίχας
τρέφοντα τάσδε τὰς τεθηλυίας μάτην,
μνημεῖον ἄλλως τοῦ σθένους, ἔστ' ἂν χρόνος
νάρκη θ' ἑδραία τἀμὰ λύσωσιν μέλη
γήρως ἐς αἰσχρὸν ἀκλεὲς ἀσχήμον τέλος.

T. E. P.

Vita quid est?

RASTINA quaeque dies, una, altera, tertia porro, protelo hoc itiner miserabile continuato repit ad extremum usque peracti temporis hilum, nullaque lux hesterna viam non pulverulentae mortis monstravit stolidis. age cede, brevis fax. vitast umbra vagans; miser est per pulpita qui se iactat hians horam mimus, nec praeterea usquam auditur: fatui delirast fabula quaedam, plena sono rabieque, omni tamen indiga sensu.

H. A. J. M.

Utrum horum mavis.

ULPANE dignum an laude me putas? neutram moramur: haec non mulcet, illa non mulcat.

R. S.

The Soldiery of Hell.

HEN straight commands, that at the warlike sound
of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
his mighty standard: that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall,
who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
the imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
with gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;
at which the universal host up-sent
a shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
all in a moment through the gloom were seen
ten thousand banners rise into the air
with orient colours waving: with them rose
a forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
appeared, and serried shields in thick array
of depth immeasurable: anon they move
in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
to height of noblest temper heroes old
arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
with dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
with solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain
from mortal or immortal minds.

MILTON.

Coniurati Caelum rescindere.

PROTINUS ad lituum strepitus mixtosque tubarum
grande iubet tolli signum : quem credier uni
maximus Azazel proprium sibi poscit honorem.
nec mora quin hasta regale insigne corusca
arduus expandens effundat in aetheris auras,
non aliter quam si diro micet omine sidus,
intextum gemmis rutilique nitoribus auri
hinc illinc, scutisque deum caelique tropaeis.
martius interea sonitus crebrescit et aeris
clangor : eo motu clamorem exercitus omnis
excitat ipsa Orci rumpentem concava, et ultra
terrentem Chaos et priscae regna intima Noctis.
ilicet obscuras orientia mille per umbras
signa fluunt, tremulisque auras splendoribus implent.
silva ingens hastarum una, galeaeque frequentes,
immensusque horrent atque impenetrabilis ordo,
conferti clipei. mox iustae lege phalangis
instructae incedunt acies : nec tibia cessat
Dorica, nec molles calami, quîs spiritus ardens
heroum tumet et cordi fiducia crescit
arma capessentum. non his concentibus ira,
non furor elicitur, sed bello vivida virtus,
sed vigor erectus, sed mens secura timorum,
contemptrix leti foedamque exosa repulsam.
hinc, quandoque gravi spirant dulcedine flatus,
pallida distractae fugere insomnia mentis,
curaeque ambiguique metus et luctus et angor
mortalesque animos immortalesque relinquunt.

K.

Sweet Echo.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
within thy aery shell,
by slow Meander's margent green,
and in the violet-embroidered vale,
where the love-lorn nightingale
nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
that likest thy Narcissus are?
oh, if thou have
hid them in some flowery cave,
tell me but where,
sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere:
so mayst thou be translated to the skies,
and give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies!

MILTON.

The Coward Lover.

SAINT Amorist! what, dost thou think
to taste Love's honey, and not drink
one drop of gall? or to devour
a world of sweet, and taste no sour?
dost thou ever think to enter
th' Elysian fields, that dar'st not venture
in Charon's barge? a lover's mind
must use to sail with every wind.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Authority.

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure
which men can neither want nor well endure.

BUTLER.

Vocalis Nymphe, resonabilis Echo.

Ἀχοῖ γλυκερά, σέβας ἄδιστον,
πότνια κουρᾶν τᾶν ἀγρονόμων
κλῦθ', ὑπὸ κόγχας ἠνεμοέσσας
κρυφία ναίουσ' ἀκτὰν χλοερὰν
παρὰ Μαίανδρον, βραδύπουν ποταμόν,
καὶ ἰοστέφανον βᾶσσαν κατέχουσ',
ἔνθ' ἁ δυσέρως αἰὲν ἀηδὼν
μελέα μελέως ἐλελιζομένα
παννύχιόν σοι νόμον ὑμνωδεῖ.
μῶν ἀγγελίαν τινὰ καρύξεις,
δισσῶν ἀγανὸν ζεῦγος ἀδελφῶν
πόθι μοι ναίει
σῷ Ναρκίσσῳ πανόμοιον;
εἰ δ' ἀνθοφόρων κρύψασα πετρῶν
κευθμῶσιν ἔχεις, λέγε μοι λέγε μοι
ποῦ ποτε γαίας,
δέσποιν' ὀάρων ἱμεροφώνων.
ἀντὶ δὲ τούτων, γένος ἀστέροεν,
πολύαστρον ἔδος μεταμειψαμένα
χάριν εὐκέλαδον ταῖς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
θεῶν ἁρμονίαισιν ὀπάζοις.

H. T.

Segnis Amans.

SIC tibi, segnis amans, quod dulcia tinguat acerbis,
felle quod inficiat mella, fugatur amor?
Elysium sperans fugies a lintre Charontis?
pande sinus omni flamine, quisquis amas.

K.

Aegrescit medendo.

REGIA vis eadem morbus medicinaque: saepe
spernit homo, spretam saepe requirit opem.

K.

To the Memory of Mr. Oldham.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
whom I began to think and call my own;
for sure our souls were near allied, and thine
cast in the same poetic mould as mine.
one common note on either lyre did strike,
and knaves and fools we both abhorred alike.
to the same goal did both our studies drive:
the last set out the soonest did arrive.
thus Nisus fell upon the slippery place,
whilst his young friend performed and won the race.
o early ripe, to thy abundant store
what could advancing age have added more?
it might (what nature never gives the young)
have taught the numbers of thy native tongue.
but satire needs not those, and wit will shine
through the harsh cadence of a rugged line.
a noble error and but seldom made,
when poets are by too much force betrayed.
thy generous fruits, though gathered ere their prime,
still showed a quickness; and maturing time
but mellows what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme.
once more hail and farewell; farewell, thou young,
but ah! too short Marcellus of our tongue,
thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound;
but fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

DRYDEN.

On a Monument.

EARTH goeth on the earth glistening with gold,
earth goeth to the earth sooner then it wold;
earth buildeth on the earth palaces and towers,
earth sayeth to the earth, 'all shall be ours.'

In Melrose Abbey.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus ?

NEC satis et sero mihi cognite, quemque parabam
ducere iam nostrum, iam perhibere, vale.
affines animae certe, atque exemplar ad unum
ficta tuast Musae pollice, ficta meast ;
pectine communi lyra tacta ambobus, idemque
sontis utrique odiumst, insipientis idem ;
meta eadem studiis ; potitur tamen alter, ut esset
serior emissus carcere, calce prior :
sic, postquam cecidit Nisus per lubrica, cursu
confecto iuvenis victor amicus erat.
ingenium praecox ! tibi copia tanta, quid aetas
addere plus poterat progrediente fuga ?
illa tuae poterat numeros tibi tradere linguae :
natura hos iuveni semper avara negat :
sed satirae nil levor opus, praeclaraque sensus
e male tornato carmine vena nitet.
nobile peccatum raroque parabile, vates
vi nimia quotiens proditur ipse sua.
ante diem egregii fructus cecidere, sed isdem
contigerat velox iam sapor ante diem.
maturante licet fiat quod scribimus aevo
dulcius, at suci vividioris eget.
rursus have rursumque vale, sermonis aviti
qui Marcellus eras, sed breve tempus eras,
nunc hederae laurique coma tua tempora vinctus ;
Parca sed et circum nox volat atra caput.

H. A. J. M

Μωρία Γῆς.

Γῆς μὲν ἔπι στείχει χρυσῳ̃ γῆ παμφανόωσα,
πρὸς δέ τε γῆν κιάθει γῆ πάρος ἢ φίλον ἦν.
γῆς δ' ἔπι καὶ πυργοὺς καὶ δώματα γῆ πεπόλισται,
εἶπε δὲ γῆ πρὸς γῆν 'πάντα τάδ' ἄμ' ἔσεται.'

J. R.

Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Shallow.

SIR Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire.

Sl. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram.

Sh. Ay, cousin Slender, and Custalorum.

Sl. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Sh. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Sl. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Sh. It is an old coat.

Ev. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

SHAKESPEARE.

The red, red Roses.

ROSES at first were white,
till they could not agree
whether my Sappho's breast
or they more white shall be.
but being vanquished quite
a blush their cheeks bespread,
since which, believe the rest,
roses first came red.

HERRICK.

Catus quantumvis Rusticus.

Κ. Μὴ πεῖθέ μ', ὦ 'τάν· ἡ 'ξ 'Αρείου γὰρ πάγου
βουλὴ τάχ' εἴσεται τάδ'· οὐ καταπροίξεται
μὰ τὸν Δί', οὐδ' εἰ προσγένοιντο μυρίοι
ἕτεροι τοιοῦτοι Κομπολογχίδαι, Κένον
πλυνὸν ποιήσας ἐμὲ τὸν ἀσπιδηστρόφον.
Λ. καὶ πρός γε δικαστὴν δριμὺν ἐν Λαμπτρεῦσί τε
νόμων φύλακα. Κ. καὶ σανιδοφύλακ', ὦ Λεπτίνη.
Λ. ναὶ σανιδοφύλακά γ', εὐγενῆ κἀξ εὐγενῶν
αὐτόχθον', ἱερεῦ· τὸν τελοῦντ' εἰς ὁπλοφόρους,
τόν, εἴτε πρόκλησιν εἴτε πρόσκλησίν τινα
εἴτ' ἄφεσιν εἴτ' ἀπαλλαγὴν σημαίνεται,
σημαινόμενον τάδ' ὁπλοφόρων ὄντ' ἐν τέλει.
Κ. σύμφημ'· ἐπεί τοι καὶ τριακόσι' ἄττ' ἔτη
τελοῦμεν ἡμεῖς. Λ. οἱ προϊόντες μὲν ἐτέλουν
ἁπαξάπαντες ἐπίγονοι· προγόνοις δ' ἄρ' οὐκ
ἔξεστι τοῖς ἐπιοῦσιν; ἐξὸν γοῦν τριχῶν
πλοκάμους ἀναδεῖσθαι φθειρσὶ λευκοῖς δώδεκα.
Κ. ὡς κρωβύλον παλαιὸν οὐκ αἰσχύνομαι.
Ἰ. φθεῖρες παλαιαῖς θριξὶ λευκοὶ δώδεκα
πρέπουσιν· ἑρπόντων γε συμπρεπέστερον
οὐδέν· σύνηθες γὰρ βροτοῖς τὸ θηρίον,
κἀντεῦθεν ὄνομα τὸ φθαρείης ἐγένετο.

R. S.

Cur rubeant Rosae.

PRAESTABANT candore rosae; lis inde movetur
collane sint Glycerae candidiora meae.
floribus omnino victis pudor illinit ora:
ex illoque rosae tempore, crede, rubent.

G. H. H.

The Sleeping Beauty.

INDS, whisper gently while she sleeps,
and fan her with your cooling wings,
while she her drops of beauty weeps
from pure and yet unrivalled springs.
glide over beauty's field, her face,
to kiss her brow and cheek be bold,
but with a calm and stealing pace,
neither too rude nor yet too cold.
play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
with such a gale as wings soft love;
and with so sweet, so rich an air,
as breathes from the Arabian grove:
a breath as hushed as lover's sigh,
or that unfolds the morning's door;
sweet as the winds that gently fly
to sweep the spring's enamelled floor.

COTTON.

His Heart's his Mouth.

HIS man has marred his fortune.
M. His nature is too noble for the world:
he would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
or Jove for his power to thunder. his heart's his mouth:
what his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
and being angry, does forget that ever
he heard the name of death.

SHAKESPEARE.

Grace before Meat.

OME hae meat and canna eat,
and some wad eat that want it;
but we hae meat and we can eat,
and sae the Lord be thanket.

BURNS.

Εὖδε *φίλα ψυχά.*

DUM mea lux dormit, tu leniter, aura, susurra,
frigida sopitum ventilet ala sinum,
dum puro eximios lacrimat de fonte liquores,
aemula quîs omnis gloria cedat aquae.
per faciem Paphiae proprios age labere campos,
fige labris audax oscula, fige genis;
algida nec nimium serpes, nimiumve proterva,
sed placide, lentos saepe morata gradus.
lude faces inter frontis, crispaque capillos,
qualis ubi vehitur flamine mollis Amor,
qualis ubi Arabiae penetrans myrteta beatae
ventus odoriferas halat amoenus opes.
spiritus occultus, qualem suspirat amator,
aut solet eoas qui reserare fores;
suavis uti verna Zephyrus cum devolat hora,
verrat ut ornati gemmea prata soli.

A. H.

Libere sentire et loqui.

Π. Οὗτος ἐξεύρηκεν αὑτῷ περιπετεῖς ἀνὴρ τύχας.
Μ. Εὐγενέστερος γάρ ἐστιν ἢ ξυνοικῆσαι βροτοῖς·
οὐδ' ἂν εἰ δοίη τριαίναν ποντίας ἅλμης ἄναξ,
οὐδ' ἂν εἰ κεραύνιον Ζεὺς λαμπάδ', αἰκάλλοι ποτ' ἂν
οὔτε τοῦτον οὔτ' ἐκεῖνον· οἰκίσας δ' ἔχει κέαρ
στόματος ἐν θύραισιν αὐταῖς, χὤ τι φρὴν τεκταίνεται
γλῶσσ' ἀφῆκεν ἐξ ἀνάγκης· ἠγριωμένος δ' ἅπαξ
οὐδὲ τοὔνομ' οἶδ' ἀκούσας ὅ τί ποτ' ἐστὶ τοῦ θανεῖν.

K.

Deo Gratia.

SUNT quibus est panis nec amor tamen ullus edendi,
sunt quibus hic amor est, dest tamen ipse cibus:
panis at est nobis et amor quoque panis edendi,
pro quibus est Domino gratia habenda Deo.

H. A. J. M.

Take, oh take those Lips away.

AKE, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworn ;
and those eyes, the break of day,
lights that do mislead the morn :
but my kisses bring again,
seals of love, but sealed in vain.
hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
which thy frozen bosom bears,
on whose tops the pinks that grow
are of those that April wears :
but first set my poor heart free,
bound in those icy chains by thee.

SUCKLING.

Alexander's Feast.

'EVENGE, revenge,' Timotheus cries,
'see the Furies arise :
see the snakes that they rear
how they hiss in their hair,
and the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
behold a ghastly band,
each a torch in his hand !
those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
and unbury'd remain
inglorious on the plain :
give the vengeance due
to the valiant crew :
behold how they toss their torches on high,
how they point to the Persian abodes,
and glittering temples of their hostile gods.'
the princes applaud with a furious joy ;
and the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
to light him to his prey,
and, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

DRYDEN.

Perfida cara tamen.

AUFER hinc procul ista tam dulce perfida labra,
aufer hinc oculos procul, solis instar oborti,
luce qui poterunt sua mane ludere primum;
at refer mihi basia heu signa non rata amoris.
conde pectore qui super, conde sis, glaciali
vertices nivei tument, summa quae iuga flores
educant roseos, quibus se coronat Aprilis:
haec tamen prius algidis solve corda catenis.

R. S.

Cineres satiasse iuvabit.

TUM sic sacerdos: 'sanguine sanguine
sumenda poenast. en Stygiis cohors
emissa Dirarum tenebris!
rictibus en coma viperinis,
et fulgurantum tortilis orbium
splendor! vibratis te facibus manus
hortantur umbrarum, morasque
Graiugenum simulacra culpant.
virtus honores indiga postulat,
maerentque digno corpora militum
fraudata busto. tu carere
vindiciis patiere fortes?
iactant ad altum, nonne vides? polum
taedas flagrantes. fallor an hostiumst
urbs danda flammis, et deorum
sedibus iniciendus ignis?'
Lymphata plaudunt agmina principum,
regique, rapta lampade cum ruit,
dux Thais accedit, novaeque
fax, Helenen imitata, Troiae.

A. W. P.

Silenus.

OOK! Do's not his palace show
like another sky of lights?
yonder with him live the knights,
once the noblest of the earth,
quick'ned by a second birth;
who for prowess and for truth
there are crowned with lasting youth:
and do hold, by Fate's command,
seats of bliss in Fairy Land.
but their guards (methinks) do sleep:
let us wake 'em. Sirs, you keep
proper watch, that thus do lie
drown'd in sloth.

Satyr 1.

They ha' ne're an eye
to wake withall.

Satyr 2.

Nor sense, I fear;
for they sleep in either ear.

B. JONSON.

The Old Woman.

HERE was an old woman that had three sons,
Jerry and James and John;
Jerry was hanged, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found:
and there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry and James and John.

GAMMER GURTON.

The Good die not.

N holy slumber here reposing lies
Timocritus: ne'er say the good man dies.

K. (*from the Greek*).

Σεληνούς.

Λεύσσετ᾽· οὐ τοῦδε δόμος οἵ᾽ ἕτερος οὐρανός,
λαμπάσι πρέπει φλέγων ; λεύσσετε δὲ καὶ θίασον
εὐσεβῆ ζῶνθ᾽ ὁμοῦ, δήποτε τὰ πρῶτα γῆς·
οἷσι βιοτῆς φύσιν ἔχουσι νεαρὰν νέας
εἶτ᾽ ἀγήρως τέθηλ᾽ ἀιὲν ἥβης στέφανος,
ἀνδράσιν ὅτ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἦσαν καλοῖς κἀγαθοῖς,
μόρσιμος ἐκεῖ τε μακάρων θρόνος ἀγαστός· ἀτὰρ
εὔδετον τὼ φύλαχ᾽ ; ὅπως ἀνεγεροῦμεν᾽ ἢ
σφὼ καλὴν τήνδε φυλακὴν ἔχετον ὥδ᾽ ἄγαν
ἀργίᾳ παρειμένω.

Σάτυρος ά.

οἷν γ᾽ ἔνεστ᾽ ὄμμ᾽ οὐδὲ ἕν, πῶς ἀνεγερεῖν αὐτὼ δοκεῖς ;

Σάτυρος β΄.

δέδια δ᾽ οὐδ᾽ αἴσθησις· ὦ γ᾽ ἐπ᾽ ἀμφότερα καθεύδετον.

R. S.

Ius trium Liberorum.

EXIT anus quaedam, cui tres modo filii fuere,
Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.
Martinus periit turpi cruce, fluctibus Macrinus,
amissus est Macerra nec repertus.
sic abolentur anu qui tres modo filii fuere,
Martinus et Macrinus et Macerra.

K.

Bonis mori vetitum.

HIC fruitur sacro per saecla perennia somno
Timocritus, ne quis credat obire bonos.

C. J. J.

To the Nightingale.

NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
while the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
first heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
portend success in love; oh, if Jove's will
have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;
as thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
for my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
both them I serve, and of their train am I.

MILTON.

The End.

UR revels now are ended. these our actors,
as I foretold you, were all spirits, and
are melted into air, into thin air;
and, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
the cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
the solemn temples, the great globe itself,
yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
and, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a rack behind. we are such stuff
as dreams are made on, and our little life
is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ad Philomelam.

Θαλλοῖς ἀηδοῖ τοῖσδ' ἐν εὐφύλλοις λιγὺ
μέλπουσα, πᾶν ὅθ' ἕσπερος κοιμᾷ νάπος,
ἢ τοῖς ἐρῶσιν ἐλπίδ' ἐμβάλλεις νέαν,
ὡς προσπολουσῶν εὐφιλῆ θέρους πόδα
Ὡρῶν φαεινῶν· σὸν γὰρ εὔμουσον μέλος,
ὑφ' οὗ ξυνάπτει βλέφαρον ἡμέρας ὕπνος,
κόκκυγος ἄφρον ἦν πάρος φθάσῃ φανὲν
στόμ', αἰσίους ἔρωτος ἐξανδᾷ τύχας·
πρός σ', εἰ χάριν τήνδ' ἐκ Διὸς θελκτηρίαν
ἡδεῖ' ἔχει σου γῆρυς, ἀλλὰ νῦν καλῶ
εἰς καιρὸν ᾄσαι, πρίν με τὴν ἀναρσίαν
ὄρνιν δύσορνιν, θάμνον ἵζουσαν πέλας,
ἀνέλπιδι ζυγέντα σημῆναι μόρῳ.
πάλαι γὰρ ᾄδουσ' ἀλλ' ἀεί ποθ' ὑστέρα
πολλαῖς διαδοχαῖς οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖς ἐτῶν.
καίτοι δίκην τίν' εἶχες ; εἴτε γάρ σ' Ἔρως
εἴτ' οὖν ἑταίραν Μοῦσα κικλήσκειν φιλεῖ,
κείνοιν ὁμιλῶ δοῦλος ὢν ἀμφοῖν ἐγώ.

J. R.

Actast Fabula.

TERMINUS hic ludis : abiit, ceu spiritus, actor
quicumque intererat (monui prius illud) in auras.
auras in tenues ; et, uti fundamine cassa
haec rerum simulacra, palatia fulgida luxu,
nube coronatae turres, augustaque fana,
orbis et ipse ingens, quique hunc colit, omnis ad unum
dissolvetur et, ut species evanida pompae,
diffugient res una ipsae rerumque ruinae.
gens sumus imbecilla merisque simillima visis,
parvaque, ut occepit, finitur vita sopore.

H. A. J. M.

Troilus.

Agam.

HAT Trojan is that same who looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
not soon provoked, nor yet provoked soon calmed;
his heart and hand both open and both free;
for what he has he gives, what he thinks shows;
yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;
manly as Hector, but more dangerous.
they call him Troilus, and on him erect
a second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

SHAKESPEARE.

Anacreontic.

NDERNEATH this myrtle shade
on flowery beds supinely laid,
with odorous oils my head o'erflowing,
and around it roses growing,
what should I do but drink away
the heat and troubles of the day?
in this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait,
fill to me, Love, nay, fill it up,
and mingled cast into the cup
wit and worth and noble fires,
vigorous health and gay desires.

COWLEY.

Light and Shade.

ER wit and beauty for a court were made,
her truth and goodness fit her for the shade.

A.

Τρώιλος.

ΑΓ. Ὅδ' ἐστὶ Τρώων τίς κατηφὴς ὄμμ' ἔχων;
ΟΔ. Πριάμου τις υἱῶν, τῇ γονῇ νεώτατος,
ἥβης μὲν ἐλλείπων ἔτ' ἀκμαίας, ἀτὰρ
ἱππηλάτης γενναῖος ὡς οὐδεὶς στρατοῦ,
κοὐ ψευδόφημος· τοῖς μὲν ἔργοισιν λέγων,
λόγοισι δ' ἔρδων οὐδέν· οὔτε μὴν ταχὺς
ἆσσειν ἐς ὀργήν, οὔθ' ὅτ' ὀργισθῇ τάχα
πρᾶος· φιλεῖ δὲ, χεῖρα νοῦν τ' ἐλεύθερος,
ἄχει τε δοῦναι χἀ νοῇ φαίνειν ἅμα.
ἀλλ' οὐ δίδωσι πρίν γ' ἐπιστατῇ χερὶ
ὁ νοῦς· ἄναγνον δ' οὐδὲν ἀξιοῖ λόγου·
ψυχῇ μὲν οὖν ἀνδρεῖος Ἕκτορος δίκην,
βαρὺς δὲ μᾶλλον· ἔστι μὲν καλούμενος
Τρώιλος· ὁρᾷ δὲ δευτέραν νιν ἐλπίδα,
κρίνων ἀκριβῶς, πᾶς τις, ὥσπερ Ἕκτορα.

W. J. M. S.

Συμποσίου χάρις.

HOC sub tegmine myrteo
stratus purpurea sic temere in rosa,
exundans balano caput
et circum vegetis tempora floribus,
sicco quid dubitem die
quin curam cyathis dulcibus eluam?
hic vel rege licentius
bacchanti ad calicem stet Veneris puer.
plenos affer, Amor, scyphos,
miscentorque simul Laetitia et Lepos
festivaeque Libidines
clarorumque Salus fons sacer ignium.

R. B.

Amat nemus et fugit urbes.

QUI lepor et formast, nostram decet aula puellam,
qui pudor et pietas illius, umbra decet.

S. A.

Beauty is as Beauty does.

E that loves a rosy cheek,
or a coral lip admires,
or from star-like eyes doth seek
fuel to maintain his fires,
as old Time makes these decay,
so his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
gentle thoughts and calm desires,
hearts with equal love combined,
kindle never dying fires.
where these are not, I despise
lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.
No tears, Celia, now shall win
my resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within
and find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey
that love to her I cast away.

CAREW.

In Elgin Churchyard.

IFE is a city with many streets;
Death is the market where all men meets;
if Life were a thing which gold could buy,
the poor could not live, and the rich would not die.

On a Pipe in the Temple of Venus.

AY, rustic pipe, in Cytherea's dome
why sounds this echo of a shepherd's home?
nor rocks nor valleys here invite the strain;
but all is Love: go seek thy hills again.

HODGSON, *from the Greek.*

Heu nullis tutum credere blanditiis.

QUI facies cordi roseos imitata colores,
labrave curalii tincta rubore placent,
quive relucentes ceu sidera quaerit ocellos,
hausurus flammis inde alimenta suis,
tempus ut haec longo facit ipsa senescere cursu,
dilapsus simul his ardor amantis abit.
sed placidum pectus, sed castigata cupido,
sed mens si praestost aequa potensque sui,
cordaque iuncta pari communis foedere amoris,
his facis accensae flamma perennis erit.
haec absunt? nil pulchra placent mihi lumina, curo
labra nihil, nullo sunt in honore genae.
Caelia, nequiquam lacrimae volvuntur inanes,
obdurat mea mens, nec revocare potes;
cordis enim penetrale tui scrutabar, et intus
nil nisi ludibrium, nil nisi fastus erat.
ipse tuas artes didici, fastidia qui nunc
tanta tibi possim reddere quanta tuli.
efficias, aliquod numen, meus ultor, ut illam,
qualis hic abicitur nunc mihi, prendat amor.

H. A. J. M.

Sortitur insignes et imos.

Ἡ πόλις ἔσθ' ὁ βίος, πύκα σὲ λαύρῃσι κέκασται,
ἐν δ' ἀγορῇ θάνατος πᾶσι βροτοῖσι μία.
εἰ δ' ἦν ὠνητὸν χρυσῷ βίος, οὐ πολυχρύσῳ
λειπτέος, οὐ πτωχῷ φωτὶ βιωτὸς ἂν ἦν.

J. R.

Calamus.

DIC, calame agrestis, Paphiae sub fornice divae
cur pastoricio vox sonat apta lari?
non iuga, non virides poscunt hic carmina valles;
hic nil non Amor est: ad tua saxa redi.

K.

Morfa Rhuddlan.

DU ac arswydus yw'r hanes am heddyw;
trechodd caethiwed fyddinoedd y rhydd;
ciliodd yr heulwen wrth weled ein distryw;
cleddyf y gelyn a gariodd y dydd.
gwylliaid ysgrechiant ar faes y gyflafan,
ceisio ysglyfaeth mae'r blaidd a'r ddallhuan;
wylo mae Rhyddid ar hen Forfa Rhuddlan;
gwlad annibynol byth mwyach ni bydd;
cladder y Forfa dan donau yr eigion,
agor, O Neifion, i'r dyfroedd eu dôr;
dagrau rydasant delynau y dewrion,
tyred i'n canol, O Arglwydd fy Ior.
eto edrychaf ar draeth y gyflafan,
wadwyd mo Ryddid er gwaethaf y cyfan;
gwell ydoedd marw ar hen Forfa Rhuddlan,
gwell ydoedd suddo i Ryddid y mor.

Old Welsh Ballad.

Rhuddlan Marsh.

Literal English version :—

BLACK and terrible is the account of to-day;
slavery overcame the bands of the free;
the sunlight withdrew, when it saw our destruction;
the foeman's sword won the day.
spirits gibber on the field of slaughter;
the wolf and owl seek their prey;
liberty weeps on the Marsh of Rhuddlan;
our independent country will be no more.
may the marsh be buried beneath the waters!
open, o Neptune, the gates of the deep waters;
tears have marred the harp of the brave bard.
come into our midst, O Lord, my deliverer.
yet once I will look on the field of slaughter,
liberty will not, in spite of all, surrender;
better was it to die on Rhuddlan Marsh,
and to sink into the freedom of the sea.

Dies Alliensis.

RISTIS, acerba dies atro signanda lapillost,
qua prius invicti sustinuere iugum;
visa clade tegit faciem velamine Phoebus,
hostis ubi (infandum) dira tropaea rapit.
plurima sanguineos ululat iam larva per agros,
plurima rimatur noctua mixta lupis;
libertas rubra lugens lacrimatur in ora,
patria, quae dominum non tulit ante, feret.
at penitus portas aperi, Neptune, profundi,
merge sub aequoreis litora rubra fretis.
intrepidi lacrimae chelyn infecere poëtae;
huc ades, ultricem tu, Deus, affer opem.
caede semel rubros liceat mihi cernere campos;
servitio patriae cedere nescit amor;
heu, quanto melius victos rapuisset in undas
oceanus nulli subditus ipse iugo!

G. H. J.

NOTE.—Welsh tradition assumes that the sweet and plaintive melody known as Morfa Rhuddlan (the Marsh of the Red Shore) laments the defeat inflicted on North Wales by the Mercian king Offa in the latter part of the 9th century. But the translator is inclined to believe that it is of earlier and unknown origin.

Beddargraff.

ELE ni dri wedi pob gwaith—yn dri llech,
wnaed o lwch unwaith,
mewn bedd; ond dyrnfedd fu'n taith,
lle chwelir ni'n llwch eilwaith.

In Trefriw Churchyard.

E cinere ortorum tumulo tria corpora condunt
tres lapides; proprium quisque peregit opus:
fluxus erat vitae cursus, velut umbra volavit;
quisque tamen rursus fiet, ut ante, cinis.

G. H. J.

The Bracelet to Julia.

HY I tye about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
for what other reason is't,
but to shew thee how in part
thou my pretty captive art?
but thy bond-slave is my heart.
'tis but silke that bindeth thee,
knap the thread and thou art free:
but 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
that from thee I cannot go;
if I co'd, I wo'd not so.

HERRICK.

Common Sins.

SIN it is in man or woman
to steal the goose from off the common;
but 'tis a crime without excuse
to steal the common from the goose.

NORFOLK SAW.

The Toilette.

EETH, rouge, and ringlets from the shop you bring:
a mask, dear Lydia, were a cheaper thing.

S. A. (*from the Greek*).

In Death they were not Divided.

N a green grove sat a loving pair,
fell a bough from above, struck them dead there.
happy for them that both died together,
so neither was left to mourn for the other.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

Captivi.

Καρπῷ σῷ πέρι βύσσινον,
φιλτάτη, περιδῶ πλόκον
τοῦ χάριν ; τί γὰρ ἄλλο γ' ἢ
σοὶ μέρος τι φράσων ὡς
δεσμῶτίν σε καλὴν ἄγω ;
σοὶ δ' ἐμὸν δέδεται κέαρ.
δεῖ σε βύσσος, ἐλευθέραν
εὖτ' ἂν ἄμματα λύσῃς.
ἄλλη τίς μ' ἔλαχεν τύχη·
σοὶ δεθεὶς μάλ' ἀραρότως
οὔτ' ἔχω λύσιν ἀμμάτων,
οὔτ' ἔχων ἂν ἐλοίμην.

R. S.

Communia Damna.

ANSERE qui rapto fraudavit publica rura
peccati gravis est, vir mulierve, reus.
ansere fraudato rapiet qui publica rura
delicto fuerit vel graviore nocens.

K.

Quanti Empta?

EMPTA tibi sunt mel, dentes, cerussa, capilli ;
hoc potuit pretio, Lydia, vultus emi.

T. S. H.

Εὐθανασία.

Ἐν νάπῃ δύο συγκλιθέντ' ἐραστὰ
Ἄιδη δῶκε πεσὼν ἄνωθεν ὄζος·
μάκαρες θανόντες δύ' ὁμῶς
οὐδέτερος ποθοῦντ' οὐδέτερον ποθεῖ.

R. S.

Jealousy cruel as the Grave.

HAD it pleased heaven
to try me with affliction; had they rained
all kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
a drop of patience; but, alas, to make me
a fixed figure for the hand of scorn
to point his slow unmoving finger at!
yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
but there, where I have garnered up my heart,
where either I must live or bear no life,
the fountain from the which my current runs,
or else dries up—to be discarded thence!
patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin,
ay, there, look grim as hell!

SHAKESPEARE.

To-morrow and To-morrow and To-morrow.

WHEN I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
to-morrow's falser than the former day,
lies worse; and while it says we shall be bless'd
with some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain,
and from the dregs of life think to receive
what the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired with waiting for this chymic gold,
which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

DRYDEN.

Saevit Amor.

Εἰ θεοῖσιν ἦν ἀρεστὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐμοὶ
δύας ἀπευκτούς, εἰ δὲ δυσκλεεστάτων
γυμνῷ 'πι κρατὶ καταχέαι ζάλην κακῶν,
δῆσαί τ' ἐν ἐσχάταισιν ἐνδείαις βίου
δεσμοῖσι δυσλύτοισιν ἐλπίδων ἄπο,
κἀνταῦθ' ἂν ὀρθαῖς καρτερεῖν εἶχον φρεσίν·
τὸ δ' αὖ μ' ἰδρῦσαι πασσαλευτὸν ὧδ' ὅπως
ἄγαλμ', ὁ μακρὸς οὗ μ' ἀκινήτοις ἀεὶ
χρόνος προδείξει δακτύλων ὀρέγμασιν'—
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄτλητον οὐδέ μοι τόδ' ἐστίν· οὔ.
θηκῶν δ' ἵν' ἦν μοι τῶν φρενῶν κειμήλιον,
ὧν οὐ βιωτὸν ἦν ἀποστερουμένῳ,
κρήνης δ' ὅθεν μοι ῥεῦμα καὶ πηγὴ βίου
ἔρρωγεν, ἀποτυχοῦσα δ' αὐάνθη πάλιν,
τούτων ἁμαρτεῖν οὐκέτ' ἔστ' ἀνασχετόν.
ὦ καρτέρησις, ἀλλόχρως ἤδη γενοῦ,
καὶ νεαρὸν ἄνθος ἀποβαλοῦσ' εὐμορφίας
ἄλλαξον Ἅιδου τ' ὄμμα καὶ γοργὴν σχέσιν.

E. M. C.

Quantum est in rebus inane!

ESSE quid hoc dicam? mera fraus est vita; sed ipse
lusus homo ludi gaudet amatque dolum.
credimus, et, 'cras cras solvetur,' dicimus: atqui
crastina transacta luce dolosa magis
mentitur peius: spondet nova gaudia semper,
et nova dum spondet gaudia, parta rapit.
nosne voluptatis fallit spes mira futurae,
tempora cum nemo lapsa redire velit?
o fatui, num faex vitae dare posse videtur
quas non delicias amphora prompta dedit?
expectasse diu magicum me paenitet aurum,
quod iuvenes ludit despoliatque senes.

K.

Alcides.

LCIDES thus his race began:
o'er infancy he swiftly ran;
the future god at first was more than man,
dangers, and toils, and Juno's hate
e'en o'er his cradle lay in wait,
and there he grappled first with fate;
in his young hand the hissing snakes he pressed;
so early was the deity confessed.
thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.

DRYDEN.

Home.

Y house, my house, though thou art small,
thou art to me the Escurial.

G. HERBERT.

Here lies.

ERE lies the great—false marble, tell me where?
nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

COWLEY.

Upon a Child.

ERE a pretty baby lies
sung asleep with lullabies:
pray be silent, and not stir
the easy earth that covers her.

HERRICK.

Impiger Hercules.

Ἀπὸ βαλβίδων τοιόνδ' ἔλαχεν
δρόμον Ἀλκείδας, ἀταλᾶς ἅβας
ταχὺ τέρμ' ἀνύσας· ἦν δ' ἄρ' ὁ μέλλων
θεὸς ἐξ ἀρχᾶς κρεῖσσόν τι βροτοῦ·
τί γάρ, ὕντινα πῆμ' ἐπιμαστίδιον
μόχθοι τ' ἐλόχων χὠ κότος Ἥρας;
καί νιν Μοίραις πρῶτ' ἀντίπαλον
σπάργαν' ἐδέρχθη
νεαρὸν νεαραῖς σύριγμ' ὄφεων
χερσὶ δαμάζονθ'· ὧδε νεογνὸς
δείξας θεὸς ὤν, ὧδ' ὑψίβατον
Ζηνὸς προσέβα χρόνιος θάκημ'·
ὧδ' ὁ πόνος τοι
λῆμα κατ' αἶσαν μέγ' ἐλέγχει.

R. S.

Parvula, cara tamen.

ARA domus, mea cara domus, sis parvula quamvis,
quod Caesari palatium tu mihi suppeditas.

H. A. J. M.

Tumulus mendax.

IC iacet illustris—mendax mihi, cippe, roganti
dic ubinam? iacet hic nil nisi putre solum.

K.

Alma Quies.

IC sub ilice naeniis
mater orba puellulae
dulce composuit caput:
quisquis es, sileas, levis
terra ne moveatur.

C. H. G.

Invocation of Death.

COME away, come away, death,
and in sad cypress let me be laid;
fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
my shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
oh prepare it;
my part of death, no one so true
did share it.
not a flower, not a flower sweet
on my black coffin let there be strown;
not a friend, not a friend greet
my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;
a thousand thousand sighs to save,
lay me, oh, where
sad true lovers never find my grave,
to weep there.

SHAKESPEARE.

St. Paul's Day.

IF St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
it doth forbode a fruitful year.

OLD SAW.

The Rainbow.

A RAINBOW at night is the shepherd's delight,
a rainbow at morning's the shepherd's warning.

OLD SAW.

Epitaph on an Infant.

ON life's wild ocean sorrowful and pained
how many voyagers their course perform!
this little bark a kinder fate obtained;
it reached the harbour ere it met the storm.

A.

Μόλε μοι Θάνατε.

Μόλε δὴ μόλε μοι, Θάνατ', εὐχομένῳ,
πλευρὰν δ' ἐχέτω κυπάρισσος ἐμήν·
ἀπὸ δῆτ' ἀπό μοι πνεῦμα ποτάσθω,
κτείνει γὰρ ἁβρὰ κτείνει με κόρη.
νῦν δὴ λευκὴν ἐσθῆτα νεκρῶν,
μελανόστικτον σμίλακι πᾶσαν,
σπεύσατ' ἐμὴν χάριν, ᾧ ξυναρέσθαι
τῶν πιστοτάτων οὐδ' εἷς ἄρ' ἔτλη
μοῖραν θανάτου.
μηδ' ἐπὶ πλεκτὴν χάριν ἀνθήρη
βαλέτω τις ἐμῇ λάρνακι λυγρᾷ·
μηδέ τις ὀστᾶ πρόβλητα φίλων
καὶ σῶμ' ἰδέτω δείλαιον ἐμόν.
μῆχος δ' ἀχέων μυριοπληθῶν,
ἀποκρύψαθ' ὅπου μή τις ἑταίρων
πλαγχθεὶς δυσέρως
τύμβον παρ' ἐμὸν γόον ἥσει.

J. R.

VIII Kal. Feb.

PAULO sacra dies si clara refulserit orbi,
frugibus optatis fertilis annus erit.

S. A.

Iris.

VESPERE si lucet, cordist pastoribus Iris;
matutina eadem quid nisi feta minis?

R. K. S. S.

Parta Quies.

PONDERE curarum nimioque oppressa dolore
triste secat vitae plurima cymba fretum;
haec ratis in portum fato meliore cucurrit
ante procellosis quam foret icta Notis.

K.

The Queen of Night.

NOW came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
had in her sober livery all things clad.
silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
they to their grassy couch, these to their nests
were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
she all night long her amorous descant sung:
silence was pleased. now glowed the firmament
with living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
the starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
rising in clouded majesty, at length
apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
and o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

MILTON.

The World.

THIS a very good world that we live in
to lend or to spend or to give in;
but to beg or to borrow or get at one's own
'tis the very worst world that ever was known.

OLD SAW.

The Screech-Owl.

WHEN o'er the chimney top the screech-owls cry,
death to the fated dwelling draweth nigh.

OLD SAW.

Sleep.

THOUGH Death's strong image in thy form we trace,
come, Sleep, and fold me in thy soft embrace;
come, genial Sleep, that sweetest blessing give,
to die thus living, and thus dead to live.

A.

Caelo fulgebat Luna sereno.

AMQUE propinquabat vesper taciturnus, et orbem
induerant fusca nocturna crepuscula palla:
alma Quies regnat; volucres et saecla ferarum
frondososque lares tutosque in gramine lectos
quaesierant: solas vigilans philomela per umbras
flet noctem, et teneros semper modulatur amores,
dum favet ipsa Quies. vivis iam consitus ardet
sapphiris polus; ante alios micat Hesperus ignes,
inter sidereas princeps equitare cohortes;
dum sero e mediis rumpens se nubibus ortu
regina incedens caeli clarissima Luna
largiter argentea convestit luce tenebras.

P. P.

Βίος.

Οὐκ ἄν τις εὕροι τοῦ γε νῦν κρείσσω βίον
χρῆσαί τ' ἀναλῶσαί τε καὶ δοῦναι θέλων.
αἰτεῖν δέ, χρῆσθαι, καὶ νόμῳ τῶν ὧν τυχεῖν,
τίς εὗρεν ἥδη τοῦ γε νῦν χείρω βίον;

F. E. G.

Ulula.

UM turbant ululae summos stridore caminos,
imminet infaustae mors properata domo.

S. A.

Ὕπνε θέλγητρον βιότου.

UC ades, et, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
molliter amplexu me preme, Somne, tuo.
a, precor, ut possim (quid enim felicius optem?)
vivere non vivens, et sine morte mori.

W. G. W.

Cornish Men.

ND shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
and shall Trelawny die?
then twenty thousand Cornish men
will know the reason why.

CORNISH SONG.

Lines from the German.

ET me wander where she walks
in the blessed calm of even;
let me listen when she talks;
Jove, I envy not thy heaven.
Love within my bosom's cell
hermit-like doth ever dwell:
Hope and Joy may leave my heart;
Love and I will never part.

A.

Nobody and Somebody.

ING a song of Nobody
straining to be Somebody,
came to shame and penury.
sing a song of somebody
seeming to be Nobody,
came to wealth and dignity.

S. A.

Hic Genus acre Virum.

Εἶτα τις οὐνομάτων πατρίων κλέος ἄμμι πατήσει,
καὶ θάνατος δαμάσει τὸν φίλον ἄμμιν ἔτην;
οὔ, πρὶν Κορναβικῶν ὃς μυρίοι ἄνδρες ἀπ' ἄντρων
γνῶσ', εἴτ' οὖν ἀδίκως εἴτε καλῶς τάδ' ἔχει.

J. R.

Amor Inquilinus.

SIT mihi per dominae vestigia saepe vagari,
cum latebras mulcet vespere sancta quies;
sit mihi mellitam dominae bibere aure loquellam;
invideam caeli non ego regna Iovi.
haeret Amor vivax habitatque in pectore nostro,
ceu pius in cari ianitor aede dei.
spes abeat nobis, abeat fugitiva Voluptas:
restat adhuc certo foedere iunctus Amor.

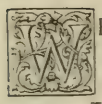
K.

Nemo hercule, Nemo.

Οἵτινες αὐχοῦσιν Τινὲς ἔμμεναι Οὔτινες ὄντες,
ὕστερον εἰς λώβην πάντας ἄγει Νέμεσις.
ἀλλ' ὅσσοι Τινὲς ὄντες ἑαυτοῖς Οὔτινές εἰσιν,
Αἰδὼς καὶ μεῖζον τοῖσδε δίδωσι κλέος.

C. F. H.

Cock Robin.



HO killed Cock Robin?
I, says the Sparrow,
with my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

GAMMER GURTON.

The Legion of Honour.

ANS les temps affreux d'autrefois
on mettait sans pitié les voleurs sur la croix:
grâce au changement de nos moeurs,
c'est la croix aujourd'hui qu'on met sur les voleurs.

A.

To Sir Luckless Wooall.

IR LUCKLESS, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
he that woos every widow will get none.

B. JONSON.

The World's Judgment.

ROM your home and your wife every evening you fly;
yet, 'Oh he's a respectable man,' people cry:
and you gamble and swear and drink hard every day;
yet, 'Oh he's a respectable man,' neighbours say:
and your sons quite as loose as their father are grown;
yet, 'Oh he's a respectable man,' says the town.
if the morals of men by such measure you scan,
please to tell us who's *not* a respectable man?

S. A.

O factum male, o miselle Passer.

Τίς ἄρρεν' ἐρυθρόστερνον ἦν ἄρ' ὁ κτείνας;
Αὐτὸς φίλοις τόξοισιν, ἦ δ' ὃς ὁ στρουθός,
τὸν ἄρρεν' ἐρυθρόστερνον αὐτὸς ἔκτεινα.

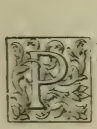
R. S.

Crux.

UR datus ante cruci: successit mitior aetas:
dant potius furi tempora nostra crucem.

K.

Πάντα καὶ οὐδέν.

 RAETEREAS unam, Luci, lucrabere: cuivis
qui procus est viduae nubere nulla solet.

R. S.

Vir bonus est quis?

AEPE decem noctes thalamum sponsamque relinquis,
nec piget interea, Pontice; vir bonus es:
alea tum cordi est, Bacchique rubentia pocla;
ebrius es semper, Pontice; vir gravis es:
et subolem sensim vitia ad maiora pusillam
instruis exemplo, Pontice; vir pius es.
tot scelerum facies his cum vicinia laudet
nominibus, dic, quis, Pontice, vir malus est?

C. W. B.

The Wise Nurse.

WHILES through the world she walkèd in this sort,
upon a day she found this gentle childe
among his peres playing his childish sport;
whom seeing fit and with no crime defilde,
she did allure with gifts and speeches milde
to wend with her: so thence him farre she brought
into a cave from companie exilde,
in which she noursled him till yeares he raught;
and all the discipline of justice there him taught.
There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
in equall ballance with due recompence,
and equitie to measure out along
according to the line of conscience,
whenso it needs with rigour to dispence:
of all the which, for want there of mankind,
she causèd him to make experience
upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
with wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

SPENSER.

Das Wesen des Epigramms.

Bald iſt das Epigramm ein Pfeil,
trifft mit der Spitze;
iſt bald ein Schwert,
trifft mit der Schärfe;
iſt manchmal auch—die Griechen liebten's ſo—
ein klein Gemäld, ein Strahl, geſandt
zum Brennen nicht, nur zum Erleuchten.

KLOPSTOCK.

Genius and Goodness.

GENIUS from Goodness severed seems to me
a shrine bereft of all its sanctity.

From KLOPSTOCK.

'Αγαθὴ Κουροτρόφος.

Ἡ δ' οὖν τοιοῦτον ἐν βροτοῖς κυκλοῦσ' ἴχνος
τὸν παῖδ' ἐκεῖνον ἐν χοροῖς ὁμηλίκων
παίζοντα προσβλέπει ποτ', ἤπιον βρέφος.
ὃν δὴ ποθεινὸν καὶ κακῶν ἀναίτιον
ἔπεισε δώρων καὶ λόγων μειλίγμασιν
ἐλθεῖν ξὺν αὐτῇ τῆς ὁδοῦ ξυμπράκτορα.
τοὐνθένδε πάσης ἐκποδὼν ὁμιλίας
ἄγουσα τηλοῦρόν νιν εἰς ἄντρου μυχὸν
εἶτ' ἐξέθρεψεν εἰς τελέσφορον βίον
Δίκης ἄπειρον οὐδ' ἑνὸς κελεύσματος.
κἀνταῦθ' ἔδειξεν ὡς ἰσόρροπον δέοι
κακῷ τε τἀγαθῷ τε τὸν πεπρωμένον
μισθὸν σταθμᾶσθαι, κἀναμετρεῖσθαι θέμιν
πεισθέντα κάνονι τῆς ξυνειδυίας φρενός,
τἀκριβὲς εἴ ποτ' ἐκπερᾶν χρείη νόμου.
τούτων δ' ἁπάντων, ὡς βροτῶν λελειμμένη,
παραδείγματ' ἐξεύρισκεν ἐν θηρῶν φύσει,
ζητοῦσ' ἀν' ὕλην εἴ τις εὐχερεῖ βίᾳ
γένος πιέζων τυγχάνοι τὸ σύντροφον.

T. M.

Epigramma quale sit.

NUNC Epigramma ferit figentis more sagittae,
nunc acie, gladii more secantis, agit:
nunc, ut apud Graecos, quo lumine picta tabella
vel iubar, irradiat nec tamen urit idem.

K.

Ingenium sine Moribus.

MORIBUS ingenium nudans scierasne, profane,
quid faceres? templi tu violator eras.

S. A.

All that's Bright must fade.

INCE brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
but sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
how with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
whose action is no stronger than a flower?
o how shall summer's honey breath hold out
against the wreckful siege of battering days,
when rocks impregnable are not so stout,
nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
o fearful meditation! where, alack,
shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
o, none, unless this miracle have might,
that in black ink my love may still shine bright.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Fiend.

SPOKE, when rising through the darkened air
appalled we saw a hideous Phantom glare;
high and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
and thwart our way with sullen aspect loured:
unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
erect uprose his hairs of withered red;
his haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
revenge and horror in his mien combined:
his clouded front by withering lightnings scared
the inward anguish of his soul declared:
his red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves
his voice resounded, while with visage wan,
his black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.

MICKLE.

Tempus edax rerum.

AES quoniam, lapides, terram, sine finibus aequor,
omnia lugubris vi Libitina domat,
quid? Venus has contra causam contenderit iras,
quae vix, quidquid agit, robora floris habet?
expugnatorum contra tormenta dierum
melleus aestatis pertolerabit odor,
cum tamen indomitae rupes aetate fatiscant
claustraque portarum ferrea tempus edat?
horresco meditans: ubi temporis optima gemma
temporis a loculis, ei mihi, sospes erit?
dextra citum quae tanta gradum reprehendere possit,
aut spoliaturo pulchra quis esse morae?
nemo, nisi haec miracla valent, ut clarus in atris
noster amor niteat perpetuusque notis.

H. A. J. M.

Damnatum Numen.

VIX ea fatus eram, pavidi cum torva tuentem
vidimus obscuras umbram se ferre per auras,
horribilem visu: tumidis super incubat undis
immani mole impendens, et fronte minaci
obvia se nobis ultro venientibus offert.
inficit exsanguis pallor faciemque genasque,
et stant arrecti scabra ferrugine crines:
horrida canities menti diffundere ventis
se dederat, terrorque iraeque ultricis imago
signabant vultum: frons nubila, fulmine torto
usta, docet quantum penitus sub corde laboret.
lumina liventes antris iaculantia flammas
emicuere cavis: late geminata per undas
vox resonat: pallet facies et labra tremiscunt
lurida, cum numen damnatum his vocibus infit.

J. C. M.

Enigma.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
pleasing most when most I speak;
the delight of old and young,
though I speak without a tongue.
nought but one thing can confound me,
many voices joining round me;
then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
like the labourers of Babel.
now I am a dog, or cow;
I can bark, or I can low;
I can bleat, or I can sing
like the warblers of the spring.
let the love-sick bard complain,
and I mourn the cruel pain;
let the happy swain rejoice,
and I join my helping voice;
both are welcome, grief or joy,
I with either sport and toy.
though a lady, I am stout,
drums and trumpets bring me out:
then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
join in all the din of battle.
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
when I'm vext, can't keep me under;
yet so tender is my ear,
that the lowest voice I fear.
much I dread the courtier's fate,
when his merit's out of date;
for I hate a silent breath,
and a whisper is my death.

SWIFT.

Γνῶθι νῦν τὰν Οἰδιπόδα σοφίαν.

NULLO non vigilem tempore me tibi
commendat facilis garrulitas ; neque
lingua quod careo me minus aestimant
facundam pueri et senes.
si plures sonitus auribus obstrepunt,
mentis compositae protinus immemor
in voces fatuas solvor, et ebria,
divo Thyias uti suo,
bacchor. per siluas nunc ululo canis,
nunc inter pecudes bucula mugio,
balantumque sonos et volucrum aemula
vernos ingemino modos.
crudelem Corydon si queritur Chloen,
maesti suscipio tristitiam proci ;
nec me, si iuveni lux sua faverit,
laetanti sociam abnegem ;
casus sollicitos scilicet et bonos
aeque in ludibrium vertere pertinax,
nec luctus hominum participare nec
cesso carpere gaudia.
in belli rabiem cornua quae mares
incendunt animos me quoque feminam
trudunt e latebris, ne sine me suus
pugnae deficiat fragor.
non, si terrificos dextra tonans Iovis
intendit strepitus, exsuperor minis ;
at vexat teneris auribus advolans
motu me Zephyrus levi.
quam finem emeruit regius assecla
longis officiis, hanc metuo mihi :
angit me tacitus spiritus exiens,
et, qui clam loquitur, necat.

W. G. H.

The Gudewife.

ND are ye sure the news is true?
and are ye sure he's weel?
is this a time to talk o' wark?
ye jads, lay by your wheel.
is this a time to talk o' wark,
when Colin's at the door?
gi'e me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
and see him come ashore.
for there's nae luck about the house,
there's nae luck ava',
there's little pleasure in the house,
when our gudeman's awa'.
sae true's his word, sae smooth his speech,
his breath like caller air,
his very fit has music in 't,
as he comes up the stair.
and will I see his face again?
and will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzie with the thought,
in troth I'm like to greet.

MICKLE.

To a Lady.

HE adorning thee with so much art
is but a barbarous skill;
'tis but the poisoning of the dart
too apt before to kill.

A.

On the — of —.

Y lord, they say, has wit—for what?
for writing? no, for writing not.

Old Epigram.

Unico gaudens Mulier marito.

Ἦ γὰρ ἴστε σῶν νιν ὄντα καὶ τόδ' ἀγγελθὲν σαφῶς,
δμωίδες; τί δ' οὐκ ἀφείθη κερκίς; οὐχ ἱστῶν ἀκμή·
πῶς ὅδ' ἦν ὁ καιρὸς ἔργων, εἴπερ ἐν πύλαις ἀνήρ;
εὗρό μοι τὸ φᾶρος οἷσετ', εἶμι δ' ἐς νεώριον,
ἔς τε γῆν ἐκβάντα πρώτη ἐξιώσομαι πόσιν.
οὐ γὰρ εὐτυχεῖ τὰ δώματ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκδημοῦντος, οὔκ·
ὄμμα γὰρ δόμων νομίζω δεσπότου παρουσίαν.
ἡδὺ μὲν ῥέουσαν αὐδὴν ἀσφαλὲς δ' ἔχει στόμα
καὶ τὸ πνεῦμ' αὐρῶν ἐλαφρῶν ὥσπερ, εὐστομοῦσι δὲ
καὶ πόδες στείχοντος αὐτοῦ δωμάτων πρόσαμβάσεις.
ἦ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως πρόσωπον αὖθις ὄψομαι φίλον,
ἧς δ' ἀκούσομαι λέγοντος; οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἱλιγγιῶ
τοιάδ' ἐννοοῦσα, καὶ δὴ κάκρυ' οὐ σχήσειν δοκῶ.

K.

Acuens sagittas cote cruenta.

1. QUOD arte tu tanta nites
exculta, barbare facis;
armas veneno lanceam
vel ante letalem nimis.
2. Barbaricumst tanta quod te decor excolit arte;
apta nimis stragi spicula felle linis.

K.

Tuta silentio merces.

HIRRO sapit, memorant: quod scripserit? absit ab illo
dedecus hoc: scribit quod nihil, Hirro sapit.

S. A.

Delia.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
awed by a thousand tender fears
I would approach, but dare not move:
tell me, my heart, if this be love.
Whene'er she speaks, my ravished ear
no other voice but hers can hear,
no other wit but hers approve;
tell me, my heart, if this be love.
If she some other youth commend,
though I was once his fondest friend,
his instant enemy I prove;
tell me, my heart, if this be love.
When she is absent, I no more
delight in all that pleased before,
the clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
tell me, my heart, if this be love.
When fond of power, of beauty vain,
her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
tell me, my heart, if this be love.

GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

Amor's Pfeil.

Amor's Pfeil hat Widerſpitzen;
wen er trifft der laß' ihn ſitzen,
und erduld' ein wenig Schmerz:
wer geprüften Rath verachtet
und ihn auszureißen trachtet,
der zerfleiſchet ganz ſein Herz.

BUERGER.

Num sit amor ?

DELIA siquando per campum occurrit eunti,
invadunt tenerum cor mihi mille metus :
affandi cupidus, non sum tamen ausus adire :
mens mea, quid causaest ? dic age num sit amor.
siquando loquitur, vox auribus unica nostris
illius auditur praetereaque nihil ;
illius eloquium cunctis praestare videtur :
mens mea, quid causaest ? dic age num sit amor.
si iuvenem laudat, fuerit carissimus ille,
sensus amicitiae iam mihi nullus inest ;
nec mora quin fiam iuveni taeterrimus hostis :
mens mea, quid causaest ? dic age num sit amor.
afuerit virgo, sordescunt omnia circum,
gaudia sunt nihili quae placuere prius ;
nec vitreum fontem nec frondea tecta reviso :
mens mea, quid causaest ? dic age num sit amor.
cum, nimis imperii sitiens et conscia formae,
retia captandis necteret apta procis,
commotusque animi cupiensque odisse, nequivi :
mens mea, quid causaest ? dic age num sit amor.

K.

Amoris Sagittae.

Ἰθὺ παλιγνάμπτοισιν Ἔρως καλάμοισιν ἰάπτει,
τλῆθί μιν, οὐ χαλεπὸν κέντρον ἔχει τὸ βέλος.
εἰ δὲ τόδ' ὑβρίζων πειρᾷς κατὰ κάρτος ἀποσπᾶν,
νήπιε, μὴ τὴν σὴν ἐξερύσῃς κραδίην.

H. J. H.

The Cycle of Existence.

OOK round our world; behold the chain of love
combining all below and all above:
see plastic Nature working to this end:
the single atoms to each other tend,
attract, attracted to, the next in place,
formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
see matter next, with various life endued,
press to one centre still, the general good:
see dying vegetables life sustain,
see life, dissolving, vegetate again:
all forms that perish other forms supply,
(by turns we catch the vital breath and die):
like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
they rise, they break, and to that sea return.
nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
one all-extending, all-preserving soul
connects each being, greatest with the least,
made beast in aid of man, and man of beast,
all-served, all-serving; nothing stands alone;
the chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

POPE.

Perjured Fidelity.

LOVED thee beautiful and kind,
and plighted an eternal vow:
so altered are thy face and mind,
'twere perjury to love thee now.

LORD NUGENT.

Moriendo vivitur.

ORBEM hunc terrarum circumspice; nexus amoris
continet omnia quae sunt infera quaeque superna.
contemplator uti vis daedala naturaï
hoc agat, huc adnitatur: primordia rerum
alterum ad alterius contactum singula tendunt;
proxima quaeque trahunt, ad proxima quaeque trahuntur:
usque adeo suadet vicinia conciliatum.
contemplator item variis ut praedita formis
materies eadem metam festinet ad unam,
utilitati operans communi. nonne videmus
augmina didere olus vitalia dilapsurum,
inque novos ex interitu revirescere fetus?
quot pereant formae, vim suppeditare novarum?
(scilicet excipimus vitalem ac tradimus auram):
hae ritu bullarum in gurgite materiaï
nare videntur et in pelagus dissolvier unde
subsiluere. nequest porro non utile quicquam;
scilicet ad summam spectat pars quaeque minuta:
omnia pertemptans mens una atque omnia servans
maxima cum minimis animalia singula nectit.
sunt homini pecudes, pecudumst homo natus in usum:
servit quodque genus, servitur cuique vicissim;
nec quicquam sibi solum alitur: procrescit eundo
continuata catena sine ullo limite rerum.

T. S. E.

Periura Fides.

FLAMMA mihi quondam tu, pulchra et blanda, fuisti,
et fore iuravi te sine fine meam.
nunc alia est facies et mens tibi; perfidus essem,
periurus, si tu nunc mea flamma fores.

K.

Inscription for a Grotto.

O me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actaea, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
this cave belongs. the fig tree and the vine,
which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
were placed by Glycon. he with cowslips pale,
primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
before my threshold, and my shelving walls
with honeysuckle covered. here at noon,
lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber ; here my clustering fruits I tend ;
or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
each thing impure or noxious. enter in,
o stranger, undismayed. nor bat, nor toad
here lurks ; and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
these quiet mansions: chiefly, if thy name
wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

AKENSIDE.

Kepler.

ONE saw the heavens more near than Kepler, yet
he lived in destitution, died unfed:
men's minds alone he knew to benefit,
men's bodies therefore left him without bread.

K. *from* KAESTNER.

The Harmless Potion.

'LEPT you well?' 'very well.' 'my draught
did good?'
'it did no harm, for yonder it hath stood.'

A.

Latebrae amoenae.

Ἐμοῦ τόδ' ἄντρον ἐστίν, Ἀκταίας θεᾶς,
τῆς ποιμένων ᾠδαῖσι νάματος κόρης
τοῦ τῇδ' ἐπιρρέοντος ὠνομασμένης·
συκῆν δ' ἐκείνην κἄμπελον πρὸς εἰσόδῳ
πετρηρεφεῖ βρύουσαν ἐς πέδον κάτω
Γλύκων ἔθηκεν, ᾧ πεποίκιλται πέριξ
ῥόδοισι ναρκίσσοις τε πορφυραῖς θ' ἅμα
λυχνίσι πρὸς οὔδει τῷδε ποιηρὸν πέδον,
ἡδυπνόοις κάλυξιν· ἢ μεσημβρινὴ
πηγαῖσι κοιμηθεῖσα νάματος ποδῶν
πάροιθε καχλάζοντος ὑπνώσσειν θαμὰ
ἢ καλλίβοτρυν καρπὸν ἀμφέπειν φιλῶ·
πλέκω θ' ἅμ' ἀλλότ' ἐνδρόσων νέα στέφη
ἀπ' ἀνθέων ἑῷος, ἐκ δὲ τερμάτων
πάντ' ἐξελαύνω λύγρ' ἐμῶν κἄναγν' ὅσ' ᾖ·
ἀλλ' εἴσιθ', ὦ ξέν', ἄφοβος, ὡς φρύνη τόπῳ
λέληθεν ἐν τῷδ' οὔτις οὐδὲ νυκτερίς·
εἰ φρὴν δ' ἄμομφα σὴ φρονοῦσ' ὁμορρόθει,
χαίρων ἕκηλον δῶμ' ἂν εἰσέλθοις τόδε,
μάλιστα δ' εἰ σὺ Παλλάδος, σοφῆς θεᾶς,
κυρεῖς ὀπαδός, κἀμβρότου Μουσῶν χοροῦ.

G. H. J.

Kepleri Sors.

QUIS caelum propior Keplero vidit? at ille
vitam traxit inops interiitque fame.
profuerat certe, sed non nisi mentibus; ergo
corpora sunt illum passa carere cibo.

K.

Innoxia Pocla.

DORMISTINE? Probe. Meus ergo profuit haustus?
Haud nocuit: stat nunc quo stetit ante loco.

S. A.

Harley, Earl of Oxford.

BSENT or dead, still let a friend be dear:
a sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear:
recall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
who, careless now of interest, fame or fate,
perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
and sure, if aught below the seats divine
can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine,
a soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
above all pain, all passion and all pride,
the rage of power, the blast of public breath,
the lust of lucre and the dread of death.
in vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
the Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
when interest calls off all her sneaking train,
and all the obliged desert and all the vain,
she waits or to the scaffold or the cell,
when the last lingering friend has bid farewell.

POPE.

To a Lancashire Witch with a White Rose.

F this pale rose offend your sight,
it in your bosom wear;
'twill blush to find itself less white,
and turn Lancastrian there.

SOMERVILLE.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

ORTUUS est, an amicus abest? hic ametur et ille;
hic gemitum, lacrimam vindicat ille sibi:
fac referas noctes operosis lucibus actis,
proque tuo vivum vate loquatur opus.
ipse lucrum, famam, fatum nunc despicit, et vix
imperii forsan vult meminisse tui;
infima forsan habet quae summa vocamus, et illo
iudice ab hoc casu gloria tota venit.
et siquid superos caelestia limina subter
tangere, vis animi quam geris ista potest,
ista invicta manens, exercita rebus acerbis;
nec dolor hanc neque amor nec movet ullus honos;
non rabies regni, popularis anhelitus aurae,
turpe lucrum, mortis non domat ipse timor.
nequiquam deserta petis loca: pergit in umbram
Musa silescentem subsequiturque comes.
illius est suprema sequi vestigia fortis,
acta recognoscit, crimina laude beat;
voce coacta lucri cum sordida turba refugit,
donatique omnes et levis omnis abest,
stat prope carnificem, subit ipsum ad robur, ubi haerens
iam comes extremus dixerit ipse 'vale.'

H. A. J. M.

Partes linquere gestiens.

ANDENS si rosa displicet,
hanc pone in gremio, Pasiphae, tuo;
qua vinci nive dum pudet,
Lunae castra rubens ipsa petiverit.

K.

Noon.

NOW when the height of heaven bright Phoebus gains,
and level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains ;
when heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
and in the middle pathway basks the snake :
o lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
and with the beech a mutual shade combines ;
where flows the murmuring brook inviting dreams,
where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
whose rolling current, winding round and round,
with frequent fall makes all the wood resound.
upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
and e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

GAY.

King Stephen.

KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
his breeches cost him but a crown ;
he held them sixpence all too dear,
with that he called the tailor lown.
he was a wight of high renown,
and thou art but of low degree :
'tis pride that pulls the country down ;
and take thy auld cloak about thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

Meridies.

TEMPORE quo medium Phoebus tenet aureus axem
et radiis fervet rectis, cum terra dehiscit
arida, cum repetunt umbrosa vireta iuvenci
frigentesque lacus, medio cum calle quiescit
anguis et ad solem squamosa volumina solvit,
este duces, prohibete graves Hyperionis aestus,
condite me, silvae, latebris imoque recessu;
qua patulos tollit ramos procera per auras
quercus, et innexas communi foedere frondes
consociat fago: tranquillo murmure rivus
invitat somnos: corylus superimminet undis.
vorticibus turbata, vago circumflua cursu,
flumina iucundo strepitu nemus undique complent
desilientis aquae: muscoso in gramine fusus
sole leves medio somnos, ceu vespere, carpo.

J. C. M.

Στεφάνων Ἄωτος.

Στέφανός ποτ' ἦν ὁ πρόσθε
καλοκἀγαθὸς μόναρχος·
ὁ δὲ θυλάκων ὀφείλων
ὅλον ἀργύρου σταθμὸν,
ὀβολοῖσί θ' ἕξ ἔλαττον
ὑπολαμβάνων δύνασθαι,
κακόμητιν ὠνόμαζε
δολιόρραφόν τε ῥάπτην.
μεγαλώνυμος μὲν οὗτος,
σὺ δ' ἄτιμος ἔκ τ' ἀτίμων·
τὸ πόλισμα δὴ καθαιρεῖ
τρυφερῶν χλιδὴ πολιτῶν·
φέρε δ' οὖν, τρίβωνα πλευραῖς
ἐλεεινὸν ἀμφίβαλλε.

S.

The Mourning Bride.

A. USK ye then, busk, my bonnie bonnie bride,
busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
busk ye, and lue me on the banks o' Tweed,
and think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I busk a bonnie bonnie bride?
how can I busk a winsome marrow?
how lue him on the banks o' Tweed,
that slew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?
o Yarrow fields, may never rain
nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
for there was basely slain my luve,
my luve, as he'd not been a luver.
the boy put on his robes o' green,
his purple vest, 'twas my ain sewin';
ah wretched me! I little kenned
he was in these to meet his ruin.
much I rejoiced that waeful day,
I sang, my voice the woods returning;
but lang ere night the spear was flown,
that slew my luve and left me mourning.
yes, yes, prepare the bed of luve,
with bridal sheets my body cover,
unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
let in the expected husband luver.
but who the expected husband is?
his hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
ah me! what ghostly spectre's yon,
comes in his pale shroud bleeding after?
pale as he is, here lay him down,
o lay his cold head on my pillow;
take off, take off these bridal weeds,
and crown my careful head wi' willow.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?

A. UMERE munditias, mea formosissima nupta,
altera pars nostri, sumere tempus erat;
tempus erat Tevidae me flumina propter amare,
cumque suis valeat Girva, iubere, iugis.

B. Possum ego munditias pulcherrima sumere nupta?
possum ego dimidium me perhibere tui?
hunc ut amem Tevidae iam flumina propter, amato
per iuga qui Girvae funeris auctor erat?
imber agris, o Girva, tuis nascentia numquam
germina, non roris gutta liquore tegat;
nam meus est illic indigna morte peremptus,
ille meus, tamquam non tamen esset amans.
induitur prasino puer illita pallia fuco,
subter, opus, tunicast murice clara, meum:
me miseram! fieri quod vix ego posse putaram,
vestitu tamen hoc interiturus erat.
ut male sum laetata, die properante sinistra
ut cecini, numeris adsonuitque nemus!
sed nox multum aberat, puerumque volatilis hasta
straverat, et luctu mersa relinquor ego.
quid loquor? actutum genialem sternite lectum,
membra mihi stratum coniugiale tegat;
festinate fores thalami reserare, puellae,
expectatus adest, ingrediatur amans.
quis tamen est hic sponsus, hic expectatus amator?
fallor, an effusa dextera caede madet?
ei mihi! pone sequens quae pallida morte figura
sindone cum nivea sanguinolenta venit?
pallida sit quamvis, tamen hic deponite, vos o
ponite pulvino frigida colla meo.
at vestes auferte, mihi has auferte iugales,
sollicitumque salix ambiat apta caput.

A. Return, return, o mournful bride,
return, and dry thy useless sorrow;
thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
he lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

HAMILTON OF BANGOUR.

The Lizard and the Crocodile.

UNA lucertoletta
diceva al cocodrillo:
'o quanto mi diletta
di veder finalmente
un della mia famiglia
si grande e si potente!
ho fatto mille miglia
per venirvi a vedere:
sire, tra noi si serba
di voi memoria viva;
benchè fuggiam tra l'erba
e il sassoso sentiere,
in sen però non langue
l'onor del prisco sangue.'
l'anfibio rê dormiva
a questi complimenti:
pur sugli ultimi accenti
dal sonno si riscosse,
e addimandò chi fosse.
la parentela antica,
il cammin, la fatica,
quella gli torna a dire,
ed ei torna a dormire.

AURELIO BERTOLO.

The Waverer.

TOM, weak and wavering, ever in a fright
lest he do something wrong, does nothing right.

A.

A. Maesta, redi iam, nupta, redi, siccentur inanes
hae lacrimae quae nil utilitatis habent:
ille tuus tua nil suspiria curat amator,
inque iugis Girvae corpus inane iacet.

H. A. J. M.

Omnia magna loquens.

ACERTA sic est orsa crocodilo loqui:
'ut me peractis taediis multis iuvat
te tam potentem de parentela mea
grandemque suspectare! miliens ego,
ut te viderem, mille veni passuum.
in gente nostra (crede, nil vani loquor),
rex, usquequaque viva memoriast tui.
quamquam inter herbas perque rupium cava
reptamus, hauddum sub lacertae pectore
languescit illa vena prisci sanguinis.'
haec dum profatur blandule, somno gravis
undae solique dominus interim stupet.
tandem excitatus ultimo sono—'quis es?'
vix voce curta raucus advenam rogat.
haec de propinquitate vetere, de viae
laboribusque casibusque plurima
garrire rursus, rursus ille squamiger
sopore raptus raptor obdormiscere.

K.

Quid faciam, quid non?

NFIRMUS animi, fluctuans semper, timens
ne prava faciat Cotta nil probi facit.

Cadman's Epitaph on St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury.

ET this small monument record the name
of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
how by 'n attempt to fly from this high spire
across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
his fatal end. 'twas not for want of skill
or courage to peform the task he fell.
no, no; a faulty cord being drawn too tight
hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
which bade the body here below, good-night.

Feb. 2nd, 1739—Aged 28.

La Feuille errante.

E la tige detachée,
pauvre feuille dessechée,
où vas-tu ?'—'Je n'en sais rien ;
l'orage a frappée le chêne
qui seul était mon soutien.
de son inconstante haleine
le zephyr et l'aquilon
depuis ce jour me promène
de la forêt à la plaine,
de la montagne au vallon.
je vais où le vent me mène
sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer ;
je vais où va toute chose,
où va la feuille de rose
et la feuille de laurier.'

LAMARTINE.

Ἐπιτύμβιον Καδμᾶνος.

1. Καδμᾶνος ὄνομα σῆμα δηλούτω τόδε
καὶ τοῖς ἔπειτα φαινέτω βροτοῖς, ὅτι
σταλεὶς ἀπ᾽ ἄκρων τῶνδε σὺν πτηνῷ δρόμῳ,
περῶν Σαβρίνην, καιρίαν ἐκτήσατο
μοίρας τελευτήν· οὐ γὰρ ἀγνοίᾳ τινὶ
ἀνὴρ ὅδ᾽ ἔπεσεν οὐδ᾽ ἀνανδρίᾳ φρενῶν·
οὐ ταῦτα· λίαν δ᾽ ἐντόνως σχοῖνος ταθεὶς
ψυχὴν δι᾽ αὔρας εὐθέως ἀφῆκ᾽ ἄνω
τὸ σῶμα χαίρειν πόλλ᾽ ἐῶσαν ἐνθάδε.

2. Μνῆμα Καδμᾶνος προφαίνει τοῦτο τοῦ πάλαι κλέος,
καὶ τορῶς λέγει τοιαῦτα τῷ μεθυστέρῳ γένει,
ὡς θέλων περᾶν Σαβρίνην ἐν πτεροῖς δι᾽ αἰθέρα
τῶνδ᾽ ἀπὸ σκοπῶν τελευτὴν εὗρε τὴν πεπρωμένην.
οὐκ ἀπειρία νιν οὕτως, οὐκ ἀπώλεσεν κάκη·
αἴτιος γὰρ ἦν κάλως τις οὐ καλῶς πεπλεγμένος.
τοῦδ᾽ ὕφ᾽ ἡ ψυχὴ δι᾽ αἰθέρ᾽ ἔπτετ᾽ εἰς τὸν οὐρανόν,
κἀκέλευε πολλὰ χαίρειν σῶμ᾽ ἔνερθεν ἐν τάφῳ.

S.

Ludibrium ventis.

‘ARIDA quo de stirpe tua, coma lugubris, erras?’
‘nescio: quae tenuit me iacet ulmus humi.
e nemore in campos aquilo zephyrique tulerunt,
et modo me celsus mons, modo vallis habet.
nil ego questa feror, nil territa, quo vehit aër
omnia, cum lauri fronde comaque rosae.’

K.

Summer Heat.

IS raging noon; and vertical the sun
darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
o'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns: and all
from pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.
in vain the sight dejected to the ground
stoops for relief: thence hot-ascending steams
and keen reflection pain. deep to the root
of vegetation parched the cleaving fields
and slippery lawns an arid hue disclose,
blast fancy's bloom and wither e'en the soul.
echo no more returns the cheerful sound
of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
o'er him the humid hay with flowers perfumed:
and scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
thro' the dumb mead. distressful Nature pants:
the very streams look languid from afar:
or, thro' the unsheltered glade, impatient seem
to hurl into the covert of the grove.

THOMSON.

The Lost Songstress.

ERE there on earth another voice like thine.
another hand so blest with skill divine,
the much afflicted world some hope might have,
and harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

CONGREVE.

Fruitless Zeal.

ITH industry I spread your praise;
with equal you my censure blaze;
but faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
the world nor credits me nor you.

RELPH.

Medium Sol igneus orbem hauserat.

AM medii furit hora die: sol desuper ictus
deicit in capita, et magna vi fervidus ardet:
perque polum et terras oculis quodcumque patescit
luce natat: circum rutilis convexa polorum
flammis indiscreta iacent, taedetque tueri.
frustra acies lassata solo defigitur: angit
sulpureus vapor, et terrae radiantis imago.
quinetiam marcent tenerae ab radicibus herbae,
marcet ager: nigris sublucent fissa lacunis
gramina: quinetiam sensus pervadit ad imos,
torpor, et ipsius languet vis daedala mentis.
nec laeti obtunsam falcem exacuente colono
iam reboant colles: messor dat membra quieti
fenoque umenti et suavi tectus hyacintho.
vix nemora argutis resonant taciturna cicadis,
visaque anhelantist similis languescere tellus.
Cocyti in morem longe torpere putares,
flumina, seu patulos campi male passa calores
praecipitata rapi, silvaeque exquirere frigus.

A. W. P.

Dulces docta modos.

LTERA si qualis tua vox superesset in orbe,
altera sic chordas tangere docta manus,
spes foret Haemonios iterari posse triumphos,
ad superas cantu te revocante plagas.

K.

Oleum et operam perdimus.

OILE, par noster labor est; laudare libellos
ipse tuos studeo, tuque notare meos.
ponimus hanc operam pariter, sed perdimus ambo:
nec mea fecerunt nec tua verba fidem.

K.

The Testimony of the Skies.

HE spacious firmament on high
with all the blue ethereal sky,
and spangled heavens, a shining frame,
their great Original proclaim.
the unwearied sun from day to day
does his Creator's power display
and publishes to every land
the work of an almighty Hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
the moon takes up the wondrous tale,
and nightly to the listening earth
repeats the story of her birth;
whilst all the stars that round her burn,
and all the planets in their turn
confirm the tidings as they roll,
and spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
move round the dark terrestrial ball?
what though nor real voice nor sound
amid their radiant orbs be found?
in reason's ear they all rejoice
and utter forth a glorious voice,
for ever singing as they shine
'the Hand that made us is divine!'

ADDISON.

The Truth-haters.

OW many foes the truth oppose,
and scare my loathing sight,
an owlish brood, that dare intrude
upon the morning light!

From SCHILLER.

Nobody at Home.

OU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
knock as you may, there's nobody at home.

SWIFT.

Stellifer Aether.

ERIUS, quicumque supra patet, impetus ingens
omniaque aetheriae caerula templa plagae
et stellata domus radiataque machina caeli
artificis magni se profitentur opus.
quotque dies remeant, sol indefessus eundo
Auctoris vires monstrat ubique sui,
ut graditur cunctis terrarum nuntius oris,
declaratque manus omnipotentis Eri.
luna, simul densas iam colligit Hesperus umbras,
eximiam laudis suscipit ipsa vicem,
auritisque dehinc terris, sua quae sit origo,
enarrat, quotiens tempora noctis eunt.
cunctaque eam circa flammantia sidera passim
fixaque idem firmant, quaeque vagantur idem,
utque suos pergunt volventia currere gyros,
indicium verax audit uterque polus.
quid tamen haec muta si maiestate feruntur,
nigrantem terrae circumeuntque globum ?
si tacita impediunt radiantes orbibus orbes,
nec verae voces aut sonus ullus adest ?
omnia laetantur ratione interprete, et edunt
quos ea praeclaros audiat usque sonos;
utque micant, sine fine canunt, 'nos maxima fecit
dextera, divinae nos sumus artis opus.'

H. A. J. M.

Οἱ Μισαληθεῖς.

UOT Veri subeunt hostes, quot ab omnibus umbris
invadunt ululae, turba molesta, diem !

S. A.

Nemo domi.

UI cerebrum pulsas, venturaque grandia credis
eloquia, a tandem desine ; nemo domist.

K.

The Chase.

NOW my brave youths,
now give a loose to the clean generous steed,
flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur,
but in the madness of delight forget
your fears. far o'er the rocky hills we range,
and dangerous our course; but in the brave
true courage never fails. in vain the stream
in foaming eddies whirls: in vain the ditch,
wide gaping, threatens death. the craggy steep,
where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
and clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
but down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
to pounce his prey. then up the opponent hill,
by the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
so ships in winter seas now sliding sink
adown the steepy wave, then, tossed on high,
ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

What lengths we pass! where will the wandering chase
lead us bewildered? smooth as swallows skim
the new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
see my brave pack: now to the head they press,
jostling in close array, then more diffuse
obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
the vollied thunder breaks. so when the cranes
their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
from cloud to cloud rebounds.

SOMERVILLE.

The Elegiac Distich.

IN the Hexameter rises the fountain's undulous column,
in the Pentameter then falling melodious down.

From SCHILLER.

Spes arrectae iuvenum.

NUNC, o magnanimi iuvenes, effundite habenas,
subdite calcar equo, crepitans torquete flagellum:
venturi impavidos rapiat delira voluptas.
saxa per et colles et per loca saeva periclis
currimus: at fortes mens numquam deficit aequa.
frustra vorticibus spumans exaestuat amnis;
sub pedibus frustra pandunt Acheronta lacunae.
difficiles scopulos, ubi pastor lubricus errat
vaccillans omnique moras in vimine nectit,
nos super hos impune volamus: iamque deorsum
praecipitamur, ut in praedam Iovis incidit ales;
iamque per adversum collem iactamur eundo
aerii: pedibus celer impetus addidit alas.
qualis ubi hiberno in pelago nunc prona carina
decurrit latera undarum, nunc emicat alte
insultatque vadis equitans ridetque procellam.
quo ferimur? quo nos rapiens venaticus error
decipit? ut gramen detonsum radit hirundo,
sic levi cursu nos mollia verrimus arva,
sed citiore fuga. ruit undique fida canum vis;
iamque catervatim ad primum concurritur agmen,
tum sese explicuit legio, fusisque per agros
itur in obliquos orbes; fit murmur; euntes
ore tonant patulo. quales ubi in aethere cursum
sollemnem fecere grues, petulantibus alis
diversae variant speciem; clangore volantum
nubes insonuere repercussaeque reclamant.

T. S. E.

Elegia.

HEXAMETER fontem liquidum summittit in auras;
Pentameter lapsu molle canente refert.

S. A.

My Native Stream.

PURE stream, in whose transparent wave
my youthful limbs I wont to lave,
no torrents stain thy limpid source,
no rocks impede thy dimpling course:
devolving from thy parent lake,
a charming maze thy waters make
by bowers of birch and groves of pine,
and hedges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
may numerous herds and flocks be seen,
and lasses chanting o'er the pail,
and shepherds piping in the dale,
and ancient faith that knows no guile,
and industry embrowned with toil,
and hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
the blessings they enjoy to guard.

SMOLLETT.

To a Covetous Hero.

THY narrow or aspiring thoughts lay by;
can one so humbly creep, and soar so high?
brave is the warrior's arm, his sword is bold:
but, like thy falchion, do not grasp thy gold:
act not the hero's and the coward's part,
abroad all soul, at home without a heart.

A.

Star of the Morn and Eve.

THOU wast the Morning-star among the living,
ere thy fair light had fled;
now having died thou art as Hesperus, giving
new splendour to the dead.

SHELLEY, *from* PLATO.

Purior electro campum petit Amnis.

IVULE, quo memini puerum me saepe lavari,
purior electro splendidiorque vitro,
tu sine montanis torrentibus et sine saxis
curris inoffensas lubrica lympha vias ;
te primos latices de matre palude trahentem
dulcibus illecebris daedalus error agit
aut ubi betullae frondet nemus, aut ubi pinus,
saeptave pensilibus luxuriosa rosis.
sic semper tibi riparum per amoena vireta
mille boves passim, mille vagentur oves ;
et tibi non desint nymphae ad mulctrale canentes,
laetaque pastorum vallis harundinibus :
et te prisca fides et nescia fallere virtus
et labor assiduo sole perustus amet,
cordaque conuirata virum dextraeque paratae
custodire, quibus iure fruuntur, opes.

T. S. E.

Nil fuit umquam sic impar sibi.

EL tenuem vel magnum animum dimitte : quid idem
vermis uti reptas, et tamen astra petis ?
dextera bellantem captat tua fortiter ensem :
cur turpes eadem dextera captat opes ?
qui leo nuper eras, cur nunc es perfuga vulpis,
incluta militiae mens, sine corde domi ?

K.

Aã Amicum mortuum.

PLENDEBAS supero sub fornice nuper Eous ;
nunc idem splendes Hesperus in tenebris.

H. J.

The Progress of Poesy.

WAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,
and give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
from Helicon's harmonious springs
a thousand rills their mazy progress take:
the laughing flowers that round them blow
drink life and fragrance as they flow.
now the rich stream of music winds along
deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
now rolling down the steep amain,
headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
the rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
enchanting Shell, the sullen Cares
and frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
on Thracia's hills the Lord of war
has curbed the fury of his car,
and dropped his thirsty lance at thy command:
perching on the sceptred hand
of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
with ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
the terrors of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
tempered to thy warbled lay.
o'er Idalia's velvet green
the rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
on Cytherea's day,

Χρυσέα φόρμιγξ.

EPELLE somnum et dic age fervidis
dic laeta chordis Aeolium melos,
divina Testudo : canora
mille fluunt Heliconis arce
vocalium cum mumure fontium
rivi meantes, quos sitientium
floresque pratorum et feraci
vallis amat decorata risu.
nunc lympha, multo devia tramite,
levi fluento non sine viribus
lambit virescentes recessus
et Cereris geniale regnum :
nunc latiori prona licentia
secum labantum culmina rupium
devolvit avulsosque truncos
et virides Heliconis umbras.
salve libentum blanda cupidinum
regina, victi pectoris arbitra :
te Luctus exauditque Cura,
te placidis inimica ludis
Vindicta lenem fassa potentiam :
audit cruento dirus ab Ismaro
Gradivus, infrenatque currus
et rabiem sitientis hastae :
audit corusco de solio Iovis
bellator ales ; mox piceus sopor
compescit alarum fragorem et
fulmineos oculi minacis
condit furores. te sequitur Chorus,
utcumque molli in gramine coetibus
bacchata per noctem protervis
Idalias Cytherea nymphas

with antic Sports and blue-eyed Pleasures,
frisking light in frolic measures;
now pursuing, now retreating,
now in circling troops they meet;
to brisk notes in cadence beating
glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
with arms sublime, that float upon the air,
in gliding state she wins her easy way:
o'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
the bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

GRAY.

The Sleep of the Brave.

OW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
by all their country's wishes blest?
when Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
returns to deck their hallowed mould,
she there shall dress a sweeter sod
than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
by forms unseen their dirge is sung;
there Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
to bless the turf that wraps their clay;
and Freedom shall awhile repair,
to dwell a weeping hermit there.

COLLINS.

iunctas gemellis ducit Amoribus:
praesens Voluptas et roseus Pudor
et laeta Ludorum caterva,
virgineae comites choreae,
nunc involuto non semel ordine
terram trementi concutiunt pede;
nunc quaeque certatim volanti
quamque fugit sequiturque planta.
sed Musa molles solvitur in modos:
en ipsa nexis non sine Gratiis
regina procedit: decentes
ad numerum fluitant lacerti
sublime in auras: en facili viam
spectanda lapsu corripit; en labri
pellacis undantisque colli
purpureos Amor auget ignes.

E. H. C.

Κείμεθα τοῖς πατρίοις ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

ORTES qualis habet sopor,
compostos requie quos prece patria et
votis prosequitur bonis?
ver quando gelida roriferum manu
heroum rediens sacros
ornabit tumulos, floribus induet
primis quale beatius
planta Musa vaga non tetigit solum.
illos, funereum decus,
divina celebrat pulsa manu chelys;
illis aerii chori
decantata sonat naenia vocibus:
illic pullus adest Honor
exstructum venerans advena caespitem;
Libertasque piis humum
sacrabit lacrimis, flebilis incola.

K.

The Country Churchyard.

(Gray's *Elegy.*)

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
the ploughman homeward plods his weary way
and leaves the world to darkness and to me.
now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
and all the air a solemn stillness holds,
save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
or drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
the moping owl does to the moon complain
of such as wandering near her secret bower
molest her ancient solitary reign.
beneath those rugged elms, that yewtree's shade,
where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
each in his narrow cell for ever laid
the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
the cock's shrill clarion, and the echoing horn,
no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
for them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
or busy housewife ply her evening care,
no children run to lisp their sire's return,
nor climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
how jocund did they drive their team afield !
how bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
let not ambition mock their useful toil,
their homely joys and destiny obscure,

Νεκρόδεγμον Ἕρκος.

(Ecloga Graiana.)

OCCIDUAM maeret lucem sollemnis ab aede
clangor; iter mugit flectens grex segne per herbam:
iamque domum reptans it arator fessus, ut errem
solus ego in tenebris. fallunt sublustria circum
rura oculos, penitusque omnes premat aetheris auras
sancta quies, ni tu tractim, scarabaee, susurrans
orbibus aeriis volites, et ovilia longe
tinnitu subigat pigro sopor, aut, ubi turrim
palla nigrans hederae tegit, insociabilis intus
ad lunam increpitet bubo, si forte recessus
arcanos adiens cursu palante viator
abdita longaevi temeret penetralia regni.
at procul hinc, rigidis ulmis taxoque sub atra,
putris ubi multo distenditur aggere caespes,
longus, in exiguo depostum quemque sepulcro,
somnus habet proavos, agrestia saecula, pagi.
illos non humili potis est excire cubili
nuntius Aurorae Zephyrus spirantis odores,
non quae stramineo sub culmine garrit hirundo,
non alacris galli canor et quae clara resultant
cornua valle cava. non illis igne caminus
amplius ardebit, non sedula vespere coniunx
instaurabit opus; non nuntia, patre reverso,
balba domum curret suboles genibusque reposcet
oscula certatim escensis. at plurima falci
cesserat illorum seges, invitamque domabant
saepe suis glaebam sulcis: ut in arva iugalis
elatis egere animis, quantosque per ictus
subiecere sibi prostratae robora silvae!
nec tibi, quem magnis invitat Gloria rebus,
illa sit utilium series spernenda laborum,
deliciaeque casarum humiles obscuraque fata;

nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
the short and simple annals of the poor.
the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
and all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
awaits alike the inevitable hour:
the paths of glory lead but to the grave.
nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
if memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
can storied urn or animated bust
back to their mansion call the fleeting breath?
can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?
perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
but knowledge to their eyes her ample page
rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:
chill penury repressed their noble rage,
and froze the genial current of the soul.
full many a gem of purest ray serene
the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.
some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
the little tyrant of his fields withstood,
some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
the applause of listening senates to command,
the threats of pain and ruin to despise,
to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
and read their history in a nation's eyes
their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
and shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

nec qui dives opum gemma bibit, incubat ostro,
audiat inridens exilia pauperis acta
annalesque breves. nam siquid stemmata pulchri
siquid nummus habet vel forma vel alta potestas,
omne manet pariter non exorabilis horae
eventus, famaeque subest in fine sepulcrum.
nec tamen his vitio vertant inpune superbi,
si memor induerit nullis amor ossa tropaeis,
qua tenor alarum longus caelataque tecta
multiplicant dias retonantia carmina laudes.
inscriptane fugax revocetur spiritus urna
aut simili vitae statua? cineremne cierit
postera laus mutum, aut blandi pellacia versus
indocilem Leti frigentis mulserit aurem?
forsitan hic teneat neglecto gramine tellus
pectora divinis olim praegnantia flammis,
quaeque manus regni poterant attollere fasces
aut anima instinctae plusquam mortalia chordis
inspirare lyrae. sed numquam evolverat illis
ditatos aevi spoliis Sapientia libros;
frigida Paupertas geniales obruit aestus
et glacie flumen frenavit nobile mentis.
haut aliter radio purissima gemma sereno
plurima sub nigris fundoque carentibus antris
nascitur oceani; sic flos persaepe fefellit
suave rubens, vacuisque auris effudit odorem.
forsitan hic Brutus requiescat, gloria pagi
exiguoque audax agrorum obstare tyranno,
clauserit hic aliquis mutos ignobilis annos
Flaccus, et haud patrio pollutus sanguine Caesar.
attamen intentos plausum excivisse senatus,
fortunae sprevisse minas stimulosque doloris,
per laetas urbes Cererem sparsisse, suaeque
in populi vultu vitae legisse tenorem,
talia sors illis renuit sua, nec modo magnas
crescere virtutes vetuit, sed crescere culpas,
regia ne peterent per strages sceptra cruentas,
neu generi humano pietatis iura negarent:

the struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide
to quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
with incense kindled at the muse's flame.
far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
their sober wishes never learned to stray:
along the cool sequestered vale of life
they kept the noiseless tenour of their way.
yet even these bones from insult to protect
some frail memorial still erected nigh,
with uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked.
implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
their name, their years spelt by the unlettered muse
the place of fame and elegy supply,
and many a holy text around she strews,
that teach the rustic moralist to die.
for who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
this pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
nor cast one longing lingering look behind?
on some fond breast the parting soul relies,
some pious drops the closing eye requires;
even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
even in our ashes live their wonted fires.
for thee, who mindful of the unhonoured dead
dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
if chance, by lonely contemplation led,
some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,
haply some hoary-headed swain may say
'oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
brushing with hasty steps the dews away
to meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
there on the foot of yonder nodding beech,
that wreaths its old fantastic roots on high,
his listless length at noontide would he stretch
and pore upon the brook that babbles by.
hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
muttering his wayward fancies would he rove;

nec celare metus dedit et suspiria veri
conscia et ingenuum facie ignescente pudorem,
musaeis neque tura focis accendere, quae mox
Luxuriae possent aras adolere superbae.
sobria vota isdem, non errabunda fuerunt,
nota nec insani lis illa ingloria vulgi:
quod secura quies, ut callem in valle reducta,
celat iter vitae, tacito pede leniter ibant.
haec etiam a noxa turpi quae protegat ossa,
sit fragilis quamquam, tamen illic saxea moles
versibus incomptis rudibusque insculpta figuris
impendas gemitum sibi praetereasque precatur.
Musa, sepultorum quae nomina dicit et annos,
rustica nil famae supplendum voce reliquit,
nil elegis: et multa sacri proverbia libri
adstruit, ut monitus discat pius incola ruris
sana mente mori. cui muta oblivia cordi
tantum, ut sollicitae iam iam dulcedine vitae
cessurus, calidi fugiens loca laeta diei,
non desiderio tangatur et ista moranti
lumine respiciat? cordi confidit amico
expirans anima, et lacrimarum dona piarum
marcentes orant oculi: natura sepulcro
vocem aliquam emittit; restat sua flamma favillae.
de te, qui recolis sine nomine mortua saecla,
arte carens vates, siquis perpendere multa
more tuo secum solitus tua fata requirat,
fors aliquis cani capitis testetur agrestis:
'saepius ad reditum lucis conspeximus illum
praefestinanti gressu dispergere rores
colle super viridi properantem occurrere Phoebo:
quo remeans, fagi nutantis tegmine subter
illius, antiquis quae sic radicibus errat
mire intertextis alteque extantibus herba,
membra die medio prosternere lenta solebat
atque inhiare citae quae garrula praefluit undae.
saepe etiam quam cernis ibi ad confinia silvae
nunc, velut inridens mundo, vaga somnia mussans,

now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
one morn I missed him on the customed hill,
along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
another came; nor yet beside the rill,
nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
the next with dirges due in sad array
slow thro' the churchway path we saw him borne.
approach and read, for thou canst read, the lay
graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn':

Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
a youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
and Melancholy marked him for her own.
large was his bounty and his soul sincere:
heaven did a recompense as largely send:
he gave to misery all he had, a tear;
he gained from heaven, 'twas all he wished, a friend.
no farther seek his merits to disclose
or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(there they alike in trembling hope repose)
the bosom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

Meine Antipathie.

LOVE not vice; but more I hate
the prosers that of virtue prate.'
'hate virtuous people!' 'no, not I:
my wish is, on the contrary,
that all would walk in virtue's ways,
and cease to talk in virtue's praise.'

K. *from* SCHILLER.

nunc miser errabat deiecto pallidus ore,
ut qui vel sociis orbus vel pondere curae
mentis inops vel iniquo exspes maereret amore.
quondam mane novo non illum in gramine campi
colle nec in solito propriave sub arbore vidi:
altera lux venit: non ille ad flumina nota,
non dorso nemoris, non summi in caespite clivi:
tertia successit: tunc eheu vidimus illum
elatum tarde sacrati ad limina templi,
triste ministerium, nec derat naenia pompae.
huc ades et, quoniam promptum tibi, perlege carmen
incusum lapidi posito sub vepre vetusto':

Epicedium.

Cui non ulla fuit nec res nec gloria vivo,
hic iuvenem gremio tellus fovet. hunc neque vidit
candida non placide plebeia stirpe creatum
Pieris, et proprium legit sibi Cura sodalem.
largus erat dandi, sincera mente, Deusque
donavit larga pariter mercede merentem:
ipse dabat miseris lacrimam, nil maius habebat,
dante Deo nanctus, nec plura optavit. amicum.
ne tamen ulterius virtutes quaere iacentis
exprimere, aut latebra vitia extraxisse verenda:
unus enim, quod spe tremula fateantur. apud se
haec habet omnipotens, idem Pater et Deus idem.

K.

Fides.

QUOD tot abest animis mihi displicet, at magis illud
quod tot inest linguis, trita loquella, Fides.—
'displicet anne Fides?' credatur ab omnibus opto,
deque Fide mundus desinat esse loquax.

K.

Thomson a Scot.

HILE virgin spring by Eden's flood
unfolds her tender mantle green,
or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
or tunes Aeolian strains between:
while summer with a matron grace
retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
yet oft delighted stops to trace
the progress of the spiky blade:
while autumn, benefactor kind,
by Tweed erects his aged head,
and sees with self-approving mind
each creature on his bounty fed:
while maniac winter rages o'er
the hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:
so long, sweet poet of the year,
shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won,
while Scotia with exulting tear
proclaims that Thomson is her son.

BURNS.

Contentment.

CARE not, Fortune, what you me deny:
you cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
you cannot shut the windows of the sky
through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
you cannot bar my constant feet to trace
the woods and lawns by living stream at eve.
let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
and I their toys to the great children leave;
of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

THOMSON.

Poeta Scoticus.

VIRGINEUS dum veris honor viridantis amictûs
pandet ad Edeni flumina molle decus,
aut festivus humum variabit, et aelinon auris
interdum Aeoliis emodulatus erit:
dumque aestas, matrona decens, captanda sub umbris
frigora deveniet, Durioburge, tuis,
saepe tamen laetans sistet, segetisque notabit
herba teres quantas polliceatur opes:
dum bona diffundens autumnus munera surget
grandaevo Tevidae vertice propter aquas,
atque hilari cum corde animalia cuncta videbit,
copia quam dederit, pascat ut omne genus:
donec hiemps vaesana iugis bacchabitur illis,
unde Heliconiasin cognita Girva fluit,
nunc acuens lutei torrentis murmura, verrens
stragem indigestae mox furibunda nivis:
perpetuo, vates anni numerose, virebunt
quae bene promeritus laurea serta geris,
Scotiaque intererit lacrimaque insignis ovanti
edicet subolem Tityron esse suam.

H. A. J. M.

Flumina amem silvasque.

NIL me sollicitat quid tu, Fortuna, recuses,
dum mihi ne valeas Naturae avertere dona
munificae, caelique amplas occludere valvas,
quas Aurora aperit, roseo spectabilis ore:
neu possis retinere pedes quin vespere lustrem
saltusque siluasque ad vivi fluminis undam.
si modo dia Salus dignetur robore nervos
et tenues firmare fibras, sua gaudia nugax
per me turba colat procerum; mihi Musa supersit,
et Ratio et Virtus: his nil me dotibus orbat.

K.

The Neck of Venison.

WHILE thus I debated, in reverie centered,
an acquaintance—a friend, as he called himself—
entered;
an underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
and he smiled as he looked at the venison and me.
'What have we got here? why, this is good eating!
your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?'
'Why, whose should it be?' cried I, with a flounce:
'I get these things often'—but that was a bounce:
'some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation.
are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'
'If that be the case then,' cried he, very gay,
'I'm glad to have taken this house in my way.
to-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
no words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
we'll have Johnson and Burke—all the wits will be there;
my acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
and, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
we wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
what say you—a pasty? it shall and it must,
and my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.—
here, porter, this venison with me to Mile End;—
no stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!'
thus, snatching his hat, he brushed off like the wind,
and the porter and eatables followed behind.

GOLDSMITH.

The universal Glutton.

EVER eating, never cloying,
all devouring, all destroying,
never finding full repast,
till I eat the world at last.

SWIFT.

Inter Opes inops.

STABAM ego sic curas meditans, et totus in illis,
cum quidam incurrit notus mihi nomine tantum,
ipse meis quamvis cuperet se adscribere amicis,
ingenium servile, rotundo putidus ore:
et leviter ridens, ut me spectatque ferinam,
incipit: 'hem, quid habes? euge, haec lautissima cenast:
anne tuum hoc an nunc dominos exspectat opimos?'
'quid rogitas?' clamo, et 'fert nobis unus et alter
talia dona dies,' Parthis mendacior addo:
'principibus placuisse viris mihi contigit: est qui
nos amat: at iactare odiosumst.' irruit ille:
'fortunatus ego, has cui iam devertere ad aedes
contigerit: tu cras mecum cenaveris: hora
nona erit: edixi: ne pugna fortis; habebis
Virgilium Variumque: utinam mihi notior esset
Maecenas: aderit flos ac facundia Romae.
iamque, ita sim sospes, menti subit, hic mihi cervus,
hic erat in votis, cenae caput ut foret illi.
quid fieri censes? crustumne? Catullula nostra
conficit haec nemo ut melius: decrevimus ergo:
ocius hanc pueri (tu ut sis tranquillior oro,
numquam hodie effugies) medias auferte Carinas.
tuque vale mea cura; vale dulcissime rerum.'
sic ait arreptoque elabitur ocior auris
pileolo, puerique exportant pone ferinam.

C. W.

Tempus edax rerum.

SEMPER edens satior numquam, dum cuncta vorantur,
cuncta mea pereunt depopulata fame:
omnivoro ventri nil sufficit: ultima mensa,
expleat ingluviem quae mihi, mundus erit.

K.

Highland Mary.

E banks and braes and streams around
the castle o' Montgomery,
green be your woods and fair your flowers,
your waters never drumlie ;
there simmer first unfauld her robes
and there the langest tarry ;
for there I took the last fareweel
o' my sweet Highland Mary.
How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
as underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom !
the golden hours on angel wings
flew o'er me and my dearie ;
for dear to me as light and life
was my sweet Highland Mary.
Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
our parting was fu' tender,
and pledging aft to meet again
we tore oursels asunder.
but oh fell death's untimely frost,
that nipt my flower sae early !
now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
that wraps my Highland Mary.
O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly,
and closed for aye the sparkling glance
that dwelt on me sae kindly,
and mouldering now in silent dust
that heart that lo'ed me dearly :
but still within my bosom's core
shall live my Highland Mary.

BURNS.

De patriis dicta Puella iugis.

OS, iuga, vos clivi, vos qui praetexitis, amnes,
Gomerii vestra moenia montis aqua,
sint virides silvae, pulcherrima copia florum,
et turpi numquam turbida lympha luto:
primum ibi purpureos aestas dispandat amictus,
atque ibi se teneat permaneatque diu;
mecum ibi namque fuit vovitque novissima vota
dulcis de patriis dicta puella iugis.
suaviter ut viridi risit betulla nitore,
floribus ut rubuit spinus amicta meris,
cum recubans illic sub odorae tegmine silvae
pressabam gremio pectora fusa meo!
hora alia ex alia caelestibus aurea pinnis
praeteriit volucri meque meamque fuga;
namque meast; ut amantur enim lux vitaque, amatast
dulcis de patriis dicta puella iugis.
tum data saepe fides, amplexibus haesimus artis,
digressus tenero mollis amore fuit;
multaque post promissa tamen divellimur aegre,
iurati, dextris in reditumque datis.
omnia nequiquam! mors frigore venit acerbo,
admorsus cecidit flos meus ante diem.
nunc gelidum terrae viridi sub caespite tegmen
gestat de patriis dicta puella iugis.
tincta rosa quondam, nunc pallida morte labella
sunt, quotiens labris tacta labella meis!
quique mihi obtutu prius adridebat amico,
fulgor ocellorum non recreandus hebet;
illud et in tacito tabescere pulvere pergit
plenum in me tanti quod cor amoris erat.
vivit adhuc vivetque tamen praecordia subter
intima de patriis dicta puella iugis.

H. A. J. M.

Thomson's Grave.

N yonder grave a Druid lies,
where slowly winds the stealing wave:
the year's best sweets shall duteous rise
to deck its poet's sylvan grave.
in yon deep bed of whispering reeds
his airy harp shall now be laid,
that he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
may love through life the soothing shade.
remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
when Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
and oft suspend the dashing oar
to bid his gentle spirit rest;
and oft, as Ease and Health retire
to breezy lawn or forest deep,
the friend shall view yon whitening spire,
and mid the varied landscape weep.
but thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
no sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
now waft me from the green hill's side,
whose cold turf hides the buried friend.
and see, the fairy valleys fade,
dun night has veiled the solemn view;
yet once again, dear parted shade,
meek Nature's child, again adieu!
long, long thy stone and pointed clay
shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
'o vales and wild woods,' shall he say,
'in yonder grave your Druid lies.'

COLLINS.

Freundschaft.

Alten Freund für neuen wandeln
heißt für Früchte Blumen handeln.

From GRYPHIUS.

Druidae Sepulcrum.

HIC corpus Druidae iacet sepultum
qua tardo sinuatur unda flexu ;
lautas annus opes pie reducens
ornabit proprii cubile vatis.
crebros inter harundinum susurros
nunc pendens cithara adsonabit aurae,
ut, siquem laceret dolor, placentis
umbrae vivus amet serenitatem.
saepe hanc Mnemosyne reviset oram,
aestivos Tamesi induente cultus ;
remum saepe morabitur cadentem,
dum fausta prece iusserit, ‘ fruantur
almi perpetua quiete manes.’
et si forte, valens et otiosus,
aut laetos zephyris agros amicus
aut imas nemoris petet latebras,
sacrae prospiciet cacumen aedis,
et motus subito tremore flebit.
nunc tu, rive relicte, cuius aestu
ravo Naiades exulant sorores,
me clivo citus aufer a virenti,
qui glaeba tegit algida sodalem.
en pallent tenues utrimque valles,
iam nox furva quod est ubique velat ;
sed rursus, mea rapta cura, rursus,
Naturae suboles piae, valeto.
caespes ille diu memorque cippus
umentes oculos trahet Britanni ;
‘o valles siluaeque,’ dicet, ‘ hic vos
servatis Druidae vetus sepulcrum.’

K.

Amicitia.

SI mutes veterem novo sodali,
fructus vendideris emasque flores.

S. A.

A Bill of Exceptions.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
lament for Madam Blaize,
who never wanted a good word—
from those who spoke her praise.
The needy seldom passed her door,
and always found her kind;
she freely lent to all the poor—
who left a pledge behind.
She strove the neighbourhood to please
with manners wondrous winning;
and never followed wicked ways—
unless when she was sinning.
At church in silks and satins new,
with hoop of monstrous size,
she never slumbered in her pew—
but when she shut her eyes.
Her love was sought, I do aver,
by twenty beaux and more;
the king himself has followed her—
when she has walked before.
But now her wealth and finery fled,
her hangers-on cut short all;
the doctors found, when she was dead—
her last disorder mortal.
Let us lament in sorrow sore,
for Kent-street well may say,
that, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
she had not died to-day.

GOLDSMITH.

The Child in the Cradle.

BEAUTIFUL babe, unto thee an infinite space is the cradle:
growing to man, thou wilt deem narrow the infinite world.

From SCHILLER.

Παραγραφαί.

Δημόται, δακρύσατ' ἤδη πάντες ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου
τὴν γυναῖκα τὴν θανοῦσαν ἄρτι, Παμφλέκτην λέγω,
εὖ γὰρ ἤκουεν βλέπουσα πρός γε τοῦ λέγοντος εὖ.
τῆσδε τὰς θύρας ἀκλῄστους ὀλιγάκις παρῆλθον ἂν
οἱ πένητες· ἦν γὰρ εὔφρων, κἀδάνεισεν ἀφθόνως
τοῖς ἀχρημάτοισι πᾶσιν ὑποτιθεῖσί γ' ἐνέχυρον.
εἶτα τοὺς πέλας πρόθυμος ἦν ἐπικτᾶσθαι φίλους,
σχῆμ' ἔχουσα πιθανὸν ὥστε θαυμάσαι· τρόποισι γὰρ
οὐδαμῶς κακοῖς ἐχρῆτο, πλήν γ' ὅτ' ἐξαμαρτάνοι.
κἂν νεῳ̃ λεπτοσπάθητα καὶ κρόκου βαφὰς γε πρὸς
εἱμένη πλευρῶν τ' ἄγαλμα στρόφιον οὐράνιον ὅσον
ἦστο, κοὐκ ἔβριζεν, εἰ μὴ βλέφαρα συγκλείσειέ πως.
ἵμερος δὲ τῆσδ' ἐπέσπα, δαίμονας μαρτύρομαι,
εἴκοσι μνηστῆρας εἴτε πλείονας, καὐτὸς μὲν οὖν
ὁ βασιλεὺς μετῆλθέ νίν ποθ', ἡ δὲ πρόσθεν ἐστίβει.
ἀλλ' ἀπορρυέντος ἤδη χρυσέου χλιδήματος,
τοῖς δ' ἐρασταῖσιν ῥαγεισῶν ξυντόμως τῶν ἐλπίδων,
ὁ σοφὸς ἰατρός, θανάσιμος ὡς ἀπῴχεθ' ἡ γυνή,
εὗρε καὶ θανάσιμον οὖσαν τὴν πανυστάτην νόσον.
ἀλλ' ὀδυρώμεσθα ταύτην μὴ κενοῖς δακρύμασιν,
ἔστι γὰρ λέγειν νιν, εἴ γε κἀνιαύσιον κύκλον
ζῆν ἔμελλ' ἔτ' ἄλλον, οὐδ' ἂν κατθανεῖν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ.

T. S. E.

Infans.

UNARUM spatia ista patent sine fine tuarum
nunc tibi, parve puer.
cum vir eris, mundi spatia haec angusta putabis,
quae sine fine patent.

S. A.

The Thrifty Lover.

NE'ER could any lustre see
in eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar in a lip
but where my own did hope to sip;
to me the cheek displays no roses
like that the assenting blush discloses.
would she have me praise her hair?
let her place my garland there.
is her hand so white and pure?
I must press it to be sure;
nor can I be certain then,
till it grateful press again.
must I praise her melody?
let her sing of love and me.
must I with attentive eye
watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
that heaving bosom sigh for me.
none but bigots will in vain
adore a heaven they cannot gain.

SHERIDAN.

The Mother's Stratagem.

HILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,
and the blue vales a thousand joys recall,
see to the last, last verge her infant steals!
o fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.
far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,
and the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

ROGERS.

Ut ametur amabilis esto.

NULLUS inest illis oculis, me iudice, fulgor,
qui mihi non risum, pignus amoris, habent.
non ego caelestes vidi stillare liquores
labra, nisi ex illis spes mihi mellis erat.
nec facies roseos ostenderit ulla colores,
ni rubeat votis non aliena meis.
mene opus est flavos nymphae laudare capillos?
illius incingat nostra corona caput.
num manus effulget candenti casta colore?
certior ut fiam dextra premenda mihist:
at pressisse manum nequaquam sufficit; ipsa
dextra meam dextram tum quoque pressa premat.
mene cupis, virgo, numeros laudare canentis?
de Venere et nostri pectoris igne canes.
mene etiam servare oculis suspiria fixis,
quae tibi sint imo pectore ducta, iubes?
hoc ego, crede, lubens faciam, simul atque videbo
suspirare tuum pectus amore mei.
sola superstitio caelum mirabitur illud
quo sibi felici non datur ire via.

H. H.

Mater.

DUM sedet in scopulo mater, cui caerula vallis
tot revocat laetos, qui periere, dies,
parvus ad extremam rupem prorepserat infans.
quin rapis? immo mane, ne cadat; immo sile.
haec tamen arte sagax nudat meliore papillas:
ponit ibi cupidum redditus erro caput.

W. I.

The Lea-Rig.

HEN o'er the hill the eastern star
tells bughtin'-time is near, my jo;
and owsen frae the furrow'd field
return sae dowf and weary, O!
down by the burn, where scented birks
wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
my ain kind dearie, O!
In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O!
if through that glen I gaed to thee,
my ain kind dearie, O!
although the night were ne'er sae wild,
and I were ne'er sae weary, O!
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
my ain kind dearie, O!
The hunter lo'es the mornin' sun,
to rouse the mountain-deer, my jo;
at noon the fisher seeks the glen,
alang the burn to steer, my jo.
gi'e me the hour of gloamin' gray,
it makes my heart sae cheerie, O!
to meet thee on the lea-rig,
my ain kind dearie, O!

BURNS.

To a Painter.

AINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
on all the wonders of that face,
if thou hast skill to guard the heart
secure by secrets of thy art,
o teach that mighty charm, that we
may gaze securely too, like thee.

HUGHES.

Tu nocte vel atra Lumen.

BI clivo superato
pecudes sidus eoum
vocat ad mulctra coactas, et ab arvis rediit bos
nimio lassus aratro,
mea lux, conveniam te,
Neobule, meus ignis,
prope rivum et cava saltus, ubi odorata refulget
pluviis betula gemmis.
neque enim, si per opacae
tenebrosissima silvae
media nocte vagarer, metus esset mihi dulcem
repetenti Neobulen:
etiam si glomeraret
rabiem nox, etiam si
pede fesso titubarem, tamen assueto ibi in agro
peterem te, meus ardor.
capreas exagitantem
nova montes per apertos
rapiat lux; colat aestu medio flumen et umbras
sibi piscator amicas:
ego tempus redeuntum
celebrabo tenebrarum,
mihi quo languidulum cor recreatur, mihi quo tu
revocaris, Neobule.

R. B.

Ad Pictorem.

I fixo placidus lumine conspicis
hanc, Pictor, faciem, nec tamen ureris,
dic o discipulo dic, quibus artibus,
ut tu, conspiciam, nec tamen ardeam.

K.

Matrimonial Jars.

W. USBAND, husband, cease your strife,
nor longer idly rave, sir;
though I am your wedded wife,
I am not your slave, sir.

H. One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy:
is it man or woman? say,
my spouse Nancy.

W. If 'tis still the lordly word
service and obedience,
I'll desert my sovereign lord;
and so good bye, allegiance.

H. Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy;
yet I'll try to make a shift,
my spouse Nancy.

W. My poor heart then break it must,
my last hour I'm near it;
when you lay me in the dust,
think how you will bear it.

H. I will hope and trust in heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;
strength to bear it will be given,
my spouse Nancy.

W. Well, sir, from the silent dead
still I'll try to daunt you;
ever round your midnight bed
horrid sprites shall haunt you.

H. I'll wed another like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
then all hell will fly for fear,
my spouse Nancy.

BURNS.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

U. IR, vir, desine litium,
neu permitte vagis frena furoribus;
nuptum me tibi comparem,
non quae servaforem, lex, puto, tradidit.

M. Unus pareat alteri
de binis opus est, Nannia, Nannia:
virne an femina debeat
praestare obsequium, lux mea, videris.

U. Narras obsequium mihi,
parerique tibi, ceu domino, iubes?
saevae castra potentiae
linquo; iam valeat servitium vetus.

M. Consorti viduus tui
certe tristis ero, Nannia, Nannia;
sed quod corrigerest nefas
(scis, uxor) levius fit patientia.

U. Ergo dissiliet malis
cor, vitaeque dies ingruit ultima:
cum me tradideris humo,
qui tum, dure silex, sensus erit tibi?

M. Quidni caelituos opem
poscam suppliciter, Nannia, Nannia?
sic, spero, dabitur mihi
mens sortisque capax et tolerans mali.

U. At terror veniam tibi
in lucem e tacitis reddita manibus:
at coetus lemurum tuis
nocturnus thalamis insidiabitur.

M. Nobis altera nupserit
instar sponsa tui, Nannia, Nannia;
qua formidine territa
totius fugient agmina Tartari.

The Happy Man.

HE cannot skim the ground like summer birds
pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
therefore in Contemplation is his bliss,
whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
she makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
and shows him glories yet to be revealed.
not slothful he, though seeming unemployed
and censured oft as useless. stillest streams
oft water fairest meadows, and the bird,
that flutters least, is longest on the wing.
ask him indeed what trophies he has raised,
or what achievements of immortal fame
he purposes, and he shall answer—None.
his warfare is within. there unfatigued
his fervent spirit labours. there he fights,
and there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself
and never-withering wreaths, compared with which
the laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.

COWPER.

Love.

MEN without love have oft so cunning grown
that something like it they have shown;
but none who had it e'er seem'd to have none.
love's of a strangely open simple kind,
can no arts or disguises find,
but thinks none sees it, 'cause itself is blind.

RICHARDSON.

Beatus ille.

ERRERE nescit humum, quo ritu verrit hirundo
proliciente fuga capta et splendoribus aureis
sole sub aestivo muscae : fastidit honores
muneraque interitura voluptatesque caducas.
ergo solus amat meditari ac totus in illost:
vivida vis superas meditantem evexit ad auras
scilicet et magni reserans penetralia caeli
nondum propositos oculis patefecit honores.
non agit ille nihil, quamvis videatur amare
desidiam civisque inglorius audiat idem.
saepe madent taciturno amni viridissima rura :
saepe quieta volans alarum verbere raro
ultima caelesti cursu lassatur hirundo.
ille tropaea manu statuit ? molitur in aevum
omne per ora virum victor volitare ? negabit.
intus bella gerit : mentis procul aere canoro
militat in castris : de se bis terque triumphat,
inde petens laurus proprias, viridem inde coronam,
prae qua Caesareae marcent et inutilis algae
instar habent.

T. S. E.

Quid sit Amor.

AEPE adeo vafer est factus qui nescit amorem,
vel sine re speciem scit simulare rei :
se tamen experto non dissimulandus in ullo
verus amor mira simplicitate patet.
scit nullas artes, mendacia fingere nulla,
caecus et ipse alios posse videre negat.

H. A. J. M.

To Mary in Heaven.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray
that lov'st to greet the early morn,
again thou usherest in the day
my Mary from my soul was torn.
o Mary, dear departed shade,
where is thy place of blissful rest?
seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
can I forget the hallowed grove,
where by the winding Ayr we met,
to live one day of parting love?
eternity will not efface
those records dear of transports past;
thy image at our last embrace—
ah, little thought we 'twas our last.
Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
o'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
the fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
twined amorous round the raptured scene;
the flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
the birds sang love on every spray;
till too, too soon, the glowing west
proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
and fondly broods with miser care;
time but the impression deeper makes,
as streams their channels deeper wear.
my Mary, dear departed shade,
where is thy place of blissful rest?
seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

Nulla dies nostro Maerorem e pectore demet.

TELLA recedentem iam iamque minutior orbem
obvia luciferis una morata rotis,
illa dies duce te volvente relabitur anno
qua fuit e nostro rapta Maria sinu.
o animarum adscripta choro, dilecta Maria,
illa domus, felix qua requiescis, ubist?
contemplaris humi prostratum in pulvere, et audis
quanto se gemitu torqueat intus amans?
mene sacri fas est oblivia temporis umquam
ducere, mene sacrum non meminisse nemus,
qua patriae propter flexus convenimus undae,
extremumque diem mutuus egit amor?
nulla aetas animo monumenta perennia demet;
nec mihi deliciae praeteriere meae:
non species omnis tua vanuit, oscula qualis
ultima, nec nobis ultima visa, dabas.
lympha susurrantes riparum amplexa lapillos
fronde superfusis ibat opaca vadis;
spinaque cana vagos miscebat odoraque flexus
betula per laetum, par geniale, locum.
germina surgebant tangi poscentia; nec qui
ramus amorem avium non resonaret, erat:
dum rubet Hesperia caelum de parte, diemque
heu nimis admissa nuntiat ire rota.
illis deliciis etiamnum laetor, et illis
immoror, occultas inter avarus opes;
tempore crescit adhuc constantior intus imago,
altior ire latex tempore qualis amat.
o animarum adscripta choro, dilecta Maria,
illa domus, felix qua requiescis, ubist?
contemplaris humi prostratum in pulvere, et audis
quanto se gemitu torqueat intus amans?

H. T.

Licht und Wärme.

Der beſſ're Menſch tritt in die Welt
mit fröhlichem Vertrauen;
er glaubt, was ihm die Seele ſchwellt,
auch außer ſich zu ſchauen,
und weiht, von edlem Eifer warm,
der Wahrheit ſeinen treuen Arm.
Doch Alles iſt ſo klein, ſo eng,
hat er es erſt erfahren,
da ſucht er in dem Weltgedräng
ſich ſelbſt nur zu bewahren;
das Herz in kalter ſtolzer Ruh
ſchließt endlich ſich der Liebe zu.
Sie geben, ach, nicht immer Glut,
der Wahrheit helle Strahlen;
wohl denen, die des Wiſſens Gut
nicht mit dem Herzen zahlen.
drum paart, zu eurem ſchönſten Glück,
mit Schwärmers Ernſt des Weltmanns Blick.

SCHILLER.

Man and Woman.

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming sudden changes,
swaying eastward, swaying westward, as the breezes shake the tree?
fool, thy selfish thought misleads thee: find the man that never ranges;
woman wavers but to seek him. is not then the fault in thee?

AYTOUN, *from* GOETHE.

Fact and Futurity.

OUR deeds still travel with us from afar,
and what we have been makes us what we are.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Quaedam, si credis consultis, mancipat Usus.

ALTI cordis homo bonaeque mentis
res laeta iuvenis fide capessit:
affectus animi sui benignos
normam dum putat esse ceterorum,
nervis omnibus intimisque votis
vero dedicat ipse se tuendo.
sed quaecumque homines agunt aventque
quam sint omnia sordida ac pusilla
expertus sibi consulit, sua arma
per turbam studet explicare victor,
nil ultra trepidans ; ibi adquievit,
et supercilio gravi superbus
nullas curat habere caritates.
heu, non semper alit calore blando
pectus lucida flamma Veritatis.
felicissimus ille, quisquis usu
dum scit vivere non amare nescit.
ergo, qui volet esse perbeatus,
ardorem meditantis alta mentis
scita callidus arte temperabit.

K.

Varium et mutabile.

FEMINA cur semper varium et mutabile, qualem
callidus exhibuit, teste Marone, deus ?
haesitat expectans semper, dum perfida Clotho
det sibi, qui simplex sit stabilisque, virum.

K.

Γεγενημένα μεθεπόμενα.

QUOCUMQUE ire libet, quae fecimus usque secuntur,
et nos quod fuimus quod sumus esse facit.

H. A. J. M.

Letter to Mr. Newton.

THE swallows in their torpid state
compose their useless wing,
and bees in hives as idly wait
the call of early spring:
the keenest frost that binds the stream,
the wildest wind that blows.
are neither felt nor feared by them,
secure of their repose.
But man, all feeling and awake,
the gloomy scene surveys;
with present ills his heart must ache,
and pant for brighter days.
old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
bids me and Mary mourn;
but lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
and whispers your return.
Then April with her sister May
shall chase him from the bowers,
and weave fresh garlands every day
to crown the smiling hours:
and if a tear, that speaks regret
of happier times, appear,
a glimpse of joy that we have met
shall shine and dry the tear.

COWPER.

The sleeping Water-nymph.

NYMPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
and to the murmur of these waters sleep:
ah, spare my slumbers; gently tread the cave,
and drink in silence, or in silence lave.

POPE.

Epistula.

PRESSA sopore gravi sese componit hirundo;
quid valet hiberno torpida penna gelu?
haud secus ignavae clausaeque morantur in alveis
expectantque novi tempora veris apes:
constringat glacies quamvis acerrima campos,
quamlibet insani flaminis ira furat,
horum sensus abest; et abest timor omnis ab illis,
securas quoniam comprimit alta quies.
contra gens hominum, vigilans et vivida, brumae
ante oculos pandi tristia regna videt:
cogitur illa malis animo praesentibus angi,
spemque fovet caelo mox meliore frui.
tristis hiemps, nudos quae claudicat ecce per agros,
nunc maerore gravi me Lalagenque premit:
sed ver pone senem roseo superimminet ore,
teque reversurum rursus, amice, monet.
tum simul ac fratri Maius se iunget Aprili,
saltibus a nostris pulsa recedet hiemps:
quotquot eunt luces, nectentur florea serta,
Horarum nitidas implicitura comas:
et si laetitiae memores nos flebimus olim
tam cito felices praeteriisse dies,
nonnihil illud erit quod nunc convenimus; illud
ut careant laetae fecerit imbre genae.

H. H.

Lymphae desiliunt tuae.

NYMPHA color nemoris, sacri tutela fluenti,
et tremulae sopit me leve murmur aquae:
parce quiescenti: pete leniter antra, silensque,
sive siti posita, sive lavatus, abi.

K.

A sad Farewell.

AE fond kiss, and then we sever ;
ae fareweel, and then for ever.
deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
who shall say that fortune grieves him,
while the star of hope she leaves him ?
me, nae chearful twinkle lights me,
dark despair around benights me.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
naething could resist my Nancy ;
but to see her was to love her,
love but her, and love for ever.
had we never loved sae kindly,
had we never loved sae blindly,
never met—or never parted,
we had ne'er been broken-hearted.
fare thee weel, thou first and fairest,
fare thee well, thou best and dearest;
thine be ilka joy and treasure,
peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.
ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
ae farewell, alas, for ever.
deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

BURNS.

Prima facie Wit.

YOU ask why Ned diverts us with his jokes,
yet, if he write, is dull as other folks.
why wonder at it ? this, sir, is the case :
the joke is lost unless he print his face.

A.

Triste Vale.

QUIN imus semel osculati amanter,
aeternumque vale semel profamur ?
fletus ex animo meros propinem,
certatim regemens tibi ingementi.
fortunam male quis se habere dicet,
dum spem, mite, sibi relinquat, astrum ?
me nullum recreat iubar, sed exspes
circum nocte premor tenebricosa.
quare praeproperum cor arguatur ?
contra obsistere nil valebat Annae,
quam vidisse fuit perire in una,
uno perpetuo perire amore.
si numquam tibi mique contigisset
tam vementer amare et impotenter,
si nusquam simul aut fuisse semper,
numquam nos male macerasset angor.
vale qua potiusve pulchriusve
nil est, nec melius magisque carum ;
iucundissima quaeque et invidenda
te visant bona, pax amor voluptas.
quin imus semel osculati amanter
aeternumque vale profamur, eheu ?
fletus ex animo meros propinem,
certatim regemens tibi ingementi.

H. A. J. M.

Adde Vultum hominis.

UNDE fit ut cenas hilarent dicteria Cottae,
nec salis in scriptis mica sit ulla tamen ?—
Ridiculo quatit ille iocans triclinia vultu :
detracta facie deperiere sales.

K.

The Lass of Richmond Hill.

ON Richmond Hill there lives a lass
more bright than May-day morn,
whose charms all other maids surpass,
a rose without a thorn.
this lass so neat, with smile so sweet,
has won my right good-will:
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
sweet lass of Richmond Hill.
Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
and wanton through the grove,
o whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.
how happy will the shepherd be
that calls this nymph his own!
o may her choice be fix'd on me!
mine's fix'd on her alone.

UPTON.

Infancy.

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
weeping thou satst, while all around thee smiled:
so live, that sinking to thy life's last sleep,
calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

Justice.

BEFORE the Courts, with bandaged eyes,
lo! Justice stands:
methinks it had been far more wise
to tie her hands.

From HAGEDORN.

Albana Virgo.

CARA mihi virgo, Maii formosier ortu,
prospicit Albano subdita rura iugo.
illa placet, quantum nullae placuere puellae;
illa rosae similis, quae sine sente rubet.
tales munditiae, tam dulcis risus in ore,
compede cor grata detinuere meum:
dummodo te potiar, diademata mille recusem,
o decus Albani deliciaeque iugi.
vos, Zephyri, levibus qui verritis aethera pennis,
turba per umbrosum ludere sueta nemus,
ferte, precor, nostrae suspiria ferte puellae,
dicite, 'sollicito Thyrsis amore perit.'
o ter felicem, sicui dixisse licebit,
'Phyllida nil prohibet iure vocare meam!'
di faciant me, Phylli, tuo digneris amore:
tu sine rivali, tu mihi sola places.

C. G. G.

Νεόγονον Βρέφος.

PARVULUS in gremio matris, modo natus inopsque,
tu lacrimas, at sunt omnia laeta tuis.
sic vivas, puer, ut, placida cum morte recumbas,
omnia laeta tibi sint lacrimaeque tuis.

T. W. P.

In Justitiae Statuam.

IUSTITIAE vinctis oculis fora servat imago:
vincire praestabat manus.

S. A.

An Chloe.

Chloe, kennſt du noch die Stunde,
die zu ſchnell vorüberging,
als ich feſt an deinem Munde,
feſt an deinem Herzen hing?
o, der Liebe Schauder bebte
mächtig mir durch jeden Sinn:
Chloe, meine Seele ſchwebte
küſſend zu der deinen hin.
eines ganzen Lebens Freuden,
sonnen Auf- und Untergang,
Blumenduft und Grün der Weiden,
Zephyr, Nachtigallgeſang,
iunger Haine froh Getümmel,
jeder ſelige Genuß,
Ruhm uud Glück und Erd' und Himmel,
alles war in dieſem Kutz.

J. G. JACOBI.

The Death of the Brave.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
now gay with the bright setting sun;
farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties;
our race of existence is run.
thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
go, frighten the coward and slave;
go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know
no terrors hast thou to the brave.
thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark;
he falls in the blaze of his fame.
in the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
our king and our country to save,
while victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
oh, who would not rest with the brave?

BURNS.

Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.

ORAE tune memor, Neaera, vivis,
quae passu nimium cito cucurrit,
felix cum labiis tuis inhaesi,
felix e gremio tuo pependi ?
ut me surripuit mihi Cupido,
ut sensus domuit potente virga !
mens fugit mea basiantis, ad te
fugit, parsque tui, Neaera, factast.
longae gaudia quantacumque vitae,
Phoebi lux orientis et cadentis,
pratorum novitas, odor rosarum,
cantus lusciniae, melos Favoni,
vernis in siluis chori volucrum,
seu quid lectius est beatiusque,
fortunae decus omne, terra, caelum,
nil huic afuit osculationi.

K.

Pulchrumque Mori succurrit in armis.

ANDIDE lucis honor, tuque o viridissima tellus,
quique nites aether sole cadente, vale :
vosque, amor et pietas, socialia vincla, valete ;
stat prope iam rerum meta ; peracta viast.
vis horrenda mali, vitae taeterrima labes,
terribilis servo sis timidoque licet :
fac per nos tremat ista cohors : sed fortia semper
corda minas rident, Mors furiosa, tuas.
sternis aratorem ; piger alta nocte gravatur,
nec leto maior nominis umbra manet.
bellantem sternis iuvenem : cadit ille perenni
luce fruens famae, splendida praeda, suae.
quo vocat, imus, Honor, stricto decernere ferro
pro patria et caro rege parata manus :
dum vitae extremum victoria tempus inaurat,
quem validis socium paenitet esse viris ?

G. B. M.

O Happiness, our Being's end and aim.

T'S no in titles nor in rank,
it's no in wealth like Lonnon bank
to purchase peace and rest;
it's no in making muckle mair;
it's no in books, it's no in lear,
to make us truly blest:
if happiness hae not her seat
and centre in the breast,
we may be wise or rich or great,
but never can be blest;
nae treasures nor pleasures
could make us happy lang;
the heart aye's the part aye
that makes us right or wrang.

BURNS.

The Key.

F you would know yourself, demand
how others play their part;
if others you would understand,
examine your own heart.

From SCHILLER.

A Character.

S through the hedgerow shade the violet steals,
and the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,
her softer charms, but by their influence known,
surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

ROGERS.

An Elisen.

Was küſſeſt du dies Lied, Eliſe? gieb mirs wieder,
und küſſe mich; in mir ſteckt eine Sammlung Lieder.

VON KLEIST.

Quid pure tranquillet.

NON honoribus neque
gradu neque aere, quantum in urbe Romast
publici, stat aurea
quies: neque agri latius patentis
duplicata iugera,
nec evolutum quidquid est librorum
umbilicum ad ultimum
reddet beatos parte nos ab omni.
si perenne gaudium
sedem in quieta mente non habebit,
sis licebit inclitus,
doctus, locuples, non beatus idem
iure nuncupaberis.
brevest, in epulis quidquid aut in auro
dulce: mens perennium
sedes leporumst cuique, mens dolorum.

T. S. E.

Dignoscere Cautus.

UT teipsum noscas, alienos inspice mores:
utque alios possis noscere, tecum habita.

S. A.

Nil conscire sibi.

UT violae densa sese abscondentis in umbra
aura tamen grato prodit odore comas,
sic ea, dum veneres celat, tamen omnia corda
surripiens molli vi necopina regit.

H. C. R.

Me, me! adsum qui feci.

CUM tibi do carmen, das illi basia, Lyde:
quin mihi das? in me carmina multa latent.

K.

Immortal Love.

A. Will ſich Hektor ewig von mir wenden,
wo Achill mit den unnahbar'n Händen
dem Patroklus ſchrecklich Opfer bringt?
wer wird künftig deinen Kleinen lehren
Speere werfen und die Götter ehren,
wenn der finſtre Orkus dich verſchlingt?
H. Theures Weib, gebiete deinen Thränen;
nach der Feldſchlacht iſt mein feurig Sehnen;
dieſe Arme ſchützen Pergamus.
kämpfend für den heil'gen Herd der Götter
fall' ich, und des Vaterlandes Retter
ſteig' ich nieder zu dem ſtyg'ſchen Fluß.
A. Nimmer lauſch' ich deiner Waffen Schalle,
müßig liegt dein Eiſen in der Halle,
Priam's großer Heldenſtamm verdirbt.
du wirſt hingeh'n, wo kein Tag mehr ſcheinet,
der Cocytus durch die Wüſten weinet,
deine Liebe in dem Lethe ſtirbt.
H. All mein Sehnen will ich, all mein Denken,
in des Lethe ſtillen Strom verſenken,
aber meine Liebe nicht.
horch! der Wilde tobt ſchon an den Mauern,
gürte mir das Schwert um, laß das Trauern!
Hektors Liebe ſtirbt im Lethe nicht.

SCHILLER.

Youth and Age.

WITH thousand masts the young man sweeps
the dangerous seas, and deems it sport:
in rescued boat the old man creeps,
silent and serious, into port.

From SCHILLER.

Servetque Sepulcro.

A. RGO non rediturus ibit Hector
qua diris manibus furens Achilles
Patroclo inferias facit nefandas ?
quis tum filiolum tuum docebit
hastam conicere et deos vereri,
cum te nigra domus vorarit Orci ?
H. Vin' fletum cohibere, dulcis uxor ?
ardor me rapit acer ad duellum :
nostri Pergama sustinent lacerti.
pugnans pro veterum focis deorum
occumbo, patriaeque liberator
demittor Stygio beatus amni.
A. Numquam nota crepant mihi arma : in aula
pendet lancea deses ; inclutamque
sternit Priamidum ruina gentem.
ibis quo neque lux adit diei
Cocytusque ululans meat, tuusque
vi Lethes amor obrutus peribit.
H. Quidquid mens agitat, cupit, laborat,
Lethaeae sopor opprimat paludis :
non delere meum potest amorem.
audin' ? moenibus instat illa Erinys :
huc ensem mihi : mitte flere : numquam
vi Lethes amor Hectoris peribit.

K.

Non tam aerumnoso navigavissem Salo.

URRIT in oceanum dum malis mille Iuventas,
lintre Senex portum sospite lentus init.

K.

Nannie's awa'.

NOW in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays,
and listens the lambkins that bleat in the braes;
while birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
but to me it's delightless: for Nannie's awa'.
The snowdrop and primrose the woodlands adorn,
and violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
they pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw;
they mind me o' Nannie, and Nannie's awa'.
Thou laverock that springs frae the dews o' the lawn,
the shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn;
and thou, merry mavis, that hails the night's fa',
gie over for pity: my Nannie's awa'.
Come, autumn sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
and soothe me with tidings o' nature's decay;
the dark dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
alane can delight me, now Nannie's awa'.

BURNS.

The Sleeping Beauty.

SLEEP, angry beauty, sleep, and fear me not.
for who a sleeping lion dare provoke?
it shall suffice me here to sit and see
those lips shut up that never kindly spoke.
what sight can more content a lover's mind
than beauty seeming harmless, if not kind?
My words have charmed her, for secure she sleeps;
though guilty much of wrong done to my love;
and in her slumber, see! she, close-eyed, weeps!
dreams often more than waking passions move.
plead, Sleep, my cause, and make her soft like thee,
that she in peace may wake and pity me.

THOMAS CAMPION.

Phyllis abest.

ESTE nitens hilaris viridi Natura per agros
audit uti balans agna sequatur ovem;
cui volucres omni laetae gratantur ab umbra;
sed mihi non haec sunt dulcia: Phyllis abest.
omne nemus calthae decorant et primula veris,
seque novo violae stirps nova rore lavat;
sed mihi contristant haec, quam sint suavia, pectus;
haec menti revocant Phyllida: Phyllis abest.
quam notat ex udo salientem gramine pastor,
dum reditum croceae lucis, alauda, canis,
et merula, arguta noctem quae voce salutas,
carmina, vos oro, sistite: Phyllis abest.
tu mihi narrabis, pallens autumne, lubenti,
squalida nudari prata, perire nemus;
tristis hiemps tonebraeque poli niviumque ruinae
sola mihi nunc sunt gaudia: Phyllis abest.

E. L. B.

φίλον ὕπνου θέλγητρον.

Εὗδ' ἄρ', ἐπεὶ νεμεσᾷς μοι, Ἐρώτιον, εὗδ' ἀμέριμνος·
οὐδὲ λέοντ' ὄφελος κείμενον ὀρνύμεναι·
ποῦ γέ ποτ' εὖ προσέφα τὰ σὰ χείλεά μ'; ὄντα δ' ἄφωνα
στέργω τοι προσορῶν ὧδε παρεζόμενος.
εἰ δὲ φιλεῖν, χαρίεσσ', ἀπαναίνεαι, οὐ τὸν ἐρῶντα
χρῆν ἀγαπᾶν, ὁπόταν μηδὲ δάκνειν ἐθέλῃς;
θέλκτρον ἔχει, ναὶ θέλκτρον, ἐμὸς λόγος· ἦκα καθεύδει,
πολλά περ ἀμφί σ', Ἔρως, κἀμ' ἀλιταινομένα.
ὄμμα δὲ συγκλήσασα χέει δάκρυ· καὶ γὰρ ὀνείροις
ἁ φροντὶς θάμ' ἔκνιξ' ἄλγιον ἢ τιν' ὕπαρ.
σύνδικος ἴσθι μοι, Ὕπν', ἵν' ἀφυπνωθεῖσ' ἀτάρακτος
αἰδῆταί με, τρόποις σοῖσι μαλασσομένα.

R. D. A. H.

Life's last Scene.

FROM Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
by Solon cautioned to regard his end.
in life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
fears of the brave and follies of the wise!
from Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
and Swift expires a driveller and a show.

JOHNSON.

Bacchanalian Song.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
every sorrow's lulled to sleep;
talk of monarchs:—I am then
richest, happiest, best of men,
careless o'er my cup I sing,
fancy makes me more than king,
gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
can I, can I wish for more?
on my velvet couch reclining
ivy leaves my brow entwining
while my soul dilates with glee,
what are kings and crowns to me?
if before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away.
arm you, arm you men of might!
hasten to the sanguine fight:
let me, o my budding vine,
spill no other blood than thine.
yonder brimming goblet see
it alone shall vanquish me;
oh! I think it sweeter far
to fall in banquet than in war.

OLD POET.

Damnosa Senectus.

SI fastos legimus post Lydi tempora regis,
ultima quem monuit fata cavere Solon,
cernimus attoniti serae miracula vitae,
ut timeant fortes desipiantque sophi:
Nicomachi lacrimis undat delira senectus,
et fatuus moritur, foeda figura, Celer.

K.

Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?

NON aliunde magis curarum oblivia duco
quam mihi si Baccho fugit abacta sitis.
tune crepas reges? tum me felicior alter,
ditior, aut animi candidioris ubist?
tum mea securus fruor inter pocula cantu
et supero regum, munere mentis, opes.
divitiae Croesi, quod mens sic imperat, adsunt:
quid superos ultra sollicitare queo?
me simul ac mollis ceperunt otia lecti,
frons simul atque hedera vincta virente nitet,
quid mihi quem stellis aequat festiva voluptas,
quid mihi vel reges vel diadema crepas?
vos, etiam ante pedes posita, O vanissima rerum,
rideret fastus reiceretque meus.
en agite, heroes, validissima corpora bello,
vos acies dudum sanguinolenta vocat.
sit mihi, si qua iubent me sanguine fata madere,
vinea palmitibus laeta, madere tuo.
aspicis ut cyathum spumescens unda coronet?
non alius de me capta tropaea feret.
judice me, satius posito succumbere Bacchost
quam media belli quaerere morte decus.

T. M.

The Old English Gentleman.

'LL sing you a good old song
that was made by a good old pate,
of a fine old English gentleman
who had an old estate,
and who kept up his old mansion
at a bountiful old rate,
with a good old porter to relieve
the old poor at his gate,
like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
with pikes and guns and bows,
and swords and good old bucklers
that had stood some tough old blows.
'twas there his worship sat in state
in doublet and trunk hose,
and quaffed his cup of good old sack
to warm his good old nose,
like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter cold brought frost and snow,
he opened house to all:
and though three score and ten his years,
he featly lead the ball.
nor was the houseless wanderer
e'er driven from his hall:
for while he feasted all the great,
he ne'er forgot the small,
like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

But all at last must yield to fate;
so, like the ebbing tide,
declining gently to the tomb,
this good old man he died.
the widow's and the orphan's tear

Ἄγγλος εὐγενής.

Νῦν σοι παλαιόν, ὦ φίλ', ἄσομαι μέλος,
κεφαλῆς παλαιᾶς κεδνὸν ἐξεύρημά τι·
ἦν γάρ τις οἰκῶν γῆν Βρεταννικὴν γέρων
ἀρχαιοπλούτων κτημάτων ἐπήβολος,
ὃς τὰς πατρῴους δωμάτων ἐπιστροφὰς
σώζων παρεῖχε πᾶσιν ἄφθονον βίου,
γέρων δέ τις θυρωρὸς εἱστήκει πύλαις
πτωχοὺς γέροντας ὠφελῶν εὐωχίᾳ.
Τοῖος ἦν ὅδ', εἷς Βρετάννων τῶν πρίν, εὐγενὴς ἀνήρ.
παλαιὸν ἀμφὶ δῶμα πανταχοῦ κύκλῳ
λόγχας ἂν εἶδες τόξα τ' ἐξηρτημένα,
ξίφη σάκη τ' ἄρρηκτα, γηραιὰν σάγην,
πολλαῖς ἃ πληγαῖς πολεμίων ἀντήρκεσεν·
κἀνταῦθα σεμνὸς ἕζετ' ἐν σεμνῇ στολῇ,
πάντων δικαστὴς πραγμάτων ἐπήκοος,
πίνων τ' ἄριστον οἶνον, ἀρχαῖον γάνος,
τὴν καλλιφεγγῆ ῥῖν' ἐθέρμαινεν ποτῷ.
Τοῖος ἦν ὅδ', εἷς Βρετάννων τῶν πρίν, εὐγενὴς ἀνήρ.
χειμὼν ὅτ' ἤδη χιόνα καὶ κρύος φέροι,
φιλοξένους ἅπασιν ἀνέῳξεν δόμους·
ἔτη δὲ καίπερ ἑπτάκις γεγὼς δέκα,
εἰσῆλθε πρῶτος εἰς χορὸν νεανικῶς.
οὐ μὴν ἀλήτης γ' ἐκ δόμων ἐφθαρμένος
αὐλῆς ἀπωστὸς νηλέως ἐξηλάθη·
τοὺς γὰρ μεγίστους ἑστιᾶν πάντας θέλων
ὅμοιον αἰὲν εἶχε τῶν σμικρῶν λόγον.
Τοῖος ἦν ὅδ', εἷς Βρετάννων τῶν πρίν, εὐγενὴς ἀνήρ.
πλημμυρίδος δὲ τῆς παλιρρόθου δίκην
(μοίρᾳ βροτοῖς γὰρ πᾶσίν ἐσθ' ὑπεικτέον),
σιγῇ πελάζων ἡσυχον τύμβῳ βάσιν
γέρων ὁ κεδνὸς ἐξαπηλλάχθη βίου.
ἦ πόλλ' ἐκείνου ψυχρὸν ὕγραινεν τάφον

bedewed his cold grave side,
for where's the country that can show
so much of worth beside,
as this fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time?

A.

Life's Hero.

BE not slave to thy good name,
so thy life be brave and true;
what to thee is worldling's blame?
have they knowledge what they do?
let them blame thee, shall their words
have the power thy soul to shake?
wilt thou take them for thy lords?
they are dreaming, thou awake.
let them praise thee. little worth
is their praise thy mind to move:
he who rules the restless earth
looks unblinded from above.
heed them not, but pass thy way,
striving to be truly great:
guide thy steps by wisdom's ray,
careful, but unfearing fate.

A.

Pussy abroad.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat, where have you been?'
'I've been up to London to see the Queen.'
'Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?'
'I saw a little mouse under the chair.'

NURSERY RHYME.

χηρῶν τε παίδων τ' ὀρφάνων δακρύματα·
τίς γῆ γὰρ ἄλλον ἄνδρ' ἔχει, ποία πόλις,
δεῖξαι τοσαύτης ἄξιον τιμῆς λαβεῖν,
Οἷος ἦν ὁ τῶν Βρετάννων τῶν πρὶν εὐγενὴς ἀνήρ.

F. A. P.

Sperne profanum vulgus.

CONSTANS et aequus si steteris, tuae
servire famae neglege. nil tibi,
si vulgus incuset malignum;
nescia quid faciant caterva:
culpent iniqui. nobile num valent
quassare pectus murmura? sis vigil:
quos vana decepere visa
num tibi pro dominis habendi?
laudent inepti: digna parumst gravem
laus ista mentem flectere. sedibus
prospectat haud errans ab altis
qui trepidum moderatur orbem.
dimitte plebem et carpe tenax viam
qua nisus arces veneris igneas;
cautoque securoque fati,
det ratio tibi recta lucem.

A. H.

Nascetur ridiculus mus.

Αἴλουρε φίλτατ', οἴκοθεν τί δῆτ' ἔχων πέφευγας;
ἔγωγε; τὴν Βασίλειαν ἐν πόλει θέλων θεᾶσθαι.
αἴλουρε φίλτατ', ἀλλ' ἰὼν ἐκεῖσε ποῖον εἶδες;
τὸ ποῖον; εἶδον μυΐδιον μόλις θρόνῳ κεκευθός.

S.

Motley's the only wear.

FOOLS they are the only nation
worth men's envy or admiration;
free from care or sorrow-taking,
selves and others merry-making;
all they speak or do is sterling;
your fool he is your great man's darling,
and your ladies' sport and pleasure;
tongue and babble are his treasure;
e'en his face begetteth laughter,
and he speaks truth free from slaughter.
he's the grace of every feast,
and sometimes the chiefest guest;
hath his trencher and his stool,
when wit waits upon the fool.
o who would not be
he, he, he?

B. JONSON.

The Exchange.

AST thou something? share it with me, and I'll pay thee the value.
art thou something? O then soul let us barter for soul.

From SCHILLER.

Let well alone.

ERE Lysimachus lies, who, when twenty years old,
bade adieu to the light, and was laid in the mould:
if you ask what disease overtook him so soon,
ere the morning of life had approached to its noon,
why, he died of desiring, when well, to be better,
and of following the Faculty's rules to the letter.

S. A.

Sapiens Stultitia.

Μάκαρ ὦ μωρῶν ζηλωτὸν ἔθνος, μακαριστότατον παρὰ πᾶσιν,
λύπης ἀμαθεῖς τοῦ τ' ἀνιᾶσθαι, τῷ θ' ἥλικι καὶ σφίσι τερπνοί.
πάντα λεγόντων πάντα δὲ ῥώντων πάντα νόμισμ' ὧν σοφὸς ἡγοῦ.
τοῦ γὰρ ἔχοντος παιδίχ' ὁ μῶρος καὶ ταῖσι γυναιξὶν ἄθυρμα,
θησαυρὸς ὅτῳ γλῶττ' ἀχάλινος, τὸ δέ γ' ὄμμα γέλων ἀποτίκτει.
καὶ ληθεύει τὰς χεῖρας ἔχων καθαράς· χαρίεις τ' ὀαριστὴς
πάντων μετέχει τῶν συμποσίων, κἄσθ' ὅτε πρῶτος παρακληθείς,
κατακλινόμενος ματτυολοιχῶν θ'· ὁ σοφὸς δὲ διάκονος αὐτὸς
τῷ βωμολόχῳ. τοιοῦτος ἀνὴρ τίς ἂν οὐκ εὔξαιτο γενέσθαι ;

R. S.

Accipe daque.

SIQUID habes, partis pretium cape ; siquid es, o tu totam animam mihi des accipiasque meam.

K.

Aegrescit medendo.

Λυσιμάχου τόδε σῆμα, τὸν εἰκοσετῆ περ ἐόντα
δέξατο Περσεφόνης κυάνεος θάλαμος.
εἰ τάχ' ἐρωτώης πόθεν ἦν νόσος, ἥ μιν ἔπεφνεν,
τέρμα δὲ πῶς οὕτως ὢν νέος εὗρε βίου,
ἴσθι τόδ', ὢν ὑγιὴς ὑγιέστερος ἤθελεν εἶναι,
δέξατ' ἀπ' ἰατροῦ φάρμακον, εὗρε νόσον.

G. F. H.

Italien.

Kennſt du das Land, wo die Citronen blühn,
im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn,
ein ſanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte ſtill und hoch der Lorbeer ſteht?
kennſt du es wohl? dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.
Kennſt du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht ſein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es ſchimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder ſtehn und ſehn mich an,
'was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?'
kennſt du es wohl? dahin, dahin
möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beſchützer, ziehn.
Kennſt du den Berg und ſeinen Wolkenſteg?
das Maulthier ſucht im Nebel ſeinen Weg,
in Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut,
es ſtürzt der Fels und über ihn die Fluth.
kennſt du ihn wohl? dahin, dahin
geht unſer Weg; o Vater, laß uns ziehn.

GOETHE.

The Cup of Life.

SHE took the cup of life to sip;
too bitter 'twas to drain;
then meekly put it from her lip,
and went to sleep again.

In Meole Churchyard.

Italia.

ELLUS nota tibist, florent ubi citrea poma,
perque nigras rutilant aurea mala comas,
caeruleo mollis qua spirat ab aethere ventus,
statque silens myrtus celsaque laurus adest?
nota tibi domus est? incumbunt tecta columnis,
atria collucent, interiora micant,
marmoreaeque astant mihi significantque figurae
'parva, quid est factum, quid, miseranda, tibi?'
nota tibist ea forte? in eam, fidissime, sedem
ire velim celeri te comitata fuga.
est notus tibi mons? caligine callis amictus?
quaerere per nebulam mula laborat iter,
spelaeis habitat suboles antiqua draconum,
praecipitant cautes, insuper unda ruit.
notus is est tibi forte? in eum, pater optime, nostra
fert via: quin celeri pergimus ire fuga?

H. A. J. M.

Ὦ Θάνατε παιών.

1. Ζωῆς δέπας λαβοῦσ' ἐγεύεθ' Ἡδύλη,
ἐπεὶ δὲ πῶμ' ἀνεῦρεν ὡς εἴη πικρόν,
οὐκ ἐκπιεῖν τόδ' ἤθελ', ἀλλὰ πρᾳόνως
χείλους ἀπώσασ' εἶτ' ἐκοιμήθη πάλιν.

C. T. C.

2. Parvula libarat vitae cratera, sed illum
non haurire valens (tantus amaror inest)
leniter amovit labro languente puella,
atque iterum somno lumina composuit.

K.

The Swedish Nightingale.

MAIDEN fair in days of eld
bemoaned her hapless fate;
the sire of gods and men beheld
with eye compassionate.
forthwith transmuted to a bird,
her deftly warbled tale
in many a forest glade is heard,
she is—the nightingale.
it so fell out, one summer's day,
beneath a verdant hill,
she tuned her fullest, sweetest lay,
a consort's heart to thrill.
Love drank the liquid notes, and strove,
from that delicious hour,
to work, in rivalry of Jove,
a deed of equal power.
the bird, whose music rich and rare,
entranced the list'ning wind,
he changed into a maiden fair,
and she is—JENNY LIND.

C. H. H.

The Vanity of the World.

ROTHER, know the world deceiveth:
trust in Him who safety giveth.
fix not on the world thy trust;
it feeds us, but it turns to dust:
and the bare earth or kingly throne
alike may serve to die upon.

HEBER.

The Offered Gift.

IVE me, and I will thank thee, friend,
the knowledge that is thine:
but what thou offerest is—thyself;
and that I must decline.

From SCHILLER.

'Αηδὼν ἀρκτική.

Πότμον ὀδυρομένην χαλεπὸν περικαλλέα κούρην
ὄρνιν ἐς ἡδυμελῆ Ζεὺς μετέθηκε πατήρ·
ἡ δὲ κατ' εὐκάρπους θάμνους, γλυκύφωνος ἀηδών,
εὐθὺς τεινομέναις ταῖς πτερύγεσσι τρέχει.
τὴν δ' ὀπὶ θέλγουσαν λιγυρῇ πόσιν ἔν ποτε βουνοῦ
χλωροκόμοις βήσσαις αὐτὸς ἄκουεν Ἔρως·
αἴολα δ' ἐκθαμβῶν μέλεα ζηλήμονι θυμῷ
ἤθελ' ὑπερβαλέειν θαύματα τοῦ πατέρος.
ἐκ δ' ὄρνιθος ἔθηκε πάλιν περικαλλέα κούρην,
Λίνδην, Πιερίδων τὴν μελίγηρυν ὄπα.

S. H. B.

Vix ea nostra voco.

UNDO nulla fides. Illi confidere praestat,
qui tribuit solus munera tuta Dator.
desinito monitus fallaci credere terrae;
nos alit, at putri postmodo miscet humo:
et tibi vel nudus caespes vel regia sella
aptus erit pariter, quo moriare, locus.

K.

Munus Ingratum.

OCTRINAM dederis, referam, doctissime, grates:
sed teipsum mihi das; hoc tibi munus habe.

K.

The Rustic Scholar.

HE mountain ash,
decked with autumnal berries that outshine
spring's richest blossom, yields a splendid show
amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen
by a brookside or solitary tarn,
how she her station doth adorn; the pool
glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
are brightened round her. in his native vale
such and so glorious did this youth appear;
a sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
by his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
by all the graces with which nature's hand
had bounteously arrayed him. as old bards
tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form,
yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
discovered in their own despite to sense
of mortals (if such fables without blame
may find chance mention on this sacred ground):
so, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
and through the impediment of rural cares,
in him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
and so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
in him the spirit of a hero walked
our unpretending valley.

WORDSWORTH.

The Miser.

HIRSTY Tantalus, standing chin-deep in the river.
sees the water glide from him, untasted, for ever:
And, were Harpagus plunged in his gold to the chin, he,
Though to 'scape from starvation, would ne'er touch a guinea.

S. A.

Ingenium Rurale.

QUALIS in autumni bacas cum se induit ornus,
exsuperat longe fecundi veris honores
eximios; neque enim fallit tua lumina quantum
addiderit decus ipsa loco, seu flumina propter
sive lacus crescat solos. ibi clarior unda
it subter: scopuli circum splendore renident
insolito tristes. patria sic valle parique
cum specie puer ille manet, quo pectora viso
omnia laetantur: sic uni scilicet illi
ingenuus decor et claro fulgore decora
lumina, fronsque patet latissima; denique in unum
larga manu veneres omnes natura coegit.
non aliter (si forte obeuntem sacra locorum
talia fas memorare), vetus quae fabula vatumst,
di quondam induti mortalia membra vagantes,
Phoebus uti vel Pan, ignoti saepius ibant;
nec tamen humanos, violas ut saepe latentes
ultro prodit odor, fallebant numina sensus.
huic iuveni pariter, per amictûs tegmen agreste,
ruricolum curis haud illa oppressa malignis,
adparent doctae ditissima munera mentis.
non adeo tamen ex oculis effugerat ille
quin valles lustrare humiles heroa pateret.

T. E. R.

Magnas inter Opes inops.

Τάνταλος εἰς Ἄιδου πεμφθεὶς χαλέπ' ἄλγεα πάσχει·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχει μέσσοις εἰν ὑδάτεσσι πιεῖν.
ζῇ δὲ καὶ ὡσαύτως ὁ φιλάργυρος· ἐς βίοτον γάρ,
ἐν μέσσοις περ ἐὼν χρήμασιν, οὐδὲν ἔχει.

T. B.

Derwentwater.

WHEN evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,
and her deep shades irregularly threw,
their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;
whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite,
amused the fisher's solitary night;
and still the mitred window, richly wreathed,
a sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.
the wild deer, starting through the silent glade,
with fearful gaze our various course surveyed:
high hung in air the hoary goat reclined,
his streaming beard the sport of every wind;
and, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,
rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave,
the eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,
a cloud still brooding o'er her giant nest.

ROGERS.

Nähe des Geliebten.

Ich denke dein, wenn mir der Sonne Schimmer
vom Meere ſtrahlt;
ich denke dein, wenn ſich des Mondes Flimmer
in Quellen mahlt.
ich ſehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
der Staub ſich hebt;
in tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem ſchmalen Stege
der Wandrer bebt.
ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauſchen
die Welle ſteigt;
im ſtillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauſchen,
wenn alles ſchweigt.
ich bin bei dir, du ſeyſt auch noch ſo ferne,
du biſt mir nah;
die Sonne ſinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne;
o wärſt du da!

GOETHE.

Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras.

CAERULA succedens cum tingit flumina Vesper,
et vaga per tremulum spargitur umbra lacum,
leniter e portu nutantia carbasa radunt
Herberti sanctum relligione nemus;
carminibus taedisque piis ubi captus amabat
piscator solum fallere noctis opus.
stat vel adhuc spiratque sacram laqueata quietem
illa per arboreos visa fenestra sinus.
subsiliens illuc taciti per devia saltus
despicit incertam territa cerva ratem,
hirsutusque caper sublimis in aëre pendet,
flamine promissam quoque ciente comam;
marmora dum sensim fluitans insomnia supra
gestit aqua pennas atra lavare fulix,
purpureisque ruit Sciddavi ex arcibus ales
regius, immanem nube tegente larem.

H. H.

Si abest, praesto Simulacra tamen sunt.

TE mea mens recolit quando mihi sole renato
marmora fracta micant;
te mea mens recolit quando se mobile lunae
pingit in amne iubar.
te video, signante viae sinuamina longae
turbine pulvereo;
cumque iter angustum media de nocte viator
protenus ire pavet.
audiris, quotiens super unda volubilis undam
murmura rauca ciet;
saepe tibi densis ausculto solus in umbris,
cum silet omne nemus.
et tibi sum, quamvis absis procul ipsa, propinquus,
tuque propinqua mihi:
sol cadit; effulgent subito mihi sidera: te nunc,
te mea vota petunt.

K.

For good distinguished and for ill.

O bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
they had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
but such is thine avarice, such is thy pride,
the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

POPE.

Whose yesterdays look back on him with smiles.

ACH day doth on a winged whirlwind ride:
we and our glass run out, and must
both render up our dust.
but his past life who without grief can see,
who never thinks his end too near,
but says to Fame, thou art mine heir—
that man extends life's natural brevity.
this is, this is the only way
to outlive Nestor in a day.

COWLEY.

The fated Epitaphs.

RIEND, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
where still so much is said:
one half will never be believed,
the other never read.

POPE.

Tot mala quot bona sunt.

SIC vultu, sic voce places, te pone canentem
cum domitis Orpheus curreret ipse feris:
sed tibi qui fastus, lucrandist quanta cupido,
mactares vatem bile, ferasque fame.

J. F.

Hoc est Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

LUX rapta aligeris quaeque volat Notis:
nos nostrasque simul par manet exitus
urnas quas jubeant heu ita creditum
parcae reddere pulverem.
actos at revocat qui sine fletibus
annos, cui nimium mors prope ducier
nullo visa die; 'Gloria,' qui libens
'heres tu mihi' dixerit,
hic aevi spatium sorte brevissimi
producit sapiens: hoc iter unicum:
uno non aliter sole valebimus
totum vivere Nestora.

A. H.

Epicediorum sors.

COMPLORO tua quo scribas epicedia fato,
de rebus tantis quae tot, amice, docent:
dimidium (nullus dubito) lectore carebit,
dimidio vereor detur ut ulla fides.

J. F.

Dying Wishes.

LET me not have this gloomy view
about my room, around my bed,
but morning roses wet with dew
to cool my burning brows instead:
as flowers that once in Eden grew,
let them their fragrant spirit shed,
and every day the sweets renew,
till I, a fading flower, am dead.
o let the herbs I loved to rear
give to my sense their perfumed breath;
let them be placed about my bier,
and grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill;
where,—only Lucy's self shall know;
where runs the pure pellucid rill
upon its gravelly bed below;
there violets on the borders blow,
and insects their soft light display,
till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
the cold phosphoric fires decay.
in virgin earth till then unturned
there let my maiden form be laid,
nor let my changèd clay be spurned,
nor for new guest that bed be made.

CRABBE.

Odysseus.

Alle Gewäſſer durchkreuzt, die Heimath zu finden, Odyſſeus;
durch der Scylla Gebell, durch der Charybde Gefahr,
durch die Schrecken des feindlichen Meers, durch die Schrecken des Landes,
ſelber in Aidas Reich führt ihn die irrende Fahrt.
endlich trägt das Geſchick ihn ſchlafend an Ithaka's Küſte;
er erwacht und erkennt jammernd das Vaterland nicht.

SCHILLER.

Funebria vota.

OMNIA ne, precor, haec quae sunt tristissima visu
ad thalamum restent circumeantque torum;
sed matutinas potius mihi rore madentes,
torrida quîs recreem tempora, pone rosas:
Elysios qualem perhibent spirasse per hortos
halitus ex illis hic quoque dulcis eat,
inque dies renovare suos ne cesset odores,
marcida dum, veluti flos brevis, ipsa cadam.
o mihi nunc herbae, suavissima dona, ferantur,
olim cura meae deliciaeque manus;
hae positae cingant, funebria serta, feretrum;
his mea defunctae rideat atra domus.
umbroso iaceat corpus sub colle sepultum;
conscia sit maesti Lucia sola loci;
rivus ubi celeres volvit pellucidus undas,
per tofum faciens inviolatus iter.
suavia praetexunt illam violaria ripam,
nocte cicindelae parva lucerna micat,
donec, ubi rutilos Titan ostenderit ignes,
palleat hoc flamma frigidiore iubar.
hic, ubi non ulli terram vertere ligones,
virgo in virgineo sim tumulata solo:
advena ne cineri velit insultare, novisque
semper ab hospitibus lectulus ille vacet.

R. S.

Νόστου κεχρημένος.

OMNE fretum patriae cupidus transcurrit Ulixes;
perque tuos fremitus, Scylla, Charybdi, tuos,
per maris infensi, per mille pericula terrae,
ad Stygias etiam devius errat aquas.
mox Ithacae cadit in litus, pulsoque sopore
flet miser heu patriae nil memor ipse suae.

K.

The Titan is unconquered still.

NO change, no pause, no hope! yet I endure.
I ask the earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon heaven, the all-beholding sun,
has it not seen? the sea, in storm or calm,
heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below,
have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!
the crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
of their moon-freezing crystals; the bright chains
eat with their burning cold into my bones.
heaven's wingèd hound, polluting from thy lips
his beak in poison not his own, tears up
my heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
the ghastly people of the realm of dream,
mocking me: and the earthquake fiends are charged
to wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds.

SHELLEY.

Free Love.

LOVE he comes, and Love he tarries,
just as fate or fancy carries;
longest stays, when sorest chidden;
laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.
love's a fire that needs renewal
of fresh beauty for its fuel:
love's wing moults when caged and captured;
only free, he soars enraptured.

CAMPBELL.

Τέτλαθί μοι, κραδίη.

Οὐκ ἀμπνοή τις, οὐ μεταλλαγὴ πόνων,
οὐκ ἐλπίς· ἀλλ᾽ ἔθ᾽ οὑμὸς ἀντέχει βίος·
καὶ μὴν πέδον γῆς τῆσδ᾽ ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι
οἵων ὄρειοι πρῶνες ᾔσθηνται κακῶν·
καὶ τὸν πανόπτην τόνδε δέρκεσθαι καλῶ
ἐν οὐρανῷ φλέγοντος ἡλίου κύκλον,
καὶ πόντον εὖδοντ᾽ ἢ ζάλῃ κινούμενον
ἀείρρυτον μόρφωμα τῶν ἄνω τόπων
ἔνερθ᾽ ἀναπτυχθέντα· μῶν ἐμὰς δύας
καὶ κώφ᾽ ὅμως τὰ κύματ᾽ οὐκ ἀκήκοεν ;
ἆ ἆ· ἔα ἔα.
αἰεὶ μαραίνει μ᾽ ἄλγος οὐκ ἀνασχετόν,
λόγχαις δ᾽ ἀτρύτοις ὥς, ἐφέρπουσαι λάθρᾳ
κρυσταλλοπῆγές μ᾽ αἵδε κεντοῦσιν ῥοαί·
δεσμοὶ δὲ παχνωθέντες ὡς πυρὸς γνάθῳ
δάπτουσ᾽ ἐς ἦπαρ σάρκας ἐκθοινώμενοι·
Ζεῦ, σὸς δ᾽ ἀμύσσει καρδίαν πτηνὸς κύων
ἴῳ μιαίνων χεῖλος αἱματοσταγὲς
τῶν σῶν ῥέοντι κοὐκ ἀπ᾽ οἰκείων γνάθων·
ὄψεις δ᾽ ἄμορφοι πολυπλανεῖς φοιτῶσ᾽ ἀεί,
τὰ σμέρδν᾽ ὀνείρων δυσπρόσοπτα φάσματα,
ἐπεγγελῶσαι· τοῖς δ᾽ ἔνερθε δαίμοσιν,
οἳ γῆν σαλεύουσ᾽, ἑλκέων φονορρύτων
πέδας ἀποσπᾶν διατόρους ἐντέλλεται.

E. M. C.

Liber Amor.

UT Parcis placuit vel mens levis impulit, hospes
advolat, hospitio lentus inhaeret, Amor.
quo magis increpitas, hoc vult magis ille morari :
mille vocas precibus ? ridet initque fugam.
flagrat Amor ; flammis opus est alimenta novarum
adsiduas venerum suppeditare faces.
penna dei languet, patitur cum vincula captus :
nonnisi liber, ovans fertur in alta poli.

H. W. M.

School Days.

LL shod with steel
we hissed along the polished ice, in games
confederate, imitative of the chase
and woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
the pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.
so through the darkness and the cold we flew,
and not a voice was idle: with the din
smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
the leafless trees and every icy crag
tinkled like iron; while the distant hills
into the tumult sent an alien sound
of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars
eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
the orange sky of evening died away.
not seldom from the uproar I retired
into a silent bay, or sportively
glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng.
to cut across the reflex of a star,
image, that flying still before me gleamed
upon the glassy plain: and oftentimes
when we had given our bodies to the wind,
and all the shadowy banks on either side
came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
the rapid line of motion, then at once
have I reclining back upon my heels
stopped short; yet still the solitary cliffs
wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
with visible motion her diurnal round:
behind me did they stretch in solemn train
feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

WORDSWORTH.

Flumina radunt summa leves.

AMQUE pedes ferro subnexi et levia lapsu
aequora oberrantes stridorem agitamus acutum
ludo omnes socio, et venandi gaudia cursu
laeti exercemus studiumque imitamur agreste.
hinc cornu canere, hinc ululatus mittere magnos
agmina rauca canum leporique instare fugato.
per tenebras adeo, per frigora densa volamus
vocibus assiduis, pulsae quo murmure cautes
certatim reboant: viduataque frondibus arbos,
ipsa etiam glacie et nivibus concreta vetustis
infremuit ferrum rupes imitata sonando.
longinqui referunt voces et non sua montes
murmura, maesta quidem, per turbam audita, sed aures
clara sono feriunt: nec setius aethere puro
astra eoa micant: etiam sua purpura sero
vespertinae etiam caelo evanescere flammae.
interea medio decedens saepe tumultu
ipse sinus tacitos quaerebam, aut agmine abibam
obliquus ludens, sese qua stella secandam
obtulerat glacie effulgens; illa usque volando
campos per vitreos falsa me luce trahebat.
tum memini, ventis cum corpora prona daremus,
dum riparum umbrae per noctem utrimque feruntur,
dumque fugam mediam et rapidum pede volvor in orbem,
praecipites subito gressus me saepe morari,
retro inclinatum, pressaque insistere planta:
nec minus assiduo praeter me sola meatu
saxa ferebantur, quasi motus terra videndos
praeberet manifesta oculis orbemque diurnum:
usque ibant, usque extento tardam ordine pompam
ducebant magis atque magis tenuata tuenti;
donec ut aestivum requierunt omnia marmor.

J. E. L. S.

The Cypress Wreath.

LADY, twine no wreath for me,
or twine it of the cypress-tree.
too lively glow the lilies light,
the varnish'd holly's all too bright,
the may-flower and the eglantine
may shade a brow less sad than mine;
but, lady, weave no wreath for me,
or weave it of the cypress-tree.
Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
with tendrils of the laughing vine;
the manly oak, the pensive yew,
to patriot and to sage be due;
the myrtle-bough bids lovers live,
but that Matilda will not give;
then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
or twine it of the cypress-tree.
Let merry England proudly rear
her blended roses, bought so dear;
let Albyn bind her bonnet blue
with heath and harebell dipped in dew;
on favoured Erin's crest be seen
the flower she loves of emerald green:
but, lady, twine no wreath for me,
or twine it of the cypress-tree.
Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
the ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
and, while his crown of laurel-leaves
with bloody hand the victor weaves,
let the loud trump his triumph tell;
but when you hear the passing bell,
then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
and twine it of the cypress-tree.
Yes, twine for me the cypress-bough,
but, O Matilda, twine not now:

Iubet Cupressus funebres.

AUT nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.
resplendent nimio lilia lumine,
et pictis nimium frondibus arbuti;
calthis mixta rosae suave rubentia
nostro serta caput laetius ambiant;
at nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.—
vernanti decoret tempora pampino
subridens facili laetitia Iocus;
fortem pro patria saepiat aesculus;
aptum consiliis taxus amet senem;
spem reddit miseris myrtus amantibus,
sed myrtum, Lalage, tu mihi denegas:
ergo mitte leves nectere flosculos,
et frondes potius texe cupressinas.—
tollat laeta rosas Anglia compares,
quae multo rapuit sanguine praemia;
innectatque apici Scotia caerulo
stillantes hilari rore thymi comas;
flos cristam nitidae cingat Hiberniae
qui vernat trifida fronde smaragdinus:
at nullum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
aut sertum foliis necte cupressinis.—
inter clara lyrae carmina virgines
musaeis hederam crinibus implicent:
et laurus, capiti promeritum decus,
victor sanguinea dum properat manu,
aeris concelebret clangor adoream:
tu, cum funereo tibia praecinet
cantu, tum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
tum sertum foliis necte cupressinis.—
frondem texe mihi, texe cupressinam,
nec iam texe: brevi da spatium morae,

stay till a few brief months are past,
and I have looked and loved my last.
when villagers my shroud bestrew
with pansies, rosemary and rue,
then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
and weave it of the cypress-tree.

SCOTT.

The Solitary Poet.

THERE was a Poet, whose untimely tomb
no human hands with pious reverence reared,
but the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness.
a lovely youth, no mourning maiden decked
with weeping flowers, or votive cypress wreath,
the lone couch of his everlasting sleep.
gentle and brave and generous, no lorn bard
breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh.
he lived, he died, he sung in solitude.
strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
and virgins, as unknown he passed, have sighed
and wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
the fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
and Silence, too enamoured of that voice,
locks its mute music in her rugged cell.

SHELLEY.

Hohe Liebe.

In Liebesarmen ruht ihr trunken,
des Lebens Früchte winken euch;
ein Blick nur ist auf mir gesunken,
doch bin ich vor euch allen reich.

UHLAND.

dum tempus rapidum fugerit, ultimo
dum te deficiens lumine videro ;
cum pagus feretrum rore maris meum
rutisque et violae munere luteae
sparget, tum, Lalage, necte mihi, precor,
tum sertum foliis necte cupressinis.

F. M.

Heu miserande Puer.

ATEM illum rapuit mors immatura, sepulcroque
invidere homines, grati pietate laboris :
sed desiderio fervens divinitus aura
desertum celebravit agrum, marcentiaque ossa
frondibus autumni marcente instruxit acervo.
a pulcher iuvenis, non virgo maesta cupressum
votivam inspersit neque flores rore madentes,
solus ubi aeterna sopitus nocte iacebas.
tam dulcem periisse virum fortemque bonumque
debita non socius rupit suspiria vates ;
ille canens idem natus moriensque fefellit.
ut stetit ut flevit ferventes advena cantus
aure bibens, visoque semel, dum praeterit, illo
flagrantes oculorum aestus mirata puella
deperit, et lento ignoti tabescit amore.
nunc teneram longae flammam exstinxere tenebrae,
lumina diriguere, et in ipsa voce laborans
includit taciturna cavo Proserpina saxo.

W. G. C.

Parvo beatus.

UOD det Amor felix nil non habeatis, amati ;
vita suum vobis fuderit omne merum ;
me semel obtutu vidit mea flamma benigno,
ditior at vobis omnibus unus ego.

K.

The Last Man.

LL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
the sun himself must die,
before this mortal shall assume
its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
that gave my spirit strength to sweep
adown the gulf of Time:
I saw the last of human mould
that shall creation's death behold,
as Adam saw her prime.
The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
the earth with age was wan,
the skeletons of nations were
around that lonely man.
some had expired in fight, the brands
still rusted in their bony hands;
in plague and famine some:
earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
and ships were drifting with the dead
to shores where all was dumb.
Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
with dauntless words and high,
that shook the sere leaves from the wood,
as if a storm passed by:
saying: 'we are twins in death, proud sun,
thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'tis mercy bids thee go:
for thou ten thousand thousand years
hast seen the tide of human tears,
which shall no longer flow.'

CAMPBELL.

Impavidum ferient ruinae.

TERRESTRE nil non serius ocius
dissolverit nox: aufugiet prius
sol ipse quam mortale sumet
hoc propriam sine morte formam.
inter quietem vidi ego somnium,
quo concitata mente volubilis
demittor aetatum secundo
gurgite: vidi hominem futurum
tellure creti sanguinis ultimum:
mundi ruinas ille tuebitur
quo more mirabatur ortus
Deucalion speciemque primam.
sol deflagrabat lumine lurido;
marcebat aevo terra: superstitem
solumque cingebant iacentum
relliquiae populorum et ossa.
hi marte caesi tum quoque dexteris
ferrum tenebant scabrum adamantinis,
hos morbus infectos famesque
sustulerat. neque vox per urbes
audita vastas nec sonitus pedum;
navesque mutae non sine mortuis
passim ferebantur silentum
litoribus temere affluentes.
at stabat idem solus, at auguris
instar profatus verba minantia;
silvisque decussit caducam
voce comam, quasi flasset Eurus.
'nos cogit ambos una necessitas,
sol magne, leti; te quoque pallidum
cursuque defunctum sub umbras
vox Domini miserantis abdit.
nam fletuum fons lumine sub tuo
per saecla saeclis addita gentibus
manavit ad plenum; sed istas
nunc scatebras Amor ipse claudit.

T. S. E.

The Mourner.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
and lovers are round her sighing:
but coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
for her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
every note which he loved awaking;—
ah little they think who delight in her strains,
how the heart of the minstrel is breaking.
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
they were all that to life had entwined him;
nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
nor long will his love stay behind him.
Oh make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
when they promise a glorious morrow;
they will shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
from her own loved island of sorrow.

MOORE.

The Two Voices.

TWO voices are there, one is of the sea,
one of the mountains, each a mighty voice:
in both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
they were thy chosen music, Liberty:
there came a tyrant, and with holy glee
thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven:
thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft,
then cleave, o cleave to that which still is left;
for, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
that mountain floods should thunder as before,
and ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
and neither awful voice be heard by thee!

WORDSWORTH.

Certa Mori.

TAT procul a terra, qua tu, puer inclute, dormis,
stat tua sollicitis culta puella procis;
frigida sed flentes oculos avertit, et illuc
mente fugit, carum qua tegit herba caput.
mox patria raptim promit testudine si quae
audierat quondam carmina laetus amans;
nec cupida cernunt inhiantes aure catervae,
quae canit, hanc sensim corde labante mori.
pro patria periit qui vixerat omnis amori,
nil aliud causae, cur superesset, erat.
nec patriae maerore brevi deflebitur heros,
nec mora quin sponsum sponsa sequatur erit.
huic tumulus fiat qua lux monet ultima solis
gloria sit reducis quanta futura dei:
insula per fluctus risisse videbitur illi,
carior aerumnis insula facta suis.

G. A. C. M.

Maria et Montes.

UNT geminae voces, quarum haec maris, illa iugorum,
utraque vox ingens: longum gavisa per aevum,
Libertas, ambabus eras, id amicius omni
carmen. at hostis adest: contra bellare tyrannum,
(et pugnae tibi sanctus amor); sed bella moventur
nequiquam; fugis Alpinis exterrita claustris,
auditusque tibi torrens non murmurat usquam.
auribus una tuis altast extorta voluptas;
quare o, quae superest, huic ambitiosius haere.
nam quantum pigeat, praestanti corde virago,
flumina si montana tonent, si litore, ut olim,
oceanus saxoso immugiat usque, nec aures
vox augusta tuas aut haec aut illa lacessat!

H. A. J. M.

Adonais.

OST Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
and feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
and will no more reply to winds or fountains,
or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
than those for whose disdain she pined away
into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
murmur between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.
Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
for whom should she have waked the sullen year?
to Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear,
nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
thou, Adonais: wan they stand and sere
amid the faint companions of their youth,
with dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth.

SHELLEY.

Task-work.

EVEREND SIR,

You are requested to attend a Meeting of the Bridge Committee on Saturday the 2nd of November at 12 o'Clock, to consider Mr. Diffles's proposal for laying down gas-pipes.

We are,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient Servants,

SMITH AND SONS,

Solicitors.

Urges flebilibus modis.

Ἃ δ' ἐπ' ἀναυδάτοισιν ἀλωμένα ὤρεσιν Ἀχὼ
πένθος ἀειμνάστοις βουκολέει μέλεσιν,
οὔποκ' ἂν αὖτ' ἀνέμως, οὐ πίδακας, οὐδ' ἐπὶ χλωραῖς
φυλλάσιν οἰωνῶν τὸν φιλέρωτα χορόν,
οὐδ' ἄρα τὸν βούταν ἔτι δειελινὸν μέλποντα
φθέγμασιν ἀντῳδοῖς αὖτις ἀμειψαμένα·
οὐ γάρ που δύναται τὸ φίλον στόμα μιμήσασθαι
καὶ τήνω γλύκιον, τῷ ποκ' ἀτιζομένα
τάκετο, φωνάντων μελέα σκιά· ἃς ἐπ' ἀοιδαῖς
νῦν μινύρισμ' αὖτως ἔρχεται ὑλοτόμοις.
χεῦαν δ' εἰαρινὰς κάλυκας δι' ἔρωτα μανεῖσαι
ὡς μετόπωρα χαμαὶ κάρφε' Ἀμαδρυάδες·
τῷ γάρ, ἐπεί σφιν ὄλωλε τὸ πᾶν γλυκύ, τῷ γε μελοίσας
τὰν κρυερὰν ὥραν χρῆν' ἀνεγειρέμεναι;
οὐ μὰν τὼπόλλωνι τόσον φίλος ἦς Ὑάκινθος,
οὐ Νάρκισσος ἔᾶς ἤρατο καλλοσύνας,
ὔσσον καὶ τύγα, Δάφνι, ποκ' ἀμφοτέροις πεφίλησαι·
τοί γε μεθ' ἅλιξιν τοῖσι μαραινομένοις
ὠχροὶ ἀλύουσιν, μεταμειψάμενοι μὲν ἔερσαν
δάκρυσι, τὰν δ' ὀδμὰν οἰκτρογόῳ στοναχᾷ.

R. D. A. H.

Χαλεπὰ τὰ μὴ καλά.

CONSILIO bonus intersis de ponte rogamus
Saturni sancto, vir reverende, die.
ante diem quartum Nonas erit ille Novembres,
sextaque delectos convocat hora viros.
carbonum luci suadet struxisse canales
Diphilus: ambigitur prosit an obsit opus.
haec tibi devincti Fabri, natique paterque,
actores socii, vir reverende, dabant.

K.

The Daisy.

HERE is a flower, a little flower,
with silver crest and golden eye,
that welcomes every changing hour,
and weathers every sky.
the prouder beauties of the field
in gay but quick succession shine,
race after race their honours yield,
they flourish and decline.
But this small flower, to Nature dear,
while moons and stars their courses run,
wreathes the whole circle of the year.
companion of the sun.
it smiles upon the lap of May,
to sultry August spreads its charms,
lights pale October on his way,
and twines December's arms.
The purple heath and golden broom
on moory mountains catch the gale;
o'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
the violet in the vale.
but this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,
hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
plays on the margin of the rill,
peeps round the fox's den.
Within the garden's cultured round
it shares the sweet carnation's bed;
and blooms on consecrated ground
in honour of the dead.
the lambkin crops its crimson gem,
the wild bee murmurs on its breast,
the blue-fly bends its pensile stem
light o'er the skylark's nest.

Inest sua gratia parvis.

PARVULUS in pratis flos est: nitor ardet ocelli
aureus, argento purior albet apex:
ille vices horae dubias cuiusque salutat,
aspectumque omnem scit tolerare Iovis.
quae risu decorat laetante superbior agrum,
florea gens celeri fulget abitque vice:
stirps sequitur stirpem, flos flori fortior instat,
quique in honore fuit nunc sine honore iacet.
attamen haec florum Matri dilecta propago,
Cynthia dum cursum volvit et astra manent,
innectit foliis anni revolubilis orbem,
et comes it rapidae solis ubique fugae.
in gremio ridet Maii sincera voluptas,
explicat Augusti sole calente decus:
non alia Octobri lampas praelucet eunti,
non alia cingi fronde December amat.
montibus in vastis vaga flamina captet ericae
purpura, et auratis lenta genista comis;
pascua odorato conspergant lilia flatu,
et violam suavem concava vallis alat;
flosculus hic audax colles ascendit, opaco
conditur in saltu, tesqua reducta tenet,
ludit ad inclusum praetexto margine rivum,
vulpis et effossum stat vigil ante larem.
qua cultura novis vestit splendoribus hortos,
non alia, fragrans ac rosa, parte viget:
gaudet et inferiis sanctos decorare recessus
simplicibus, morti ne suus absit honos.
puniceum teneris calycem depascitur agna
dentibus; in gremio fulva susurrat apis;
musca laborantem gracili sub pondere culmum
flectit, ubi parvam finxit alauda domum.

'Tis Flora's page: in every place,
in every season, fresh and fair,
it opens with perennial grace,
and blossoms everywhere.
on waste and woodland, rock and plain,
its humble buds unheeded rise:
the rose has but a summer-reign;
the daisy never dies.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Milton.

ILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
have forfeited their ancient English dower
of inward happiness. we are selfish men:
oh raise us up, return to us again,
and give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
so didst thou travel on life's common way
in cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
the lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

gemma deae famulata suae, quocumque sub axe,
quolibet innascens pulchra recensque solo,
pandit inexhaustos anno redeunte nitores:
exigua nusquam rus sine belle viret.
per scopulos solumque nemus perque aequora campi
illa levat tenerum vix bene visa caput:
non nisi in aestivo regnat rosa lumine solis:
bellis habet domita morte perenne decus.

G. D.

Heu Pietas, heu prisca Fides.

MILTUNE, vellem nunc quoque viveres:
te nostra, te nunc postulat Anglia:
quae, more coenosae paludis,
stagnat iners. sine castitate
quid ara et ensis, pluma, focus, valent?
quo fugit aulae gloria? quo casae
pax alma? cur priscae quietis
dote carent patrii penates?
gens prava nobis consulimus. redi et
dilapsa prudens saecla redintegra:
da clara libertas, pudici
da redeant sine labe mores,
et vera virtus firmaque viribus
iustis potestas. mens tua lumine
fulgebat, ut sidus, remoto;
vox tua, ceu pelagi, sonabat:
stabas aperto purior aethere,
peiusque leto servitium timens,
sincera maiestas, Deique
muneribus modicis fruentem
tutum per omnes te pietas tua
traduxit annos. nec tamen immemor
quid cuique deberes, amabas
officiis minimis vacare.

K.

The Sleeping Love.

AS late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride,
within the petals of a rose
a sleeping Love I spied;
around his brows a beamy wreath
of many a lucent hue;
all purple glowed his cheek beneath
inebriate with dew.
I softly seized the unguarded Power
nor scared his balmy rest;
and placed him, caged within the flower,
on spotless Sara's breast.
but when, unweeting of the guile,
awoke the prisoner sweet,
he struggled to escape awhile,
and stamped his faery feet.
Ah, soon the soul-entrancing sight
subdued the impatient boy;
he gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
then clapped his wings for joy.
and 'oh,' he cried, 'of magic kind
what charms this throne endear!
some other Love let Venus find,
I'll fix my empire here.'

COLERIDGE.

Δεσμὸν ἄδεσμον ἔχων.

Ἁπαλὸν λόχευμα κήπου,
ὅσα φύεται γλύκιστα
ἔδρεπον μὲν ἐχθὲς ἄνθη·
πετάλων δ' ἔσωθεν εἶδον
ῥοδινῶν ὑπνῶντ' Ἔρωτα.
κροτάφοις μὲν ἀμφιπλέξας
στεφανίσκον εἶχε καλόν,
πολυδαίδαλον, φαεινόν·
ὑποπόρφυρος δ' ὑπ' αὐτῷ
ἀλέαινεν ἡ παρεία
γεγανυμένη δρόσοισι.
χερὶ δ' αὖτ' ἔγωγε κούφῃ
ἀφύλακτον ὦδ' ἔμαρψα,
κατὰ μὲν σχίσαι φυλάξας
μελιτουμένους ὀνείρους,
ἐνὶ δ' ἀμβρότοισι κόλποις
κατέθηκ' ἐμῆς Κορίννης.
ὅτε δ', οὐ δόλον συνειδώς,
ἀνεγείρεθ' οὐπιχαρτός,
ἐθέλων τότ' ἐκλυθῆναι
περιεστράφη τὸ πρῶτον,
χαλέπαινέ τ', ἐμπαλαχθείς,
χλιδανοσφύροις ποδίσκοις·
μάλα δ' ὦκα παιδὸς ἦτορ
κεχαρισμένον θέαμα
παρέθελξεν ἀσχαλῶντος·
τὸ δ' ἄρ' ὡς ἴδ', ὡς ἀνέπτη
ὑπὸ χαρμονῆς βαθείας,
πτέρυγας δ' ἔσεισ' ἰανθείς·
τίσι γὰρ τέχναισι, φησί,
τόδ' ἐπηράτων ἐπῳδῶν
καταγώγιόν με σαίνει;
σὺ δ' Ἔρωτα δή τιν' ἄλλον
Κύπρι, λοιπὸν ἂν μετέλθοις,
ὅδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ἄρξω.

J. R.

The Power of Love.

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
as on that night of stormy water,
when Love, who sent, forgot to save
the young, the beautiful, the brave,
the lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
oh, when at night along the sky
her turret-torch was blazing high,
though rising gale and breaking foam
and shrieking sea-birds warned him home,
and clouds aloft and tides below,
with signs and sounds, forbade to go,
he could not see, he would not hear
or sound or sign foreboding fear;
his eye but saw that light of love,
the only star it hailed above;
his ear but rang with Hero's song,
'ye waves, divide not lovers long.'
that tale is old, but love anew
may nerve young hearts to prove as true.

LORD BYRON.

Swans and Songsters.

SWANS sing before they die:—'twere no bad thing
if certain folk would die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.

Leander et Hero.

URA super fluctus Helles furit acris, ut illa
nocte procellosas saeviit inter aquas,
misit ubi iuvenem, quamvis servare per undas
quem iuvenem misit non meminisset amor.
et tamen ille annis formaque animisque vigebat,
spes desolatae Sestidos una nurûs.
o ubi de turri flagrabat in aethera noctu
taeda puellaris, saeviat aura licet,
spumescat licet unda salo, volucresque marinae
raucisonis iubeant questibus ire domum,
desuper et nubes, infra licet aestus aquarum
mille vetet signis pergere, mille sonis,
nec spectare potest nec vult audire sonosve
signave venturos vaticinata metus,
nil oculis usquam nisi fax ea lucet amoris,
stellarum supero cognita sola polo,
non nisi vox Herus tonat auribus, 'unda, fideles
invida nolito dissociare diu'.
quod memoro vetus est, sed amor iuvenalia forsan
roboret ad talem nunc quoque corda fidem.

H. A. J. M.

Mutatis Mutandis.

ANTARE cygnos ante moriendum ferunt;
sunt quos velimus ante cantandum mori.

K.

Evening.

T is the hour when from the boughs
the nightingale's high note is heard;
it is the hour when lover's vows
seem sweet in every whispered word:
and gentle winds and waters near
make music to the lonely ear.
each flower the dews have lightly wet
and in the sky the stars are met,
and on the wave is deeper blue,
and on the leaf a browner hue,
and in the heaven that clear obscure,
so softly dark, and darkly pure,
which follows the decline of day,
as twilight melts beneath the moon away.

LORD BYRON.

Parisina.

UT it is not to list to the waterfall,
that Parisina leaves her hall,
and it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
that the lady walks in the shadow of night;
and if she sits in Este's bower,
'tis not for the sake of its full-blown flower.
she listens—but not for the nightingale,
though her ear expects as soft a tale.
there glides a step through the foliage thick,
and her cheek grows pale, and her heart beats quick.
there whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
and her blush returns, and her bosom heaves.
a moment more, and they shall meet,
'tis past—her lover is at her feet.

LORD BYRON.

Venit Hesperus.

AM tempus est quo flebilis per arbores
philomela clara voce mulcet aethera.
iam tempus est quo suaviter silentium
rumpunt amantes mollibus suspiriis,
auraeque lenes proximusque fons aquae
fundunt canoros auribus vagis modos.
nunc irrigatur quisque rore flosculus,
nunc astra convenere per caeli vias:
gliscit per altum caerulus splendor mare,
superque silvas crescit umbra nigrior,
cernique visa vel per obscurum poli
lux inter almas purior caligines,
qualis cadentis occupat solis vicem,
cum luna noctis dissipat crepuscula,

H. J. H.

Improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

T non egreditur foribus Parisina superbis
audiat ut strepitum desilientis aquae;
nec vaga nigrantes regina perambulat umbras
aurea nocturni spectet ut astra chori:
sive sedet mediis umbrosae in floribus Estae,
non est expliciti germinis illud opus;
exspectatque sonos et dulcia murmura quamquam,
non desiderio vox, Philomela, tuast.
pes novus e spissa foliorum allabitur umbra,
inque sinu tremor est palluerunt que genae;
iamque novum repetunt virgulta sonantia murmur,
inque genis rubor est intumuitque sinus.
convenient, breve momentum modo fugerit, ambo:
fugit: amantis amans sternitur ante pedes.

H. T.

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

N Linden, when the sun was low,
all bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
and dark as winter was the flow
of Iser, rolling rapidly.
but Linden saw another sight
when the drum beat at dead of night,
commanding fires of death to light
the darkness of her scenery.
by torch and trumpet fast arrayed
each horseman drew his battle-blade,
and furious every charger neighed
to join the dreadful revelry.
then shook the hills with thunder riven,
then rushed the steed to battle driven,
and louder than the bolts of heaven
far flashed the red artillery.
but redder yet that light shall glow
on Linden's hills of stained snow,
and bloodier yet the torrent flow
of Iser, rolling rapidly.
'tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
where furious Frank and fiery Hun
shout in their sulph'rous canopy.
the combat deepens. on, ye brave,
who rush to glory, or the grave!
wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
and charge with all thy chivalry!
few, few shall part where many meet;
the snow shall be their winding-sheet,
and every turf beneath their feet
shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

Fervet opus.

ANUM incruenta stabat adhuc nive,
vergente Phoebo, Lindinium nemus,
brumaeque caligantis instar
ibat agens celer amnis undas
per tesqua. sed nox mutat imaginem,
cum tympanorum provocat acrium
clangor per illunes recessus
letiferas radiare flammas;
cum signa taedarum et strepitum ad tubae
bellator ensem stringit aëneum,
hinnitque vaesanum ferocis
orgia avens quadrupes Gradivi.
tum mons tremiscit, tum sonipes ruit
in bella praeceps, et face clarior
scindente nimborum tumultus
rubra procul tonat ira pugnae.
sed lux micabit rubrior in nive
contaminata per iuga collium,
auctusque volvetur fluentis
sanguineis violentus amnis.
mane est: supina vix penetrat face
sol iste belli nubila luridi,
qua Gallus amens, qua sub umbris
sulpureis fremit acer Hunnus.
ite, ite (gliscunt proelia), quîs decus
debetur aut mors: nunc tua, Noricum,
nunc signa succurrant, et hosti
fervida equos equitesque virtus
immittat. heu quot pars quota militum
sospes redibit? funerea teget
nix veste caesos, et sepulti
quisque viri premet ossa caespes.

W. F.

Jupiter and Prometheus.

UT he refused
the birthright of their being, knowledge, power.
the skill that wields the elements, the thought
which pierces this dim universe like light,
self-empire, and the majesty of love;
for thirst of which they fainted. then Prometheus
gave wisdom, which is strength, to Jupiter,
and with this law alone, 'let man be free,'
clothed him with the dominion of wide heaven.
to know nor love nor faith nor law, to be
omnipotent but friendless, is to reign;
and Jove now reigned; for on the race of man
first famine, and then toil, and then disease,
strife, wounds, and ghastly death unseen before,
fell; and the unseasonable seasons drove,
with alternating shafts of frost and fire,
their shelterless pale tribes to mountain caves:
and in their desert hearts fierce wants he sent,
and mad disquietudes, and shadows idle
of unreal good, which levied mutual war,
so ruining the lair wherein they raged.

SHELLEY.

Schicksal.

Ja, Schickſal, ich verſtehe dich:
mein Glück iſt nicht von dieſer Welt,
es blüht im Traum der Dichtung nur.
du ſendeſt mir der Schmerzen viel,
und gibſt für jedes Leid ein Lied.

UHLAND.

Ζεὺς ἰδίοις νόμοις κρατύνων.

Ἀλλ' ἐγγενῆ βροτοῖσιν ἐφθόνει γέρα,
μάθησιν, ἰσχύν, παντὸς ἀψύχου κρατοῦν
ψυχῆς μέλημα τῷ τε παγκοίνῳ σκότῳ
σελασφόρον νόησιν· οὐδ' αὑτῶν κράτος
ἔδωκεν οὐδ' ἔρωτος αἰδοῖον σέβας·
οἱ δ' ἔφθινον διψῶντες ἱμέρῳ φρενῶν.
εἶτ' οὖν Προμηθεὺς Ζηνὶ τεχνῖτιν σθένους
φρόνησιν ὤπασ', οὐρανοῦ δ' ἀτέρμονος
ἀρχῇ νιν ἐξώγκωσε, τόνδε δὴ μόνον
θεσμὸν προσάψας, ὥστ' ἐλευθεροῦν βροτούς.
εἴθ' ὅστις αἰδοῦς καὶ δίκης νόμου τ' ἄτερ
πάντων κράτιστος κἄφιλος πάντων κυρεῖ,
ἄρχει γ' ὅδ' ἤδη· Ζεὺς ἄρ' ἦν ἄρχων τότε.
πρῶτον γὰρ εἰσέπιπτεν ἀνθρώπων γένει
λιμός, πόνοι δ' ἔπειτα καὶ νοσήματα·
διχοστατοῦντας τραύμαθ' αἱματορραγῆ
ποταίνιαί τέ σφ' ἐξανήλισκον φθοραί·
ὧραί τ' ἄωροι καῦμ' ἀμείβουσαι πάγου
βολαῖς δυσαύλοις ἦγον εἰς ὀρεστέρας
σπήλυγγας ὠχρὰν κἄπολιν πανήγυριν.
ἔσω δ' ἐρήμων ἀγρίας κατῴκισε
στέρνων ἀνάγκας ἐμμανῆ τ' οἰστρήματα
δόξας τ' ἀκράντους κερδέων ψευδωνύμων·
τὰ δ' ἀντιοστατοῦντα θηρίων δίκην
διεσπάρασσεν αἷς ἐφώλευεν φρεσί.

R. D. A. H.

Δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε κακόν τε.

AM scio quid moneas: perierunt gaudia mundi;
somnia Pieridum sola fruenda manent.
milia tot mihi das, o Fors male fausta, dolorum:
sed cum quoque malo das bene fausta melos.

K.

The Daughter, the devoted!

INCE our country, our God, O my sire,
demand that thy daughter expire;
since thy triumph was bought by thy vow,
strike the bosom that's bared for thee now.
And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
and the mountains behold me no more:
if the hand that I love lay me low,
there cannot be pain in the blow.
And of this, O my father, be sure,—
that the blood of thy child is as pure
as the blessing I beg ere it flow,
and the last thought that soothes me below.
When the virgins of Salem lament,
be the judge and the hero unbent:
I have won the great battle for thee,
and my father and country are free.
When this blood of thy giving hath gushed,
when the voice that thou lovest is hushed,
let my memory still be thy pride,
and forget not I smiled as I died.

LORD BYRON.

An Sie.

HINE eye is not the heaven's own blue,
thy mouth is not the very rose,
thy breast and arms not lilies true.
o wondrous spring, when such as those
were lilies all the vale perfuming,
and roses on the hill-side blooming,
and o'er them skies as clearly bright
expanding, as thine eye's blue light!

K. *from* UHLAND.

Mactatu Parentis.

UM patria, O genitor, cum numen postulet ipsum
tingat ut Isacios nata cruore focos:
cumque tuo fuerit voto laus empta triumphi,
nunc tibi nudatum perge ferire sinum.
virgineae cessat munus sollemne querellae;
nec patrii montes me, velut ante, vident.
si dilecta parat generosum dextera letum,
quid nimii vulnus tale doloris habet?
hoc tibi pro certo stet in ima mente repostum:
tam purum venis flumen inesse meis
quam spes, in leto quae me solantur, et istae
concipies pro me quas moriente preces.
progeniem Solymaea tuam sine naenia ploret,
naenia virgineis rite sonanda choris;
tu tamen immotus iudex herosque maneto;
non ego sum lacrimis dedecoranda tuis,
per quam parta tibi magni victoria belli,
fregit et indignum terra paterna iugum.
cum vitam abstuleris, quam tu, pater, ipse dedisti,
et mea sub gelida lingua tacebit humo,
natae semper ovans itera praeconia, meque
trade renidentem colla dedisse neci.

G. J. K.

Ad Miram.

ON caeli tuus instar est ocellus;
non instar tua labra sunt rosarum;
non sunt lilia pectus ac lacerti.
o vis illa serenitasque veris,
quod vestire rosisque liliisque
posset talibus invidenda rura;
cui tam splendidus immineret aether
quam lux caerulei tua illa ocelli!

K.

The idle Shepherd Boys.

HE valley rings with mirth and joy;
among the hills the echoes play
a never, never-ending song,
to welcome in the May.
the Magpie chatters with delight;
the mountain Raven's youngling brood
have left the mother and the nest;
and they go rambling east and west
in search of their own food;
or through the glittering vapours dart
in very wantonness of heart.
Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
two Boys are sitting in the sun;
boys that have had no work to do,
or work that now is done.
on pipes of sycamore they play
the fragments of a Christmas hymn;
or with that plant which in our dale
we call Stag-horn, or Fox's Tail,
their rusty hats they trim:
and thus, as happy as the day,
those Shepherds wear the time away.

WORDSWORTH.

Garlands.

OR me no roseate garlands twine,
but wear them, dearest, in my stead;
time hath a whiter hand than thine,
and lays it on my head.
enough to know thy place on earth
is there where roses latest die;
to know the steps of youth and mirth
are thine, that pass me by.

SIR H. TAYLOR.

Νέα γὰρ φροντὶς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

PER vallem resonant leves cachinni;
clivorum strepitus imaginesque
iugem perpetuumque dant canorem,
qui Maio Zephyrisque gratuletur.
vernat gutture pipilante parra;
corvi monticolae novella proles
matrem deseruere nidulumque,
palanturque foras modo huc modo illuc
diversi sibi quisque pabulantes;
aut nubem in liquidam dedere saltum
ultro laetitiaque gestienti.
en qua rupe sub imminente bini
aprica pueri sedent in herba:
illis si quid erat negotiorum
securis animo excidit, vel actumst.
inspirant cava buxa, saecularis
quidquid carminis affluit canentes;
aut, quae vallibus audit herba nostris
cervi cornua seu lupina cauda,
nectunt inde quod ornet obsoletos
sertum pileolos. ad hunc tenorem,
ut caelum sine nube, sic sereni
pastores temere otiantur isti.

T. S. E.

Aliena mitte.

PARCE mihi, virgo, roseas properare corollas,
munera quae fronti sint magis apta tuae.
aetatemne vides caput hoc contingere? palma
vel tua prae tali candida palma minus.
sat mihi, terrarum quacumque habitaveris ora,
parcat hiemps serae serior ipsa rosae:
cumque iocus praeter me fugerit atque iuventas,
agnoscam gressus, sat mihi, signa tui.

W. G. C.

The Beech-tree's Petition.

H, leave this barren spot to me,
spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
though bush or floweret never grow
my dark unwarming shade below,
nor summer-bud perfume the dew
of rosy blush or yellow hue;
nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
my green and glossy leaves adorn,
nor murmuring tribes from me derive
the ambrosial amber of the hive,
yet leave this barren spot to me,
spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
thrice twenty summers I have seen
the sky grow bright, the forest green;
and many a wintry wind have stood
in bloomless, fruitless solitude,
since childhood in my pleasant bower
first spent its sweet and festive hour,
since youthful lovers in my shade
their vows of truth and rapture made,
and on my trunk's surviving frame
carved many a long-forgotten name.
oh, by the sighs of gentle sound
first breathed upon this sacred ground,
by all that love has whispered here
or beauty heard with ravished ear,
as Love's own altar honour me,
spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

CAMPBELL.

A Despatch.

HOUGH victory refused our arms to bless,
we ran away with wonderful success.

A.

Stat sacra Senectae numine.

HOS, precor, hos saltem steriles mihi linque recessus;
laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.
flore licet numquam tenerave arriserit herba
frigida quae nostris frondibus horret humus;
nec roseo ridens luxu croceive coloris
roscidus aestivo fragret odore calyx;
si neque sub foliis anno fugiente relictis
edita de tenero germine poma rubent,
nec mea mussanti promittunt bracchia turbae
nectareas, cellis quae cumulentur, opes:
hos tamen, hos saltem steriles mihi linque recessus;
laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.
iam deciens senos video redeunte per annos
sole nitere polum, fronde virere nemus,
innumerasque hiemis vento bacchante procellas
floribus et fructu despoliata fero,
ex quo prima mea lusit sub fronde iuventus,
struxit et innocuos parvula turba choros,
umbraque dilecta puerum cum virgine texit,
mutua qui laeta pignora mente darent,
et memori interdum trunco servanda notarent
nomina, quae longa iam periere die.
o ego blanda precor per te suspiria et omnes,
conscia quîs fuerunt haec loca sancta, sonos,
vota per hic laetis totiens audita puellis,
quaeque susurravit verba fidelis amor,
me precor ut sanctam venerere Cupidinis aram;
laedere fagineas, rustice, parce comas.

E. G. H.

Simul lux Alma datast exire.

DEFUERIT nostris armis victoria, livor
successisse tamen non neget ipse fugam.

S. A.

The Luxury of Tears.

SNATCHED away in beauty's bloom,
on thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
but on thy turf shall roses rear
their leaves, the earliest of the year,
and the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.
And oft by yon blue gushing stream
shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
and feed deep thought with many a dream,
and lingering pause and lightly tread,
fond wretch, as if her step disturbed the dead.
Away! we know that tears are vain,
that death nor heeds nor hears distress:—
will this unteach us to complain,
or make one mourner weep the less?
and thou, who tell'st me to forget,
alas! thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

The Dream of Life.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,
where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides:
it sees itself from thatch to base
dream in the sliding tides.
Ah fairer she, but ah, how soon to die!
her quiet dream of life this hour may cease;
her peaceful being slowly passes by
to some more perfect peace.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Perilous Pleasure.

DRAUGHTS of joy I daily drink
from the lovely Chloe's eyes;—
Sport not, friend, on peril's brink:
in that cup Love's poison lies.

S. A.

Δάκρυα χαρμονὴν ἔχει.

RAPTA in ipso flore pulchritudinis,
te non sepulcri pondus ignavum premet;
tuum sed usque caespitem teget rosa
primigena veris; hic tremet silvestribus
umbris cupressus, nigra sed mollis tamen:
et caerulos acclinis ad fontes aquae
hic somniabit ore demisso Dolor,
desiderique pascet angorem sui;
vixque immoranti caespitem premet pede
frustra: sepultos ille non turbat gradus.
at at querellae parce; nil fletus valent,
nec curat atra mors neque exaudit preces.
esto: quis inde dedocebitur queri?
unone flentum turba sic fiet minor?
ipsi, malorum cui placent oblivia,
tibi ora pallent, fletibus madent genae.

H. J. H.

Requiescat in pace.

PULCHRA suam sedem Norae casa possidet illic
flumen ubi larga suave moratur aqua.
se videt in levi speculo, cum limine culmen,
ceu foret in miro visa sopore, domus.
pulchrior heu virgo: sed lentae somnia vitae
quis scit an hoc illi sint abitura die?
pacis amans vixit, nova sensim tecta petentem
purior in vita pax meliore manet.

G. T. H.

Dulce Periculum.

Τέρπεται ἀμβροσίῃ τὸ φίλον μοι γηθοσύνῃ κῆρ
τῶ δύο τῆς καλῆς ὄμματ' ἰδόντι Χλόης.
ἆ, φίλε, μὴ τερπνὸν θάρρει κίνδυνον· Ἔρως γὰρ
ὄμμασι τοιούτοις δεινὸς ἔπεστι φύλαξ.

W. B. T. J.

The Dying Patriot.

HEN he who adores thee has left but the name
of his fault and his sorrow behind,
o say wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
of a life that for thee was resigned?
yes, weep; and, however my foes may condemn,
thy tears shall efface the decree;
for heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.
with thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
every thought of my reason was thine:
in my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
thy name shall be mingled with mine.
o blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
the days of thy glory to see;
but the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
is the pride of thus dying for thee.

MOORE.

Beauty from the Light retired.

HE dwelt among the untrodden ways
beside the springs of Dove,
a maid whom there were none to praise,
and very few to love.
a violet by a mossy stone
half-hidden from the eye,
fair as a star when only one
is shining in the sky,
she lived unknown, and few could know
when Lucy ceased to be;
but she is in her grave, and oh!
the difference to me.

WORDSWORTH.

Non timidus perire.

CUM culpae titulos et fati praeter acerbi
nil tibi legarit tam bene fidus amans,
meque malae carpent linguae, tu flebis, Ierne?
dicar enim pro te non timuisse mori.
flebis; et intulerint crimen quodcumque maligni,
delebunt lacrimae turpia verba tuae;
testor enim caelum, quamvis obnoxius illis,
te tantum nimia credar amasse fide.
te solam, te prima meae coluere iuventae
somnia; tota tui mens mea iuris erat:
inque meis mecum tu commendabere votis,
cum Deus extrema voce precandus erit.
felices animae, tulerit quas serior aetas,
cum tuus illustri lumine surget honos;
praemia post illos mihi cedunt altera, pro te
nobile cui fuerit sic periisse decus.

J. G. L.

Fallentis semita vitae.

Οἵμοις ἐν ἀστιβήτοις
κρήνῃσι πὰρ Πελείης
κούρη τις ἦν, παρῴκει δ'
ἐπαινέσων μὲν οὐδεὶς
παῦροι δέ μιν φιλοῦντες.
ἴον γὰρ ὡς φανέν τι
πέτρης ὑπὲκ μελαίνης,
καλή θ' ὅπως τις ἀστὴρ
μόνος φλέγων δι' αἴθρης,
ἔζη βίον λαθραῖον,
παῦροι δ' ἐπῃσθάνοντο
τῆς παρθένου θανούσης.
καὶ τὴν μὲν εἶλε τύμβος,
ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσον λέλοιπεν
αἰ αἰ πόθον τίς οἶδεν;

K.

To the Cuckoo.

BLITHE new-comer, I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice:
o Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
or but a wandering voice?
while I am lying on the grass,
thy two-fold shout I hear;
from hill to hill it seems to pass,
at once far off and near.
though babbling only to the vale
of sunshine and of flowers,
thou bringest unto me a tale
of visionary hours.
thrice welcome, darling of the spring;
e'en yet thou art to me
no bird, but an invisible thing,
a voice, a mystery:
the same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
which made me look a thousand ways,
in bush and tree and sky.
to seek thee I did often rove
through woods and on the green;
and thou wert still a hope, a love,
still looked for, never seen.
and I can listen to thee yet,
can lie upon the plain
and listen, till I do beget
that golden time again.
o blessed bird, the earth we pace
again appears to be
an unsubstantial fairy place,
that is fit home for thee.

WORDSWORTH.

Ad Cuculum.

AETA mihi laeto canis, advena, sive quis ales,
seu vaga vox audis, note cucule diu.
quam mihi, dum recubo, bifidam vehit aura loquellam
nunc prope per colles, nunc procul, ire putem.
si valli Phoebumque crepas Floramque renasci,
me vetus ut puerum luserit hora, mones.
deliciae ter veris have; nunc rursus, ut olim,
non avis appares, vox modo mira lates;
vox ea, quae resonans oculos eludere norat
per folia et dumos aetheriumque polum:
tunc etenim siluas scrutanti et pascua saepe
seu quis amor, seu spes, non mihi visus eras:
nunc quoque, cum sternor campestri lentus in herba,
vocibus auscultans, ales amate, tuis,
aurea redduntur mihi tempora, nostraque rursus
Elysium tellus fit, domus apta tibi.

W. G. W.

Epigram on Sir Isaac Pennington, M.D.

OR female ills when Pennington indites,
not minding what, but only how, he writes,
the ladies, while the graceful form they scan,
cry with ill-omened rapture, 'killing man!'

Ascribed to BISHOP MANSEL.

Medici Pellacia.

UM se medentem feminis offert Matho,
incuriosus admodum quid imperet,
ut eleganter scribat attentissimus,
formae intuentes illius pellaciam
male ominato gaudio raptae fremunt
omnes 'perimus hoc medente' feminae.

K.

The Tyrant's Recompence.

VIL minds
change good to their own nature. I gave all
he has; and in return he chains me here,
years, ages, night and day; whether the sun
split my parched skin, or in the moony night
the crystal-wingèd snow cling round my hair;
whilst my belovèd race is trampled down
by his thought-executing ministers.
such is the Tyrant's recompense. 'tis just;
he who is evil can receive no good,
and for a world bestowed or a friend lost
he can feel hate, fear, shame; not gratitude.
he but requites me for his own misdeed.
kindness to such is keen reproach, which breaks
with bitter stings the light sleep of Revenge.

SHELLEY.

Wanderer's Nachtlied.

ENTLE Peace, whose wand of power
lulls to slumber woe and pain,
in affliction's sternest hour
thou canst soothe the wildered brain.
here I wander, tempest-driven,
seeking comfort, seeking rest;
child of Heaven,
glide, o glide into my breast.

K. *from* GOETHE.

The Favour of the Muse.

ITH the Philistine dies his fame: but all
thy lovers, loved of thee,
o heavenly Muse, thy gentle voice doth call
unto thy Mother's knee.

From SCHILLER.

Ἀμοιβὴ τυραννική.

ΠΡ. Κακῶς κακή τοι τἀγαθὸν κακοῖ φύσις.
ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῷ πάνθ', ὅσ' ἔστιν, ὤπασα·
κἄπειτά μ' ὧδ' ἐς τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον
νύκτας τε πασσαλευτὸν ἡμέρας τ' ἔχει,
εἴτε σταθευτὸν ἥλιος σχίζει χρόα,
εἰτ' ἀστερωποῦ νυκτὸς ἐν καταστάσει
κρυσταλλόπηκτος ἀμπέχει κόμην νιφάς.
καὶ λαξπατοῦσι δὴ τὸ φίλτατον γένος
κείνου 'κτελοῦντες ἄγγελοι βουλεύματα.
τοιάσδ' ἀμοιβὰς ἐνδίκως ἐπηυρόμην
ἐκ τοῦ τυράννου· τίς γὰρ ἂν κακὸς γεγὼς
χρηστόν τι κερδάνει' ἄν; ἀλλ' ἀρχῆς τυχὼν
φίλου στιρείς τ' ἔχθραν μὲν αἰσχύνην τε καὶ
φόβον, χάριν δ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν εἰδείη ποτέ.
οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄλλο πλὴν ἔμ' ἀνταμείβεται
ὧν αὐτὸς ἀδικεῖ· τοῖς τοιούτοισιν χάρις
ὄνειδος αὐτόθηκτον, ἐκκινοῦν ὕπνου
ἀΰπνου πικροῖσι δήγμασιν τιμωρίαν.

J. R. W.

Quies.

AELI progenies, malas
delenire potens sollicitudines,
et quo mens magis angitur
maiorem miseris semper opem ferens,
me tot respice taediis
fessum: quid faciunt omnia luctubus
alternantia gaudia?
o subrepe meo, grata Quies, sinu.

K.

Musis amicus.

AMA Philistaeis moritur; tibi Musa, sacratos
amas vocare Matris in tuae sinum.

S. A.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
and his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
and the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
that host with their banners at sunset were seen;
like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
that host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
and breathed on the face of the foe as he passed,
and the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
and their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
but through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
and the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
and cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
with the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
and the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
the lances uplifted, the trumpets unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
and the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
and the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord.

LORD BYRON.

Paul Pry.

PAUL PRY, of all his friends the bore,
sleeps here and questions now no more.
to question was his daily feast,
and in a question he deceased.
by questions (you may question me)
did he get wisdom? no, not he.

From HAGEDORN.

Debellare superbos.

RRUIT Assyrius, qualis lupus instat ovili,
murice et aurata splendida veste cohors;
plurimaque, astrorum ritu quae caerula reddit
unda Palaestini marmoris, hasta micat.
haud secus aestivis ac ridet frondibus arbos,
innumerae fulgent vespere signa manus;
haud secus ac pereunt hiemali turbine frondes,
mane tegunt latum mortua membra solum.
pandit enim nigras fatalis nuntius alas,
cunctaque funestam spirat in ora luem;
lumina mox alto frigent languentia somno,
corda premit gemitu vix agitata quies.
non patula carpit recreantia flamina nare,
non fremit insultans frenaque mandit equus:
spumaque anhelanti manans pulmone per herbam
canet, ut in scopulis unda refusa maris.
hic eques accumbit deformi pallidus ore,
tela situ, gelido tempora rore madent.
castra silent, vacuas fluitant vexilla per auras,
nec tuba dat solitum nec gravis hasta sonum.
Assyrias luctus viduarum personat urbes,
dirutus antiqua Belus in aede cadit:
at non usus erat gladiis: exercitus ingens
tabuit aspectu, nix velut igne, Dei.

G. A. B.

Percontatorem fugito.

NTERROGATOR hic, sodalium pestis,
interrogare desinit Polysperchon.
interroganti vita longa manarat,
interrogantem vox reliquit extrema.
interrogabis forte, doctus et prudens
interrogando sitne factus: haudquaquam.

K.

Let us Love.

WEDDING-GUEST! this soul hath been
alone on a wide, wide sea;
so lonely 'twas, that God himself
scarce seemèd there to be.
o sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'tis sweeter far to me
to walk together to the kirk
with a goodly company:
to walk together to the kirk,
and all together pray;
while each to his great Father bends,
old men and babes, and loving friends,
and youths and maidens gay.
farewell, farewell! but this I tell
to thee, thou wedding-guest;
he prayeth well, who loveth well
both man, and bird, and beast.
he prayeth best who loveth best
all things both great and small;
for the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

The Indian Tree.

HEY tell us of an Indian tree,
which, howsoe'er the sun and sky
may tempt its boughs to wander free,
and shoot and blossom wide and high,
yet better loves to bend its arms
downwards again to that dear earth,
from which the life, that fills and warms
its grateful being, first had birth.
e'en thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
and fed with fame (if fame it be),
this heart, my own dear mother, bends,
with love's true instinct back to thee.

MOORE.

Ἡ ἀγάπη ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ ἐστι.

MIRA loquor, conviva; sed olim in marmore vasto
solus eram mecum. tam vasto in marmore soli
vix mihi visus erat praesens Deus. ergo hymenaei
dulcius est festis, longe mihi dulcius, ire
ad delubra Dei, magna comitante caterva;
ire pias una ante aras unaque precari,
dum genua aeterno flectunt sua quisque Parenti
longaevique senes iunctique in amore sodales,
infantes puerique hilares hilaresque puellae.
iamque vale; sed crede mihi, conviva, monenti:
concipit hic pia vota, pio qui pectore curat
humanumque genus volucresque et saecla ferarum;
optima vota facit, cui sunt carissima quotquot
hunc habitant, seu magna cluent, seu tenuia, mundum.
nam bonus ille Deus, qui nos amat, omnia fecit,
constantique eadem servat, quae fecit, amore.

K.

Arbor Indica.

ERTUR, ubi silvas fluvio rigat Indus odoras,
arbor inassuetis crescere mira modis:
namque nec ad laetum protendit bracchia caelum
nec patulas aperit sole iubente comas;
sed magis ad earam ramos vult flectere terram,
matris et in tenero tuta iacere sinu.
frondis enim fuit haec nutrix custosque tenellae;
hinc decus, hinc vires scit memor esse suas,
sic me blanditiis comitum si turba dolosis
famaque, seu famae nomen inane, trahat,
pectore fixa pio species genetricis inhaeret,
meque tenet monitis incola mentis amor.

E. H. G.

Iphigenia.

MUST obey him, for I see my friends
beset with peril. yet my own sad fate
doth with unceasing anguish move my heart.
may I no longer feed the silent hope
which in my solitude I fondly cherished?
shall the dire curse eternally endure?
and shall our fated race ne'er rise again
with blessings crowned? all mortal things decay:
the noblest powers, the purest joys of life
at length subside: then wherefore not the curse?
and have I vainly hoped that, guarded here,
secluded from the fortunes of my race,
I with pure heart and hands some future day
might cleanse the deep defilement of our house?
scarce was my brother in my circling arms
from raging madness suddenly restored,
when unrelenting fate with iron hand
a double crime enjoins, commanding me
to steal the image sacred and revered,
confided to my care, and him deceive,
to whom I owe my life and destiny.
let not abhorrence spring within my breast,
nor the old Titan's hate towards you, ye Gods,
infix its vulture talons in my breast!
an ancient song comes back upon my ear
(I had forgotten it, and willingly,)
the Parcae's song, which horribly they sang,
what time, hurled headlong from his golden seat,
fell Tantalus. they with their noble friend
keen anguish suffered; savage was their breast,
and horrible their song. in days gone by,
when we were children, oft our ancient nurse
would sing it to us, and I marked it well.

From GOETHE.

'Ιφιγένεια.

Στέργειν ἀνάγκη μ'· ὡς ἐπὶ ξυροῦ φίλους
ὁρῶ βεβῶτας· ἀλλ' ὅμως τοὐμὸν κακὸν
ἐχθίοσιν λύπαισι χειμάζει κέαρ.
ἆρ' οὐκέτ' ἴσχειν ἔστιν ἃς τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ
ἔθρεψ' ἀναύδους ἐλπίδας μόνας μόνη ;
ἆρ' οὖν 'Ερινὺς δωμάτων ἀεὶ κρατεῖ,
οὐδ' ἐκ βυθῶν ἀνθοῦσαν εὐεστοῖ δόμος
κεφαλὴν ἔτ' αἴρει; πάντα τἀνθρώπων φθίνει
κράτος τε σεμνὸν χαρμονή θ' ἁγνὴ βίου
χρόνῳ τελευτῶσ'· εἶτα πῶς οὐχ αἵδ' ἀραί;
μάτην ἄρ' ἤλπισ' ἐλπίδ', ὡς πεφραγμένη,
τύχης τε χωρισθεῖσα τῆς γένους ἄπο
ἁγναῖσι χερσὶ καὶ φρεσὶν χρόνῳ ποτὲ
παύσω διανταῖ' ἐκ δόμων μιάσματα ;
μόλις γ' ὕμαιμος ἀγκάλαις κυκλούμενος
λύσσης ἐλώφησ' ἐμμανοῦς ἄφνω φρένας
καὶ σχετλία με μοῖρα παγκρατεῖ χέρας
μαρψασα χειρὶ δισσὰ προστάσσει στύγη,
ἱερόν τε κλέψαι πᾶσιν ἔντιμον βρέτας,
τοὐμὸν μέλημα, καὶ πλέκειν τούτῳ δόλους,
ᾧ γ' εἰμὶ πότμου καὶ ζόης ὀφειλέτις·
ὅμως δὲ μῖσος μή τι τῶνδε καρδίᾳ
ἐμῇ προσείη, μηδὲ γηγενοῦς τρόπῳ
τιτᾶνος ἔχθος εἰς θεοῦς γυπὸς δίκην
σκήψειε χηλὰς τῆς ἐμῆς εἴσω φρενός.
φεῦ, φεῦ· παλαιὸς ὕμνος ὡσὶ χρίμπτεται πάλιν
τὸ πρὶν λεληθώς καὶ μαλ' ἀσμένως ἐμοί,
Μοιρῶν· ὃν αἰνῶς αἰνὸν ὕμνησαν τότε
ὅτ' ἐκ θρόνων δὴ Τάνταλος χρυσηλάτων
ἔπιπτεν ὑπτίασμα· σὺν δ' αὐταὶ βαρὺ
ἔχουσιν ἄλγος, ὠμὰ δ' ἐξ ὠμῆς φρενὸς
ὑμνοῦσιν, ὕμνον δεινόν, ὃν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ
νέοιν ἐτ' ὄντοιν πολλὰ γηραιὰ τροφὸς
ἔμελπεν ἡμῖν, καὶ καλῶς ἔσωσ' ἐγώ.

C. E. G.

The Exile.

NIGHT waneth fast, the morning star
saddens with light the glimmering sea,
whose waves shall soon to realms afar
waft me from hope, from love, and thee.
coldly the beam from yonder sky
looks o'er the waves that onward stray;
but colder still the stranger's eye
to him whose home is far away.
oh, not at hour so chill and bleak
let thoughts of me come o'er thy breast;
but of the lost one think and speak
when summer suns sink calm to rest.
so, as I wander, fancy's dream
shall bring me o'er the sunset seas
thy look in every melting beam,
thy whisper in each dying breeze.

MOORE.

The Eve of Death.

WHY such a golden eve? the breeze is sent
careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
before the serene father of them all
bows down his summer head below the west.
but, at the setting, I must bid adieu
to her for the last, last time. Night will strew
on the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves;
and with them shall I die: nor much it grieves
to die, when Summer dies on the cold sward.

KEATS.

Linquenda tellus et domus.

NOX fugiens properat: pallenti Lucifer ortu
iam tremula dubias lampade pulsat aquas.
transferet hic heu me peregrinam fluctus ad oram,
qua neque amor nec spes nec meus ignis erit.
frigida de celso funduntur lumina caelo,
frigidaque haec refluo suscipit unda sinu:
frigidiora tamen torvi videt hospitis ora
advena, cui procul est cara relicta domus.
tempore tam laevo cum pallet frigidus aër,
lux mea, ne cordi sit meminisse mei.
hunc recoles melius, qui te desiderat absens,
aestivo placidum sole petente torum:
tum mihi palanti, quotiens super aequoris undas
occiduae mittent somnia mira faces,
omnia te referent: oculus tuus effugiens lux,
et tuus exspirans aura susurrus erit.

V. B. J.

Endymion moriturus.

CUR vesper radios extulit aureos?
suspiratne tener molle Favonius,
ramis una prius ne coma defluat
quam qui progenuit comas
aestivum placidus condiderit caput?
at sole occiduo poscor ut ultima
dicam voce meis deliciis Vale.
nox udum modo caespitem
consternet foliis mille morantibus;
quîs una moriar: nec, gelido super
aestas cum moritur gramine, tam mihi
deflendum fuerit mori.

K.

The World's Wanderers.

ELL me, thou Star, whose wings of light
speed thee in thy fiery flight,
in what cavern of the night
will thy pinions close now?
tell me, Moon, thou pale and grey
pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
in what depth of night or day
seekest thou repose now?
Weary wind, who wanderest
like the world's rejected guest,
hast thou still some secret nest
on the tree or billow?

SHELLEY.

Inscription for a Lighthouse.

AR in the bosom of the deep
o'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,
a ruddy gem of changeful light
bound on the dusky brow of night:
the seaman bids my lustre hail,
and scorns to strike his timorous sail.

SCOTT.

Epitaph on a Mother and three Infants.

ROM God they came, to God they went again;
no sin they knew and knew but little pain:
and here they lie, by their fond mother's side,
who lived to love and lose them, then she died.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Errones.

STELLA, lucenti per inane penna
flammeos velox agitare cursus,
ede, quo noctis tua nunc in antro
pluma quiescet?
Luna, pallenti veneranda vultu
devios caeli peragens meatus,
qua tenebrarum recrearis aut qua
lucis in aula?
Vente, terrarum velut exul aegrum
semper errorem renovans, adhucne
servat arcanum tibi silva nidum
vel maris unda?

K.

Pharos loquitur.

LONGINQUO procul in maris recessu
horrentem excubias ago per oram,
fulgens ceu vario colore gemma
furvis crinibus implicata Noctis:
me si navita viderit rubentem,
non curat timidum illigare velum.

W. G. C.

Epicedium.

UNDE orti reduces petiere Deumque patremque:
non scelus infecit vix tetigitque dolor.
hic cum matre siti: dum vivunt, vixit, amavit
haec pueros: pueri cum periere, perit.

J. C. M.

I saw thee weep.

SAW thee weep: the big bright tear
came o'er that eye of blue;
and then methought it did appear
a violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile: the sapphire's blaze
beside thee ceased to shine;
it could not match the living rays
that filled that glance of thine.
As clouds from yonder sun receive
a deep and mellow dye,
which scarce the shade of coming eve
can banish from the sky;
those smiles into the moodiest mind
their own pure joy impart;
their sunshine leaves a glow behind
that lightens o'er the heart.

LORD BYRON.

The Broken Heart.

OFTLY! she is lying
with her lips apart;
softly! she is dying
of a broken heart.
Whisper! she is going
to her final rest;
whisper! life is growing
dim within her breast.
Gently! she is sleeping;
she has breathed her last;
gently! while you're weeping,
she to heaven has passed.

BEDDOES.

Δακρυόεν γελάοισα.

IDI ego te flentem, lacrimis umentia vidi
lumina caeruleo splendidiora polo.
blanditias mirans tristes, sic mane, putavi,
lucenti violae rore micare solent.
vidi iterum risus: coram ridente subacti
sapphiri radios deposuere suos:
non locus est gemmis, oculos ubi gloria talis
implet, et ingenuo vivit in ore iubar.
nam, velut occiduus vario nitet aethere Titan,
nec propria nubes luce rubere facit,
quae vel adhuc servant roseae vestigia flammae,
cum tenebras pulso nox tulit atra die;
sic hilari fulgens risu tu pectora donas
laetitiae quamvis tristia parte tuae.
risus abit: menti superest ridentis imago,
irradiatque alma corda fovetque face.

W. E. E.

Αἴλινον αἴλινον ἐιπέ.

Ἦκ' εἴσιθ', ἥδε κεῖται
τοῖς χείλεσιν λυθεῖσιν·
ἦκ' εἴσιτ' ἦκα, θνήσκει
τῇ καρδίᾳ φθινούσῃ.
φωνοῖτ' ἂν ἦκα, βαίνει
πεπρωμένην πρὸς εὐνήν·
ἦκ' ἦκ', ἀμαυρὸν ἤδη
στέρνων τὸ πνεῦμ' ἀπορρεῖ.
ἦκ' ἦκα· μῶν καθεύδει;
οὔκ, ἄρτι δ' ἐξέπνευσεν·
ἐν ᾧ δακρύεθ' ὑμεῖς
ὡς τὸν Θεὸν βέβηκεν.

K.

The Wine of Life is gone.

O, forget me; why should sorrow
o'er that brow a shadow fling?
go, forget me, and tomorrow
brightly smile and sweetly sing.
smile, though I shall not be near thee,
sing, though I shall never hear thee,
may thy soul with pleasure shine,
lasting as the gloom of mine.
Like the sun, thy presence glowing
clothes the meanest things in light;
and when thou, like him, art going,
loveliest objects fade in night.
all things looked so bright about thee,
that they nothing seem without thee;
by that pure and lucid mind
earthly things were too refined.
Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
softly on my soul that fell;
go, for me no longer beaming,
hope and beauty, fare ye well!
go, and all that once delighted
take, and leave me all benighted,
glory's burning generous swell,
fancy, and the poet's shell.

WOLFE.

The Sleep of Death.

UR very hopes belied our fears,
our fears our hopes belied:
we thought her dying when she slept,
and sleeping when she died.

HOOD.

Tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.

FUGE immemor mei,
quid umbret illam cura nigra frontem ?
i, meique nil memor
cras molle ride suaviterque canta.
molle rideas licet,
nec me relictum captet iste risus ;
suaviter licet canas,
nec me remotum cantus iste flectat.
at serenitas tibi
sit tanta quantae me premunt tenebrae.
solis instar emicans
splendore vestis quidquid invenustist :
solis instar occidens
nocti relinquis quidquid est venusti.
plena riserat tui
nuper, tuique sordet orba tellus ;
ingeni tui nimis
inclaruere cuncta claritate.
i fuge immemor mei,
quae luce mira fulseras imago
blanda sensibus meis ;
i dulce numquam redditura lumen.
quidquid est bonae spei,
quidquid decorist, aufer omne tecum :
quod placens erat prius
i tolle, meque linque destitutum :
tolle gloriae faces
lyramque et altae spiritum camenae.

K.

Consanguineus leti Sopor.

Ἐλπὶς μὲν προσιοῦσα κενὸν φόβον ἐξαπάτησεν,
ἐλπίδα δ' αὖτε κενὴν ἐξαπάτησε φόβος·
αὐτίκα γὰρ θνήσκειν ἔφαμεν φίλοι, ἡ δ' ἐκάθευδε,
δεύτερον αὖθ' εὕδειν, ἡ δ' ἄρα κάρτ' ἔθανεν.

J. R.

Rest and be thankful.

(GLENCROE.)

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,
who, that has gained at length the wished-for height,
this brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
and rest not thankful ? whether cheered by talk
with some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk
whistling to clouds and sky-born streams that shine
at the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,
ere they descend to nourish root and stalk
of valley flowers. nor while the limbs repose,
will we forget that, as the fowl can keep
absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,
and fishes front unmoved the torrent's sweep,
so may the soul, through powers that Faith bestows,
win rest and ease and peace, with bliss that angels share.

WORDSWORTH.

The Beautiful is Hard.

BEFORE the Dardan's raptured eyes
when strove the Three for beauty's prize,
the umpire's doubting gaze declared,
to judge the Beautiful is hard.
and when to Sparta's court he sailed,
and in his fatal suit prevailed,
the lover's trembling sigh declared,
to win the Beautiful is hard.
and when in battle's fevered strife
he lost his wealth, his bride, his life,
the warrior's dying groan declared,
to keep the Beautiful is hard.

K.

Hic, si quid cessare potes, Requiesce.

ER flexuosae circuitus viae
optata nactus culmina, quis brevem
contemnat antiqui sedilis
admonitum, neque mente grata
paulum quiescat, seu recreet viri
vox cara, seu fors accipiter comes
haud visus, at cantu salutans
nubila nubigenasque rivos,
qui nunc renident sole novo velut
caelestis aura luminis, antequam
de monte currentes in ima
valle rigent bibulosque culmos
stirpesque florum? dum reficit quies
artus, memento talia cogites:
quo more se pendens in aura
librat avis, neque concitari
motu videtur penna levissimo;
qualisve contra vorticis impetum
nat firmus obluctansque piscis,
talis Homo sibi comparare,
invicta mentem si stabilit Fides,
puram quietem discit et otia
pacemque, et ipsorum potiri
caelicolum meliore vita.

H. H.

Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά.

Κύπριν, Ἀθηναίην, Ἥρην Πάρις εἶδε βραβεύσων,
εὗρε δ' ἰδὼν κρίνειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.
εἶτ' ἔμολεν Σπάρτην Ἑλένης δι' ἔρωτα, τὸ δ' εὐθὺς
εὗρε μολὼν κλέπτειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.
ἐν δὲ τέλει πλοῦτόν τ' ὀλέσας ἄλοχόν τε βίον τε
εὗρε θανὼν σώζειν ὡς χαλέπ' ἦν τὰ καλά.

C. T. C.

The Isles of Greece.

HE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
where burning Sappho loved and sung,
where grew the arts of war and peace,
where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
eternal summer gilds them yet,
but all, except their sun, is set.
The mountains look on Marathon,
and Marathon looks on the sea;
and, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free:
for standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.
A king sate on the rocky brow
which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
and ships by thousands lay below,
and men in nations—all were his:
he counted them at break of day;
and when the sun set—where were they?

LORD BYRON.

All is not Gold that glitters.

OT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
not seldom Evening in the west
sinks smilingly forsworn.
The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
to the confiding bark untrue;
and if she trust the stars above,
they can be treacherous too.
The umbrageous oak in pomp outspread,
full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
draws lightning down upon the head
it promised to defend.

WORDSWORTH.

Ἑλλάδες Νᾶσοι.

Ἑλλάδες Αἰγαίοις εὔδουσ' ἐνὶ κύμασι νᾶσοι,
Αἰολὶς ᾗ φλεγέθοντ' ᾆδεν ἔρωτα κόρα,
ᾗ τράφεν εἰράνας πᾶσαι πτολέμοιό τε τέχναι,
Δάλου τ' ὀρνυμένας εἰν ἁλί, Φοῖβος ἔφυ.
τὰς μὲν ἀεὶ θάλπει χρύσεον θέρος, εἰ δ' ἔτ' ἔχουσιν
ἀέλιον, κείναις τἄλλ' ἀπόλωλε φάος.
ὥρεα μὲν Μαραθῶν' ἐφορᾷ, Μαραθὼν δὲ θάλασσαν,
παῦρα δ' ὀνειροπολῶν ἐν φρασί, μῶνος ἐκεῖ,
Ἑλλάδι κ' ἀντελέειν ἐδύκευν ἔτ' ἐλεύθερον ἆμαρ·
πῶς γε, τάφοις Περσῶν στὰς ἔπι, δοῦλος ἐγώ;
ἵζετο μὲν βασιλεύς τις ἐπ' ὀκριόεντι μετώπῳ,
τὰν ἁλίαν Σαλαμῖν' ἔνθεν ὁρῶσι βροτοί,
χιλιάδας δὲ κάτω ναῶν ἄνδρας τε κατ' ἔθνη
εἵσιδε παμπολλούς, εἷς γε τοσῶνδε κρατῶν·
ἆμαρ ὅτ' ὤρτο νέον, τούτων ἐξήτασ' ἀριθμόν·
πᾶ δ' ἄρα ταῦτ' ἀπιόντ' ᾤχεθ', ὅτ' ἆμαρ ἔδυ;

K.

Nimium ne crede colori.

INDUTUS roseis saepe coloribus
fallax egreditur Phosphorus: occidens
et tu saepe sub undas
rides, Hespere, perfidum.
est quae, freta maris composita fide,
damnat fraudis aquas pinus Atlanticas:
est quae fallitur astris
caeli non bene credula.
dum spondet patulis hospitium comis,
quercus saepe polo nubibus horrido
diras heu sibi fisum
flammas evocat in caput.

T. M.

The Happy Spirit.

RIGHT be the place of thy soul;
no lovelier spirit than thine
e'er burst from its mortal control
in the orbs of the blessed to shine.
on earth thou wert all but divine,
as thy soul shall immortally be;
and our sorrow may cease to repine
when we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb;
may its verdure like emeralds be;
there should not be the shadow of gloom
in aught that reminds us of thee.
young flowers and an evergreen tree
may spring from the spot of thy rest:
but nor cypress nor yew let us see,
for why should we mourn for the blest?

LORD BYRON.

The Islander at Tempe.

HERE is the sea? I languish here:
where is my own blue sea,
with all its barks of fleet career,
and flags and breezes free?
I miss the voice of waves, the first
that woke my childish glee,
the measured chime, the thundering burst:
where is my own blue sea?
sweet breath may with your myrtles rise,
and soft your winds may be:
yet my sick heart within me dies:—
where is my own blue sea?
I hear the shepherd's mountain flute,
I hear the whispering tree:
the echoes of my soul are mute:—
where is my own blue sea?

FELICIA HEMANS.

Evexit ad aethera virtus.

SIT sine nocte dies quocumque vagatur in orbe
mens tua, corporeo libera facta luto,
mens tua qua numquam mortalia vincula rupit
pulchrior, aetheriis associanda choris.
hospes erat terrae, modo non divina, parumper:
nunc tua te divum sidera semper habent;
nec nimiae deceat nos indulgere querellae
si vocet in gremium te Deus ipse suum.
nobile gemmanti vernet tibi caespite bustum,
et premat exiguo pondere terra caput:
absint indigni feralia signa doloris;
non inter lacrimas fas meminisse tui.
hunc florum sollemnis honor myrtusque perennis
rite sacret memori relligione locum;
sit tamen atra procul taxus, tristisque cupressi
quae male tam fausto convenit umbra rogo.

S. M.

Desiderium Maris.

QUO mihi pontus abît? hac mens in valle fatiscit:
cur mea caerulei tollitur unda freti?
o ubi sunt omnes suetae decurrere naves,
signaque et in vasto libera flabra mari?
fluctisonae voces ubi sunt? hilarare solebant
illa puellares gaudia prima dies,
seu numeris strepuere suis, seu fulminis instar:—
ei mihi, caerulei cur maris aequor abest?
florea nectareum vobis det myrtus odorem,
et zephyrus molli murmure suave sonet,
at cor deficiens aegro sub pectore languet,
quod mihi caerulei non patet unda sali.
auditur de monte canens pastoris avena,
arboris auditur quae ciet aura comas;
nil tamen his nostrae mentis respondet imago,
nil nisi—caeruleus quo mihi pontus abît?

K.

The Mariner.

E winds which sweep the grove's green tops,
and kiss the mountains hoar,
oh softly stir the ocean-waves
that sleep along the shore;
for my love sails the fairest ship
that wantons on the sea;
oh bend his mast with pleasant gales,
and waft him hame to me.
oh leave nae mair the bonnie glen,
clear stream, and hawthorn grove,
where first we walked in gloaming gray,
and sighed and looked of love.
for faithless is the ocean-wave,
and faithless is the wind;
then leave nae mair my heart to break
'mang Scotland's hills behind.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Song of Proserpine.

ACRED goddess, Mother Earth,
thou from whose immortal bosom
gods and men and beasts have birth,
leaf and blade and bud and blossom,
breathe thine influence most divine
on thine own child Proserpine.
If with mists of evening dew
thou dost nourish these young flowers,
till they grow, in scent and hue,
fairest children of the hours,
breathe thine influence most divine
on thine own child Proserpine.

SHELLEY.

Pellacia Ponti.

ENTI qui nemorum culmina verritis
canentique iugo figitis oscula,
undis parcite longum
per litus recubantibus.
sponsus noster enim dirigit huc ratem,
qua non ulla fretis pulchrior insilit
Afris ; o bonus adflans
deducat zephyrus domum.
tu vallem patriam, tu vitreum cole
fontem et dulce nemus, sero ubi vespere
suspiravimus una et
vultu praestitimus fidem :
saxis neve tuo sub borealibus
me desiderio neglige inemori,
fallacisque favoni
fallacisque maris scieus.

W. G. C.

Περσεφόνης Σκόλιον.

Μῆτερ, πότνα θεῶν, σὺ δ' Αἶα, σῶν γὰρ
πάντ' ἐξ ἀθανάτων ἔγεντο κόλπων,
ἐπίπνει κάρᾳ Περσεφόνης
ἄμβροτα ὦρα κούρης σέθεν εὐτέκνου.
σοῦ θεὸς γὰρ ἔφυ βροτός τε καὶ θήρ,
ποίη σὺν πετάλοις, κάλυξ ἅμ' ἄνθει·
νεόδρεπτα δ' εἰ ταῦτ' ἐθέλεις
ἑσπερίαισιν ἀλδεῖν ῥανίσιν δρόσων,
κάλλει τ' αὐξόμεν' εὐπνόῳ τ' ἐν ὀδμῇ
ἄνθεμ' ἔκγονα καλλιπάρθεν' Ὡρῶν,
ἐπίπνει κάρᾳ Περσεφόνης
ἄμβροτα ὦρα κούρης σέθεν εὐτέκνου.

R. S.

The Rose Bower.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
and the nightingale sings round it all the day long:
in the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
to sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
that bower and its music I never forget;
but oft, when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?
No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave;
but some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
and a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
all the fragrance of Summer, when Summer was gone.
thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
an essence that breathes of it many a year;
thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

MOORE.

Wishes.

SWEET be her dreams, the fair, the young;
grace, beauty, breathe upon her;
music, haunt thou about her tongue;
life, fill her path with honour.
all golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
truth, friendship, love surround her;
so may she smile till life be closed,
and angel-hands have crowned her.

PROCTER.

Olim meminisse iuvabit.

PHASIDOS ad ripas florent loca plena rosarum,
cantat ubi nullo non Philomela die:
inter avis cantus interque rosaria quondam
suavia sunt tenerae somnia visa mihi.
et vel adhuc, verno meditor dum sola sub anno,
in mentem redeunt umbra melosque meam:
an canit in solitis hodie Philomela latebris?
estne rubor flori qui fuit ante? rogo.
sternitur heu foliis tabentibus unda; sed horum
copia decerptast dum nituere rosae:
quosque calyx gratos stillavit pressus odores
aestatem referunt, acta sit illa licet.
sic aliquid laeti media inter gaudia raptum
in memori semper vivere mente solet;
utque oculis risit placidam prope Phasidos undam,
nunc animo ridet gratia prisca loci.

C. G. G.

Cane vota libens.

SUAVIA lacteolae sint somnia uirginis; illi
Gratia purpureum spiret in ora decus;
impleat arguta linguam dulcedine Musa;
vita verecundam ditet honore viam.
cogitet, optet, agat faustum quodcumque; fideli
possit amicitia, possit amore frui.
rideat, exacto laetae dum munere lucis
cinxerit ambrosium dia corona caput.

K.

He and She.

He. HAT the bee is to the floweret
when he looks for honey-dew
through the leaves that close embower it,
that, my love, I'll be to you.

She. What the bank with verdure glowing
is to waves that wander near,
whispering kisses while they're going,
that I'll be to you, my dear.
but they say the bee's a rover,
that he'll fly when sweets are gone;
and, when once the kiss is over,
faithless brooks will wander on.

He. Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
if sunny banks will wear away,
'tis but right that bees and brooks
should sip and kiss them while they may.

MOORE.

A Message in Spring.

EARLY wast thou taken, Mary,
in thy fair and glorious prime,
ere the bees had ceased to murmur
in the foliage of the lime;
buds were blowing, streams were flowing,
birds were singing on the tree;
everything was bright and glowing,
when the angels came for thee.

AYTOUN.

Lines in a Lady's Album.

MALL service is true service while it lasts;
of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
the daisy, by the shadow which it casts,
protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

Dona praesentis cape laetus horae.

D. LOSCULO quod apis petens
mella roscida per nigras
frondium latebras, erit
Daphnis id tibi, Phylli.
P. Ripa quod viridans aquis
adfluentibus osculumque
adsonantibus, ut fluunt,
Phyllis id tibi, Daphni.
ast apis, perhibent, suis
plena deliciis volat;
postque basia perfidus
deinde labitur amnis.
D. Flore si color effluit,
ripa tempore si labat,
mella praeripiant apes
fas sit, oscula rivi.

F. K.

Ver illud erat.

NTE diem sublata fuit tua candida forma,
ante diem vitae gloria prima tuae,
cum non desierat tiliae fragrante sub umbra
mille recursantum fervere murmur apum.
gemma tumescebat labentibus adsita lymphis,
quolibet in ramo laeta canebat avis;
omnia fulgebant opulenta luce, Neanthe,
te sibi caelestum cum petiere chori.

K.

Munus exiguum.

E minimum averso vultu depelle clientem;
exiguum vero munus amore iuvat.
ipse brevi rorem defendit flosculus umbra,
ne nimio sitiens sorbeat igne dies.

W. W. H.

The Graves of a Household.

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
they filled one home with glee;
their graves are severed far and wide
by mount and stream and sea.
one midst the forest of the West
by a dark stream is laid:
the Indian knows his place of rest
far in the cedar shade.
the sea, the blue lone sea, hath one:
he lies where pearls lie deep;
he was the loved of all, yet none
o'er his low bed may weep.
one sleeps where southern vines are drest
above the noble slain:
he wrapt his colours round his breast
on a blood-red field of Spain.
and one—o'er her the myrtle showers
its leaves by soft winds fann'd;
she faded midst Italian flowers—
the last of that bright band.

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Woes of Earth.

BEAUTEOUS is earth, but all its forest broods
plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live:
of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
famished, no drops they give.
ask of the sick, the mourner, ask of him
who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
'likest thou life,' he'll say 'the babe is wise
that weepeth, being born.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Mors communis erat sed non commune Sepulcrum.

UNA creverunt forma praestante decori,
uni laetitiae causa fuere lari:
nunc recubant variis divisi morte sepulcris,
divisi late flumine, monte, mari.
unus in Hesperiae dormit caligine silvae,
amnis ubi furvis praecipitatur aquis:
quo tumulo iaceat, notumst errantibus Indis,
cedrina feralem qua tegat umbra locum.
alter caerulei subiit freta caeca profundi;
baca sub oceano qua iacet alta, iacet:
omnibus unus erat carissimus; haud tamen illi
flens amor ad tumulum dixit, 'Amate, vale.'
tertius, Australes ubi rusticus ordinat uvas
magnanimum supra corpora caesa virum,
ponitur: hunc, patriis incinctum pectora signis,
strage mori media vidit Hiberus ager.
una soror flores inter, flos ipsa, Latinos,
quae fuerat clari sola relicta chori,
occubuit: frondes super illam fundere tristes
myrtus amat teneris leniter icta Notis.

H. H.

Vitae Mala.

FELLUS pulchra quidem: sed nece mutua
gens silvestris, avens vivere, se vorat:
caelum caeruleumst: itne vocantibus
illinc gutta famelicis?
morbo sive rogas luctubus obrutum
orbumve et baculo qui titubat, 'placet
ecquid vita tibi,' 'parvulus', inquiet,
'qui natus lacrimat, sapit.'

W. G. W.

Lamentation.

WIFTER far than summer's flight,
swifter far than youth's delight,
swifter far than happy night,
art thou come and gone.
as the wood when leaves are shed,
as the night when sleep is sped,
as the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone.
The swallow summer comes again;
the owlet night resumes her reign;
but the wild swan youth is fain
to fly with thee, false as thou.
my heart each day desires the morrow,
sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
vainly would my winter borrow
sunny leaves from any bough.
Lilies for a bridal bed,
roses for a matron's head,
violets for a maiden dead,—
pansies let my flowers be:
on the living grave I bear
scatter them without a tear;
let no friend, however dear,
waste one hope, one fear for me.

SHELLEY.

On a Ventriloquist.

HE stomach is a thrifty thing:
so Juvenal of old did sing;
I deemed his saying was not sooth,
but now experience proves its truth;
for here is one whose stomach's feats
procure the food his stomach eats.

S. A.

Sic meos amores?

CITIOR longe quam volat aestas,
citior quam lux laeta iuventae,
citior gratae quam fuga noctis
modo venisti, modo fugisti.
quale viretum foliis orbum,
qualis trahitur nox sine somno,
quale fugatis cor deliciis,
mihi talis abit vita relictae.
sicut hirundo redditur aestas,
nox, strigis instar, solium reparat,
sed vaga, cygni more, iuventas
ut tu, perfide, tecumque fugit.
mihi lux hodie crastina cordist,
non sine luctu sopor ipse redit:
folia e ramo sumere quovis
mea nunc frustra conatur hiemps.
lilia dantur nuptae thalamo;
rosa matronae caput exornat;
violas poscit mortua virgo;
mihi sit violae tricoloris honos.
tumulor vivens: detur tumulo
flos sine fletu; neu me sociae
quamvis carae
vanis celebrent desideriis.

K.

In Ventriloquum.

'VENTRE nihil novi frugalius,' inquit Aquinas;
huic ego non prorsus credulus ante fui:
nunc non infitior quod res mihi nota probavit;
en sibi qui victum non nisi ventre parit!

J. P.

Horatius Cocles.

WHEN the oldest cask is opened,
and the largest lamp is lit;
when the chestnuts glow in the embers,
and the kid turns on the spit;
when young and old in circle
around the firebrands close;
when the girls are weaving baskets,
and the lads are shaping bows;
when the goodman mends his armour,
and trims his helmet's plume;
when the goodwife's shuttle merrily
goes flashing through the loom;
with weeping and with laughter
still is the story told,
how well Horatius kept the bridge
in the brave days of old.

MACAULAY.

The Death of Montrose.

THERE is a chamber far away
where sleep the good and brave,
but a better place ye have named for me
than by my father's grave.
for truth and right 'gainst treason's might
this hand hath always striven,
and ye raise it up for a witness still
in the eye of earth and heaven.
then nail my head on yonder tower,
give every town a limb:—
and God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!

AYTOUN.

Proelia coniugibus loquenda.

UM prompta Bacchist interior nota,
fulgetque lampas grandior, et nuces
vivis inardescunt favillis
castaneae, verubusque pinguis
torquetur hoedus, cum iuvenes focum
festa corona cum senibus premunt,
virgisque iam cistas puellae
deproperant, puerique formant
arcus aduncos; cum reparat pater
arma, et minacis cornua cassidis
inflectit, et matrona fuso
torta trahit radiante pensa,
flentes recensent non sine risibus
quanta ille custos pontis Horatius
virtutis antiquae futuris
ediderit documenta saeclis.

F. K.

Non omnis moriar.

ST procul hinc thalamus. quot fortia pectora somnus
condit ibi, notos quot pietate viros!
sed locus est potior, mihi quod datis esse sepulcrum,
quam veteres iuxta si tumularer avos.
pro vero rectoque iniit certamina constans
quot manus haec contra seditionis opes!
nunc eadem a vobis attollitur ardua testis;
conscia sit tellus, Tuque, supreme Deus.
ergo isti caput hoc clavis affigite turri;
haec data sint urbi cuilibet ossa licet:
qui Deus haec finxit membra inde recolliget idem;
exsul ego a vobis Illius hospes eo.

R. S.

Loyalty.

ET our halls and towers decay,
be our name and line forgot,
lands and manors pass away,—
we but share our monarch's lot.
if no more our annals show
battles won and banners taken,
still in death, defeat and woe,
ours be loyalty unshaken!
constant still in danger's hour,
princes owned our fathers' aid:
lands and honours, wealth and power,
well their loyalty repaid:
perish wealth and power and pride,
mortal boons by mortals given!
but let Constancy abide,—
Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

SCOTT.

The Grave.

HERE is a calm for those who weep,
a rest for weary pilgrims found;
they softly lie and sweetly sleep
low in the ground.
the storm that wrecks the wintry sky
no more disturbs their deep repose,
than summer evening's latest sigh
that shuts the rose.

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Silent Look.

NTO my heart a silent look
flashed from thy careless eyes,
and what before was shadow, took
the light of summer skies.
the first-born love was in that look;
the Venus rose from out the deep
of those inspiring eyes.

EDWARD LORD LYTTON.

Sancta Fides.

UT situs has peredat turres, haec atria, nulli
cognita sit nostrae stirps seriesve domus,
cedat ager, rapiat fundos alienus avitos,
quam ferimus, noster rex tulit ante vicem.
ut non vi domitas acies vexillaque capta
gentiles possint iam memorare libri,
per mala, per clades, tamen aggrediente vel ipsa
morte sit o nobis illabefacta Fides.
constantem vos ferre, patres, urgente periclo
saepius est princeps testificatus opem;
par fuit et merces, modus agri redditus ingens,
divitiae, fasces egregiumque decus.
lictor, abi; pereant et opes et splendor inanis;
haec tua, Mors, ut erant qui tribuere tui:
sed constans velit una Fides remanere; benigno
desuper est divum munere missa Fides.

H. W. M.

Tumuli Quies.

ALMA flentibus est quies;
fessos hospitium manet;
suaviter recubant, leves
hauriuntque sopores:
saeva compositos hiemps
non humo magis excitat
quam suspiria quae rosam
verna vespera claudunt.

K.

Venus orta.

NTUITU secura feris mihi pectus, et omne
fluctuat aestiva luce, quod umbra fuit.
ille meas peperit flammas obtutus, ocellis
caeruleis istis exiit orta Venus.

K.

The Fall of Zeus (Oceanus, Apollo).

O. E fell, thou say'st, beneath his conqueror's frown?

A. Ay, when the strife was ended, which made dim
the orb I rule, and shook the solid stars,
the terrors of his eye illumined heaven
with sanguine light through the thick ragged skirts
of the victorious darkness as he fell:
like the last glare of day's red agony,
which from a rent among the fiery clouds
burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

O. He sunk to the abyss? to the dark void?

A. An eagle so caught in some bursting cloud
on Caucasus, his thunder-baffled wings
entangled in the whirlwind, and his eyes
which gazed upon the undazzling sun, now blinded
by the white lightning, while the ponderous hail
beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length
prone, and the aerial ice clings over it.

SHELLEY.

A Retrospect.

SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears;
she seemed a thing that could not feel
the touch of earthly years.
no motion has she now, no force;
she neither hears nor sees,
rolled round in earth's diurnal course
with rocks and stones and trees.

WORDSWORTH.

Πεσὼν ἀτίμως πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά.

Ω. εἶτ' ἔπεσε, τοῦ κρατοῦντος ἐπτηχὼς βλέπος ;
Α. ἄθλου γ' ἀπαλλαγέντος, ὃς λαμπτῆρ' ἐμὸν
φλογωπὸν ἠμαύρωσεν ἄστρα τ' ἀσφαλῆ
ἔσεισεν· ἐκ δ' ἤστραπτεν ὀμμάτων μένος
πίτνοντος, αἰνολαμπὲς οὐρανοῦ μύσος,
μελαμπέπλοισιν ἐμπρέπον λακίσμασιν
ἀδμῆτος ὄρφνης· οἷα δυσθνήσκουσα δὴ
πανυστάτοισιν ἡμέρα παλαίσμασιν
φοινικοβάπτων διὰ νεφῶν ἀναίθεται
δυσηνέμοις φρίκαισιν ἀνταυγοῦς ἁλός.
Ω. μελαμβαθῆ κευθμῶνα δ' ἤμειψεν κάτω ;
Α. ὥστ' αἰετῷ γε Καυκάσου κατ' ὀκρίδας
ληφθέντ' ἀέλλης δικτύῳ προλείπετον
πτερὼ κεραυνωθέντε, χἠλίου σθένος
πρὶν ἀστρύφοις λεύσσοντες ὀφθαλμοὶ κύραις
αἴγλῃ φθίνουσιν ἀστραπῆς σκοτούμενοι·
καὶ δὴ χαλάζης δυσμαχοῦν πάλαι δέμας
ὀμβροκτύποισιν ἐμβολαῖς κατερρύη,
βρίθει δ' ἐπισκίαζον αἴθριον κρύος.

R. D. A. H.

Annorum fuga.

ORPORE somni cor tenebatur meum,
cum, liber humano metu,
'sensura,' dixi, 'non mihi videtur haec
quid possit annorum tenor.'
nunc motus illi nullus est, nec ulla vis ;
nil audit illa, nil videt ;
terrae rotatur in dies vertigine
qua saxa, lapides, arbores.

K.

Drinking Song of Munich.

WEET Iser, were thy sunny realm
and flowery gardens mine,
thy waters I would shade with elm,
to prop the tender vine;
my golden flagons I would fill
with rosy draughts from every hill;
and under every myrtle-bower
my gay companions should prolong
the laugh, the revel, and the song,
to many an idle hour.
Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
of yonder planet bright,
our balmy cups should ever stream
profusion of delight.
no care should touch the mellow heart,
and sad or sober none depart;
for wine can triumph over woe,
and Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
could build in Iser's sunny bowers
a paradise below.

CAMPBELL.

Mortality.

IRST our pleasures die, and then
our hopes, and then our fears; and when
these are dead, the debt is due;
dust claims dust,—and we die too.
all things that we love and cherish,
like ourselves must fade and perish:
such is our rude mortal lot,
love itself would did they not.

SHELLEY.

Latebrae dulces et amoenae.

SI quae rura tuas, flumen amabile,
lymphas despiciunt, si domino mihi
parerent iuga prima
solis luce tepentia;
ulmus propter aquam plurima surgeret
fulcimen tenerae vitis, et aureis
collis quisque culullis
nectar purpureum daret:
sub myrto recubans laeta sodalium
festa luce cohors cantibus et mero
serae noctis in umbras
mecum gaudia ducerent.
ut quae puniceo sidere flumina
illustrata rubent, sic quoque currerent
plenis usque beati
nostri deliciis scyphi:
numquam corda dolor tangeret uvida,
nec tristes animos hinc neque sobrios
nox dimitteret umquam:
nam vino fugiunt mala,
nec tu cum sociis, Liber, Amoribus
hic propter patrii murmura fluminis
nescis condere felix
in terris nemus Elysi.

E. H. G.

Nil non mortale.

PRIMA senescenti moritur sua cuique voluptas,
ordine tunc abeunt spesque metusque suo.
mox ipsum, debetur enim, mors poscit; obitque,
terrigenam terra iam repetente, senex.
si quid amaverimus vementius, illud amantis
ipsius ritu fata perire iubent;
sors etenim miseris haec est mala, quotquot amantur
si non fluxa forent, ipse periret amor.

W. G. W.

The Child's Wish in June.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
prithee, let me be idle to-day.
look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
languidly under the bright blue sky.
see how slowly the streamlet glides;
look how the violet roguishly hides;
even the butterfly rests on the rose,
and scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
and the flies go about him one by one;
and Pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
without ever thinking of washing her face.
there flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
but very lazily flieth he;
and he sits and twitters a gentle note,
that scarcely ruffles his little throat.
you bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
how the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near;
and the soft west-wind is so light in its play,
it scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.
I wish, oh I wish, I were yonder cloud,
that sails about with its misty shroud:
books and work I no more should see,
but I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Schiff und Herz.

Uebel iſt ein Schiff berathen auf dem ſturmbewegten Meer;
doch ein Herz im Sturm der Liebe iſt es wahrlich noch viel mehr:
jenes wirft die ſchweren Laſten, die es drücken, über Bord;
dieſes ſchifft mit voller Ladung durch die wilden Fluthen fort.

W. MUELLER.

Otium rogat.

QUAE agunt venti luduntque impune per hortos;
o sine cum ventis otia, mater, agam.
cara, vide, mater, quam caerulus ardeat aether,
ut flos sub nimio langucat igne poli.
aspice quam lenta decurrat rivulus unda,
ut viola astute condat odora caput,
papilioque, suis modo quaerens otia pennis,
vix tenerae libet suavia mella rosae.
sub medio iacet axe canis, fruiturque sopore,
quem vaga circumiens plurima musca salit;
proxima dum felis, molli languore soluta,
non, ut saepe, suo lubricat ora pede.
aspice, vicinae quae nunc petit arboris umbram,
segniter ut pennis aëra pulset avis;
iamque lubens sedet, et, vix moto gutture, pigrum
expromit tenui languida voce melos.
pensa iubes mea, mater, amem librosque molestos,
cum celebrat festum rauca cicada diem,
cum zephyri ludit tenero levis aura susurro,
commovet arboreas vix tamen illa comas?
pectore quam laeto fierem nubecula, cuius
navigat aetheriam pensilis umbra viam,
ut tibi, dimissis studiis, carissima mater,
adfluerem recreans duxque comesque forem.

J. S. J.

Amor Naufragus.

TRISTE ratis pelagi medio correpta furore;
tristius in vitae turbine prensus Amor.
iacturam facit illa levisque supervolat undas;
hic fera sollicitum per freta portat onus.

K.

The Benediction.

PEACE be around thee wherever thou rovest,
may life be for thee one summer's day,
and all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest
come smiling around thy sunny way!
if sorrow e'er this calm should break,
may e'en thy tears pass off so lightly
that, like spring showers, they only make
the smiles that follow shine more brightly:
may Time, who sheds his blight o'er all
and daily dooms some joy to death,
o'er thee let years so gently fall,
they shall not crush one flower beneath.
as half in shade and half in sun
the world along its path advances,
may that side the sun's upon
be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

MOORE.

Loch Katrine.

AND now, to issue from the glen,
no pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
unless he climb, with footing nice,
a far-projecting precipice.
the broom's tough roots his ladder made,
the hazel saplings lent their aid;
and thus an airy point he won,
where, gleaming with the setting sun,
one burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
in all her length far winding lay,
with promontory, creek, and bay,
and islands that, empurpled bright,
floated amid the livelier light,
and mountains, that like giants stand,
to sentinel enchanted land.

SCOTT.

Τῶνδ' ὄνησιν εὔχομαι.

TE circum Pax alma volet, quocumque vageris,
unum eat aestivum vita imitata diem;
quidquid et in votis fuerit tibi, amabile quidquid,
adveniat, laetas concelebretque vias.
quod si forte dolor placidum maculaverit aevum,
splendet ut ex verno gratior imbre dies,
non aliter lacrimis fuga maturetur, ut ipsos
plenior in risus accumuletur honos.
quae nihil obducta non vi robiginis aetas
prorsit, inque dies singula nostra rapit,
te super invisos tam leniter ingerat annos
innocuum ut teneris floribus addat onus.
dum medius noctis patiens mediusque diei
quod semel instituit volvitur orbis iter,
a precor illa tuo tantum versetur in ore
quae pars assiduis solibus aucta nitet.

W. G. C.

Speluncae vivique Lacus.

IAMQUE viatori sublucet semita nusquam,
vallis inaccessos explicitura sinus,
ni queat, arte regens vestigia lubrica, pronum
et procul impendens exsuperare iugum.
praebet opem scalasque tenax radice genista;
fertque suum corylus lenta ministerium.
mox apicem aërium nanctus de vertice summo
prospexit rutilum sole cadente lacum,
qua Katrina palus, velut aurea bractea, late
lucida purpureis porrigeretur aquis;
quam longa et scopulos et procurrentia in undas
litora curvaret dividuosque sinus;
quaeque reniderent terrae, mediisque micantes
narent, splendidius qua iubar esset, aquis;
quique loco starent montes, ceu turma gigantum,
custodes magicae praesidiumque plagae.

T. S. E.

The Mariners of England.

E Mariners of England,
who guard our native seas,
whose flag has braved a thousand years
the battle and the breeze,
your glorious standard launch again
to meet another foe,
and sweep through the deep,
while the stormy winds do blow,
while the battle rages loud and long,
and the stormy winds do blow.
The spirits of your fathers
shall start from every wave;
for the deck it was their field of fame,
and ocean was their grave:
where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
your manly breasts shall glow,
as ye sweep through the deep,
while the stormy winds do blow,
while the battle &c.
Britannia needs no bulwark,
no towers along the steep;
her march is o'er the mountain waves,
her home is on the deep.
with thunders from her native oak
she quells the floods below,
as they roar on the shore,
when the stormy winds do blow,
when the battle &c.
The meteor-flag of England
shall yet terrific burn,
till danger's troubled night depart,
and the star of peace return.
then, then, ye ocean warriors,
our song and feast shall flow

Viri turritis puppibus instant.

UTELA, nautae, litoris Anglici,
si vestra Martem classis et Aeolum
iam mille contempsit per annos,
ite novis reparate bellis
vexilla priscae conscia gloriae:
ite ite, pontum verrite, qua graves
inter procellarum tumultus
longa ferae tonat ira pugnae.
vobis avorum subsilient pii
manes ab undis omnibus exciti,
quos morte pro transtris honesta
nobile promeritos sepulcrum
suscepit ingenti oceanus sinu.
ut mox nepotum corda virilia
per marmor ardescent euntum,
Fuscus ubi ceciditque in armis
magnum duelli fulmen Horatius!
tutanda nulla turre Britannia
murosque dedignans et alto
ceu proprio dominata ruri
audax aquarum montibus inprobis
insultat. ilex feta tonitribus
nativa tempestatis iram
litoribus domat infrementem
qua mixta ventis proelia saeviunt.
sic usque diris sidus uti minis
insigne flagrabit Britannum,
dum fugiat mala noctis umbra
pacisque felix stella refulgeat.
tum rite, pugnax oceani genus,
vestros honorabunt triumphos
carminibus dapibusque cives,

to the fame of your name,
when the storm has ceased to blow,
when the fiery fight is heard no more,
and the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

Thy Days are done.

THY days are done, thy fame begun;
thy country's strains record
the triumphs of her chosen son,
the slaughters of his sword;
the deeds he did, the fields he won,
the freedom he restored.
Though thou art fallen, while we are free,
thou shalt not taste of death;
the generous blood that flowed from thee
disdained to sink beneath:
within our veins its currents be,
thy spirit on our breath.
Thy name, our charging hosts along,
shall be the battle-word;
thy fall, the theme of choral song
from virgin voices poured.
to weep would do thy glory wrong;
thou shalt not be deplored.

LORD BYRON.

On the Cenotaph of Charles George Gordon.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, not laid below,
but somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
that earth has borne no simpler nobler man.

LORD TENNYSON.

vestrae dabuntur pocula gloriae,
cum flare lassi desierint Noti,
Martisque cessarint procellae
sollicitas agitare gentes.

K.

Tu decus omne tuis.

UX cecidit vitae; famae tibi nascitur astrum;
patria te grato carmine rite colit,
scilicet eximiae subolis cantare triumphos
sedula; quot proprio straverit ense viros,
quas tulerit bello laurus, quo victor ab hoste
reddiderit populo libera iura suo.
tu cadis; at, dum nos libertas alma tuetur,
impia nil in te funera iuris habent.
qui tibi profluxit generosus corpore sanguis
ire sub indignum non tulit ille solum:
di faciant nostras ditent ea flumina venas
vivat et in nostro spiritus ore tuus.
sicubi Mars patrius saevum procurret in hostem,
sola tuum pugnae tessera nomen erit:
nostra decus tanti celebrabunt carmina leti,
carmina virgineis rite sonanda choris.
magne, tuae fletus essent iniuria famae:
questibus haud nostris dedecorande, vale.

K.

Impavidum feriunt ruinae.

ROQUE Deo pugnax hominique o nate tuendo,
te procul hinc Arabum tristis harena tegit:
vivis amore tamen memori; nil gentibus aetas
ulla magis simplex magnanimumque dedit.

H. W. M.

All's for the Best.

ALL'S for the best: be sanguine and cheerful,
troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise:
nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,
courage for ever is happy and wise.
all's for the best, if a man will but know it;
Providence wishes us all to be blest:
this is no dream of a pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best.
all's for the best: then fling away terrors,
meet all your fears and your foes in the van,
and in the midst of your dangers and errors
trust like a child while you strive like a man.
all's for the best; unbiassed, unbounded
Providence reigns from the East to the West;
and by both wisdom and virtue surrounded,
hope and be happy, since all's for the best.

SWAIN.

Under the Tropics.

NO lack was there of human sustenance,
soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
nor, save for pity, were it hard to take
the helpless life, so wild that it was tame;
here, in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge,
they built and thatched with leaves of palms a hut,
half hut, half native cavern, where the three,
set in an Eden of all plenteousness,
dwelt with eternal summer, ill content.

LORD TENNYSON.

A very wise Philosopher.

NATURE and Truth are Labeo's studies: why?
that he may learn with perfect Art to Lie.

A.

Animosus atque fortis appare.

PERFER et obdura: bona sunt quae tristia reris;
celat amicitiam dissimulatque dolor.
stultus it incerto semper pavidoque meatu,
usque sagax virtus, usque beata manet.
tu licet ignores, sapientia cuncta gubernat:
scilicet infelix nemo volente Deost.
non ego fabellas vatum neque somnia trado;
fata regit faustus qualiacumque Pater.
quae bona sunt pollent: ergo depone timores;
siqua reformidas, aggredienda puta:
sive pericla vides, seu quis deceperit error,
nititor audendo vir, puer esse fide.
numine cuncta suo moderans Orientis ab oris
Hesperias partes regnat adusque Deus.
dummodo sit virtus, dum sit prudentia, iusta
lege dat Omnipotens optima quaeque suis.

A. W. P.

Soli sub Sole.

NON derant humana illic solacia victûs,
radicum vis magna nucesque ac mitia poma:
nec non et poteras imbellia saecla animantum,
ni nocuisse pudor, parvo captasse labore;
usque adeo mansueta ferae praecordia gestant.
hic, ubi prospiciunt mare saxa minantia saxis,
palmarum tectam struxerunt fronde quietem,
speluncamque casamque simul, qua foedere certo
tres iuncti, Elysiae carpentes munera glaebae,
sole sub aeterno maerebant tristia fata.

P. P.

Sapere est abiectis utile nugis.

QUID verum atque decens Labeo rogat, illius ergo
ut docte faciat turpia, falsa probet.

K.

The Soft, the Silent Hour.

OVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
yon orange sunset waning slow:
from fringes of the faded eve,
o happy planet, eastward go;
till over thy dark shoulder glow
thy silver sister-world, and rise
to glass herself in dewy eyes
that watch me from the glen below.
ah bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
dip forward under starry light,
and move me to my marriage-morn,
and round again to happy night.

LORD TENNYSON.

In vain do they worship me.

EN will write for religion, fight for it,
die for it; anything but live for it.

COLTON.

Misunderstood.

E died, and left the world behind;
his once wild heart is cold;
his once keen eye is quelled and blind:
what more?—his tale is told.
he came; and baring his heaven-bright thought,
he earned the base world's ban;
and having vainly lived and taught,
gave place to a meaner man.

PROCTER.

Ἔσπερε πάντα φέρεις γλυκέα.

Εὐήμερε γῆ, σὺ δ' ἀπ' ἀελίου
τοῦ κροκοβάπτους δυσμὰς βραδέως
ποτινισσομένου χώρει πρὸς ἕω·
τῆς γ' ἑσπερίας πλακὸς ἐσχατιὰν
προλιποῦσ' ἀμυδρὰν
χώρει πρὸς ἕω μάκαρ ἀστήρ·
ἔστ' ἂν δνοφερῶν ὑπάτη νώτων
ἀργυροειδὲς φέγγος ἀνάψῃ
λαμπὰς ὁμαίμων, ἐπιτελλομένη τ'
ἔμ' ὑπαὶ βήσσης παπταινόντων
σχηματίσηται
νοτίων ὄσσων ἐν ἐνόπτρῳ.
φεῦ φεῦ· σύ μ' ὁδὸν κατὰ σὴν ἐλαφρὰν
ἐλαφρῶς βάσταζ', ὑπὸ ταῖς δ' ἄστρων
ῥιπαῖσι προβῆθ' ἀερονηχής,
πέμπουσά τέ μ' ἐς φῶς ὑμεναίων
καὶ πάλιν αὖθις
πρὸς νύκτα κυκλοῦσα ποθεινήν.

H. W. M.

Heu Pietas! heu spreta Fides!

SCRIBERE, Religio, pro te, pugnare, perire possumus: at tibi qui vivere possit, ubist?

K.

Mens divinior.

MORTUUS est, superaque excessit luce: refrixit
cor illud olim fervidum:
extinctumst oculi quondam penetrabile fulgur:
quid restat? actast fabula.
venit clara docens caeli praecepta: docentem
sprevere cives sordidi:
sic labor effluxit vanus: nunc illius implet
natura crassior locum.

K.

King Cophetua loved the Beggar-maid.

HER arms across her breast she laid;
she was more fair than words can say:
barefooted came the beggar-maid
before the King Cophetua.
in robe and crown the king stept down
to meet and greet her on her way:
'it is no wonder,' said the lords,
'she is more beautiful than day.'
as shines the moon in clouded skies,
she in her poor attire was seen:
one praised her ancles, one her eyes,
one her dark hair and lovesome mien:
so sweet a face, such angel grace,
in all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
'this beggar-maid shall be my queen.'

LORD TENNYSON.

The Pimpernel.

SEEST thou yon pimpernel? an hour is past,
and he was holding dalliance with the sun,
all bared his crimson pride: now closed, downcast,
his blossoms seek their favourite skies to shun.
young Edwin came, the warning change beheld,
then hurried to his hinds; and hark, I hear
his loaded wagons creaking from the field:
for 'storms,' he says, 'and angry hours are near.'
oh! 'mid the flowers life's tortuous paths that strew,
is there not one like this? e'en as I speak,
thy bosom-friend's estrangèd look review,
remark his icy eye, his smileless cheek.
adversity is nigh: speed, counsel how
to soften as thou may'st th' inevitable blow.

R. W. E.

Mendica pulchra.

BAT ut ambabus positis ad pectora palmis
pulchra supra quam vox ulla referre potest,
nuda pedes, mendica, suis opis indiga rebus,
Cophetua coram rege puella venit.
destituit solium rex murice clarus et auro,
itque salutatum quae prope carpit iter;
'nec mirum' dixere duces, 'pulcherrima quamvis
alma dies, alma pulchrior illa die.'
qualis in obducto sublucet Cynthia caelo,
veste sub obscura cernere talis erat.
virginis hic suras laudavit et alter ocellos,
ille nigros crines osque cupidineum.
dulcis enim facies divinaque gratia formae,
qualis in his numquam finibus ante fuit.
Cophetuas iurat, sceptrum testatus et orbem,
'uxor ea ex inopi virgine regis erit.'

H. A. J. M.

Certis poteris cognoscere signis.

STAM tune vides anagallida? non ita pridem
visa fuit medium solis amare iubar
purpureo ridens fastu: nunc lumina claudit
tristia, nec dulcem spectat, ut ante, diem.
adstabat monitumque vigil perspexit Amyntas;
protinus agrestes convocat ipse manus.
audin, iamiam abeunt agro stridentia plaustra:
'en,' ait, 'Auster adest; en furit hora minis.'—
num florum, quicumque habitant loca devia vitae,
huic nullus simili condicione viget?
dum loquor, aversi vultum non cernis amici?
luce carent oculi, risibus ora carent.
sors adversa venit: tu cessas? i fuge, tecum,
quid ferat infaustis, consule, rebus opem.

K.

The Lotus-Eaters.

HATEFUL is the dark-blue sky
vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea:
death is the end of life; ah, why
should life all labour be?
let us alone: time driveth onward fast,
and in a little while our lips are dumb:
let us alone: what is it that will last?
all things are taken from us, and become
portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
let us alone: what pleasure can we have
to war with evil? is there any peace
in ever climbing up the climbing wave?
all things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
in silence, ripen, fall, and cease:
give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease.

LORD TENNYSON.

An Early Wish.

THE earliest wish I ever knew
was woman's kind regard to win;
I felt it long ere passion grew,
ere such a wish could be a sin.
and still it lasts; the yearning ache
no cure has found, no comfort known:
if she did love, 'twas for my sake,
she could not love me for her own.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Νόστου βούλοντο λαθέσθαι.

ERT ipse pontus taedium et imminens
superne caelum, caerula caerulis
porrecta; cur tanto labore
gens terimus peritura vitam?
tandem precamur, quisquis es, abstine
lassos fatigandi, ut pedibus ruit
tempus citatis, nostraque aevo
functa brevi labra conticebunt.
quid non caducum? cur miser inchoet
spem longiorem, singula cui sua
raptantur extorquentur eheu
tristibus accumulanda fastis?
cessemus. ecquid profuit invidis
certare divis? pontum iterantibus
quae pax, ubi aeternat labores
unda superveniens in undam?
nil non quiescit: nec nisi funeri
maturat aetas omnia: da mori aut
cessare nobis; da quietem
somniferam tenebrasve leti.

W. G. C.

Votum.

OC erat in votis primum: mihi rideat una
femina, femineo detur amore frui:
hoc prius optavi rapuit quam corda cupido,
dum turpi macula talia vota carent.
vivit adhuc vulnus: non est medicina reperta,
nec desiderium nec requiescit amor.
'Phyllis amavit,' ais: quod amarem ego, forsan amarit:
non potuit causa Phyllis amare sua.

J. C. M.

Grief.

TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless,
that only men incredulous of despair,
half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
beat upward to God's throne in loud access
of shrieking and reproach. full desertness
in souls, as countries, lieth silent, bare,
under the blenching vertical eye-glare
of the absolute heavens. deep-hearted man, express
grief for thy dead in silence like to death;
most like a monumental statue set
in everlasting watch and moveless woe,
till itself crumbles to the dust beneath.
touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:
if it could weep, it would arise and go.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Tears.

HANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
more grief than ye can weep for. that is well.
that is light grieving. lighter none befell
since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
tears! what are tears? the babe weeps in its cot,
the mother singing; at her marriage-bell
the bride weeps; and before the oracle
of high-famed hills the poet hath forgot
that moisture on his cheeks. thank God for grace,
whoever weep; albeit, as some have done,
ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
and touch but tombs, look up; those tears will run
soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
and leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Qui silet ille dolet.

SPE quae caret tristitia lamentis caret.
qui posse desperare non credunt viri,
gens semidocta quid sit angorem pati,
per vastitatem noctis ad sedem Dei
grassantur aegris eiulationibus
et inprobo stridore. desolata quae
mens tota marcet, aridae ritu plagae,
se muta caeli dedit inpotentiae,
sub axe solis nuda candentis iacens.
o cordis alti quisquis es, silentio
mortem exprimente mortuos plora tuos ;
ceu ficta saxo statua, quae sedet super
aeterna busto vigilia, inmotus dolor,
dum putris ipsa pulverem in putrem cadat.
tu palpebras i tange, non madet lapis ;
si flere posset, iret erecto gradu.

K.

Flere aliquod Solamen habet.

GRATES aspirare Deo cum laude memento,
qui non plura doles quam possis flere. dolentem
flere levis labor est : levior non contigit ulli
ex quo primaevam sortem labefecit Adamus.
quid lacrimae ? cunis flet in ipsis parvulus infans,
cantando mater, claroque vocante hymenaeo
sponsa flet, exultansque intrat Parnasia templa
nec reputat stillare genas hoc rore poeta.
o laudate bonum, fletis quicumque, Parentem ;
quamquam errore vago (sunt quis hoc contigit) acti
et caeci lacrimis inter deserta locorum
nil manibus praeter tumulos contingitis, illuc
suspicite ; hae lacrimae per vultus suspicientum,
flumina longa, cadent pedetentim, et nube remota
clarescent oculi stellis solique videndis.

K.

Ask me no more.

ASK me no more. the moon may draw the sea,
the cloud may stoop from heaven, and take the shape,
with fold to fold, of mountain or of cape.
but, O too fond, when have I answered thee?
ask me no more.
Ask me no more. what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
yet, O my friend, I would not have thee die:
ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live:
ask me no more.
Ask me no more. thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream, and all in vain.
let the great river take me to the main.
ask me no more, for at a touch I yield:
ask me no more.

LORD TENNYSON.

Kisses.

AH, the sweet lies lurk in kisses!
oh, the charm of make-believe!
oh, to be deceived sweet bliss is,
bliss still sweeter to deceive.
what thou'lt grant, I know, my fairest,
vowing, 'nay I never must:'
I will trust whate'er thou swearest,
I will swear what thou wilt trust.

THEODORE MARTIN (*from* HEINE).

Muses and Graces together.

IN the lines which you sent are the Muses and Graces:
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

POPE.

Parce rogare porro.

EST ut in amplexum montes praeruptaque saxa
insinuet nubes aethere lapsa suo:
est ut ament lunae fluctus servire marini:
sed tibi responsum, parce rogare, nego.
parce, age: quid potero tibi respondere? placentne
vel sine luce oculi vel sine flore genae?
sed pereas nolo. iam mitte requirere plura,
ne tibi me facias denique 'vive' loqui.
me tibi teque mihi Parcae pepigere: quid egi
fluctibus adversis obvia facta? nihil.
iam vehar in pontum fluvio delapsa secundo:
parce, precor, verbis: tange, manusque dabo.

T. M.

Oscula.

OSCULA, iucunda tegitis mendacia fraude:
callida candorem fingere lingua, places.
suave capi verbis simulantis vana puellae;
suavius est dominae verba dedisse meae.
quid praestare pares, scimus, mea vita, roganti,
dum testata deos 'non licet istud' ais:
iura; continuo credam: iuratus et ipse
magna loquar: stabilis sit tua parque fides.

H. W. M.

Centum puer artium.

CARMINA misisti Musis Charisinque referta:
Os tibi Tres ornant ingeniumque Novem.

J. F.

What ills the Scholar's life assail!

EATH, old fellow! have we then
come at last so near each other?
well, shake hands; and be to me
a quiet friend, a faithful brother.
All those merry days are gone,
gone with cash and health, old fellow,
when I read long days and nights,
and sometimes (with a friend) got mellow.
Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts!
noble books of old Greek learning!
ah, ye left huge aches behind,
head and heart and brain all burning.
How I toiled! for one now fled
I wore down the midnight taper,
labouring, dreaming; till one day
I woke, and found my life—a vapour.
Yet I hoped (ah, laugh not now)
for wealth and health and fame—the bubble!
so I climbed up wisdom's steeps,
and got a fall, boy, for my trouble.
Now all's over. no one helped,
no one cheered my strong endeavour;
so I sank, and called on thee,
and thou wilt be my friend for ever.

PROCTER.

The blind Goddess.

HE good live poor, and thou dost waste
on rogues, dame Fortune, all thou hast:
well did the poets make thee blind:
but was it in the eyes or mind?

A.

Mortem orat.

MORS, geniale caput, non aspernata vocantem,
tam vicina mihi sicine castra locas?
quin serimus dextras? sociam fidamque sororem
le tranquilla mihi nectat amicitia.
fugit laeta salus, nummi fugere, simulque
fugerunt hilares iam, mihi crede, dies,
quando ego per luces longas noctesque legebam,
poclaque cum socio rara levamen erant.
Neutone O tuque Euclidae venerabilis umbra,
doctaque Graiorum vos monumenta, libri,
heu mihi quam taetros legastis saepe dolores,
quanta cor incendit fax mihi, quanta caput!
sed tamen immensus spatiisque inclusus iniquis
urere nocturnam lampada iussit amor.
multa laborabam, fingebam somnia multa,
somnia quae subito dispulit orta dies.
sed vel adhuc trepidam (noli ridere) fovebant
spem mihi divitiae, robur, inanis honor.
hinc ego doctrinae scandens interritus arces
deciduus lapsu praecipitante rui.
actumst; nemo mihi Macte acclamabat et Euge,
nemo operi magno suppeditabat opem.
sic ego deficiens aegra te voce vocavi,
tuque mihi fautrix tempus in omne venis.

K.

Σκότον δέδορκας.

Πολλάκις ἐν πενίῃ βίοτον διάγουσιν ἄριστοι,
καὶ τὰ σὰ λῷστα, Τύχη, δῶρα φέρουσι κακοί.
εὖ γε, θεά, τυφλὴν ἔμεναί σε λέγουσιν ἀοιδοί,
εἴτ' ἀλαὸς φρεσὶν εἴτ' ὄμμασιν οὖσα κυρεῖς.

W. F.

Ulysses.

T little profits that an idle king,
by this still hearth, among these idle crags,
matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
unequal laws unto a savage race,
that hoard and sleep and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel ; I will drink
life to the lees : all times I have enjoyed
greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
that loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
through scudding drifts the raving Hyades
vext the dim sea. I am become a name ;
for, always roaming with a hungry heart,
much have I seen and known ; cities of men
and manners.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Divine's Duties.

IVINES can say but what themselves believe ;
strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative :
for, were all sure, then all sides would agree,
and faith itself be lost in certainty.
to live uprightly then is sure the best,
to save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.

GREVILLE MEMOIRS, PART 2.

Honour.

HAT'S honour ? Falstaff says, an idle dream,
for many mortals are not what they seem ;
and him that for another self would pass,
we call 'a Jekyll,' Aesop called 'an ass.'

S. A.

Ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, Μοῦσα, πολύτροπον.

Ὦ πόποι, οὔ τοι ταῦτα θέμις ἀνεμώλιον αὔτως
οἴκῳ ἐν εὐκήλῳ, πέτρῃς ὑπὸ παιπαλοέσσῃς,
γραίης ἀμφ' ἀλόχου βασιλεύεμεν· ἦ ῥα θέμιστας
δεῖ με καπηλεύειν γενεῇ τοιῇδε μετ' ἀνδρῶν
νηπίῃ, οἵτε πανημέριον μεγάροισι ἑοῖσιν
εὕδουσ' ἢ μεθύουσιν ἀτάσθαλοι, οὐδ' ἔτ' ἐμεῖο
μνήσαντ'; ἀλλά μοι ἦτορ ἐνὶ στήθεσσιν ἄνωγεν
ἄλγεα πάσχειν πάντα τά κεν δώωσι θεοί περ.
πλάγξομ'· ἐπεὶ κακὰ πολλὰ πέπονθά τε πολλά τ' ἄρ' ἐσθλὰ
ἀμφ' ἑτάρους ἐριῆρας, ἔπειτα δὲ νόσφιν ἁπάντων,
Πληϊάδων ἅμα δυσμῇ, ὅτ' ἠερύεσσα θάλασσα
πνοιῇς τετρήχῃ, κραιπνὴ δ' ἐπιδέρομε λαῖλαψ·
εὐρύ τέ μοι κλέος ἐστὶν ἐν ἀνδράσιν ἀλφηστῇσιν.
αἰεὶ δ' ἐν στήθεσσι λιλαιόμενός περ ὁδοῖο
πολλῶν ἀνθρώπων ἴδον ἄστεα καὶ νόον ἔγνων.

G. O. M.

Res divinae.

QUAE tibi de rebus divinis vera videntur
tradere te, doctor relligiose, decet.
argumenta quidem profer tua; fortia sunto;
si non demonstrant ista, probare queant.
quod si certa forent ea quae traduntur, ubi esset
illa tot ad caelum laudibus acta fides?
non damnans alios bene vivas ipse videto:
qui didicit recte vivere salvus erit.

K.

Quid sit Honos.

ALTER 'honos onus est,' 'honor est ὄναρ,' adicit alter:
utraque mens et vox utraque sentit idem.
ille quid est, nugis vani deceptus honoris?
'stultus,' ait Zeno; fabula dixit, 'ὄνος.'

G. N.

Oenone.

THERE lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
the swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
and loiters, slowly drawn. on either hand
the lawns and meadow-ledges midway down
hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
the long brook falling through the cloven ravine
in cataract after cataract to the sea.
behind the valley topmost Gargarus
stands up and takes the morning; but in front
the gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's columned citadel,
the crown of Troas. hither came at noon
mournful Oenone, wandering forlorn
of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.
her cheek had lost the rose, and round her neck
floated her hair, or seemed to float, in rest.
she, leaning on a fragment twined with vine,
sang to the stillness, till the mountain shade
sloped downward to her seat from the upper cliff.

'o mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,
dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
for now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
the grasshopper is silent in the grass;
the lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
rests like a shadow; and the cicala sleeps.
the purple flowers droop; the golden bee
is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
my eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
my heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
and I am all aweary of my life.'

LORD TENNYSON.

Quid facis, Oenone?

PHRYGIA locus sub Ida iacet abditus, aliis
quot in Ionum iugis sunt speciosior, ubi aquae
vapor ima tranat aegro placide nemora sinu
pinusque reptat inter graditurque pede pigro.
hinc inde prata pendent viridantia mediis
scopulis, feraxque florum nitet irriguus ager,
resonatque rivus infra per adesa loca iugi
laticesque decidentes ciet ad freta pelagi.
hinc summa Gargari stant capiuntque roseam Eo:
nemorum videntur illinc per aperta columina
turrita Pergamorum, diademata Phrygiae.
huc maesta venit Oenone, Hyperione medios
agitante equos, sodali properans sine Paride,
per aprica quem iugorum comitem modo habuerat.
aberat genis rosarum solitus color, umero
fluitabat in decoro fluitareve placide
visast coma acquiescens. silici illa miseriter
innixa vite cincto cecinit tacentibus
siluae iugis, superno nigra donec ab apice
properaret umbra rupem tetigisse ubi caneret.

'Patria o mea creatrix scatebris rigua vagis,
genitrix mea Ida vocem morientis accipe.
iuga nunc meridiei tenet omnia requies,
siluit cicada in herbis, umbram in lapide facit
similis lacertus umbrae calidoque iubare ovat.
fruitur sopore grillus, redolentia capita
violae nigrae reponunt mediisque liliis
apis aurea otiatur: sed ego unica vigilo;
oculi madent fluentes, cruciatque amor animum;
animus labascit aeger: tenebris natat oculus;
taedetque me tueri superi spatia poli.'

R. B.

Right and Wrong.

'NO sign,' groaned he,
'no stirring of God's finger to denote
he wills that right should have supremacy
on earth, not wrong! how helpful could we quote
but one poor instance when He interposed
promptly and surely and beyond mistake
between oppression and its victim, closed
accounts with sin for once, and bade us wake
from our long dream that justice bears no sword,
or else forgets whereto its sharpness serves!
so might we safely mock at what unnerves
faith now, be spared the sapping fear's increase
that haply evil's strife with good shall cease
never on earth. nay, after earth, comes peace,
born out of life-long battle? man's lip curves
with scorn: there also, what if justice swerves
from dealing doom, sets free by no swift stroke
right fettered here by wrong, but leaves life's yoke—
death should loose man from—fresh laid, past release?'

BROWNING.

The Parting Gift.

TAKE this ring, the simple token
of a true and loving heart;
could the spell of fate be broken,
never, never would we part.
soon we lose whate'er is sweetest;
soon we ring enjoyment's knell;
fondest hopes are ever fleetest;
therefore, dearest, fare thee well.

K.

Πόλεμος αἰώνιος.

Ἀτὰρ θεῶν τί δεῖγμα, τοιάδ' ἔστενε,
ποῖον δ' ὄρεγμα χειρός, ὡς κρατεῖν δέον
δίκην ἁπάσης, μηδὲ τἄδικον, χθονός;
ὅσον γ' ἐπωφέλημα προσποιούμενοι
ἅπαξ ἄν, οὔ τι μᾶλλον, εἴπομεν τάδε·
'ὁρᾷς; Διὸς φθάσαν τόδ' οὐ διχορρόπως
τὸν μὲν καθεῖλε πλῆγμα, τὸν παθόντα δὲ
ὤρθωσεν, ἐξέπραξέ τ' ἐντελὲς χρέος·
καίτοι πάλαι τις ἔπλασεν οὐ ξιφηφόρον
Δίκην, ἐφ' ᾧ δὲ θηκτὸν ἀγνοεῖν δόρυ.'
χαίρειν τότ' οὖν ἐῶσιν ἀσφάλει' ἂν ἦν
πίστιν τ' ἄπιστον φρενοβόρον τ' ἀθυμίαν,
μή που κακοῖς ᾖ προσπαλαιούσῃ λύσις
δίκῃ κατὰ χθόν' οὔτις. ἀλλὰ γὰρ κάτω
ἔφυ τις εἰρήνη ποτ' αἰανῆς μάχης;
ἀναίνεται δὴ χεῖλος ἐγγελῶν· τί γάρ,
καὶ τοῖς νεκροῖσιν εἰ παραλλάσσει δίκη
τοῦ μὴ τίνεσθαι; μὴ γάρ, εὐτρεπεῖ χερί
πέδαις δεθεῖσαν ἀνοσίοις λῦσαι δέον
ζωῆς τε δέσμ' ἄρρηκτον ἐξελεῖν, ζυγὸν
Ἄιδης ἄφυκτον αὖθις αὖ προσαρμόσῃ;

R. D. A. H.

Ad Neaeram.

GEMMAM do tibi simplicem, Neaera,
fidi mnemosynon probique cordis;
nos, si fata forent movenda votis,
nullum, lux mea, separaret aevum.
sed dulcissima quaeque mox recedunt,
veloci pede praeterit voluptas,
et, quo blandior, hoc fugacior spes:
ergo, noster amor, vale, Neaera.

K.

Charity never faileth.

HEN poverty, with mien of shame,
the sense of pity seeks to touch,
or, bolder, makes the simple claim
that, I have nothing, you have much;
Believe not either man or book,
that bid you close the opening hand,
and with reproving speech and look
your first and free intent withstand.
Why not believe the simple letter,
that all you give will God restore?
the poor man may deserve it better,
and surely, surely, wants it more.
Let but the rich man do his part,
and, whatso'er the issue be
to those who ask, his answering heart
will gain and grow in sympathy.

LORD HOUGHTON.

The Lessons of the Sea.

ORNE upon the mighty ocean
deep we plough the watery main:
all its chimes of restless motion
empire o'er our spirits gain.
Now we see the sun's warm finger
tip the wave with living red:
now we see the pale moon linger,
ere she seek her morning bed.
Now we watch the foaming billow,
now the gentle ripples creep,
as on Ocean's wavy pillow
winds have lulled themselves to sleep.
Ne'er shall they, who never wander
truant from their native lea,
cope with us, who daily ponder
on thy treasures, mighty sea.

A.

Miseris succurrere disco.

SEU, Miserere, pudens pauper, seu clamitat audax,
des mihi, nil habeo, res satis ampla tibist:
da; neu crede viro, dantem qui fronte refrenet,
neve libro, dictet qui tibi, Claude manum:
crede sacrae potius voci: Tibi foedere certo,
quod fratri dederis, reddet id omne Deus.
fors melius quam tu pauper mereatur habere;
deterius quam tu, scis bene, pauper eget.
det locuples: saltem danti sua munera prosunt;
mens, hominem miserans, discit amare Deum.

K.

Navitarum Experientia.

PER spatia undarum sine fine patentia vecti
aequoreas alta puppe secamus aquas:
concinit unda vices aestu variante: moventur
in numerum domino pectora nostra suo.
est ubi sol rosea spargit face tela per undas,
vividus et tingit marmora summa rubor:
est ubi luna prius pallenti luce moratur
quam matutinum fessa cubile petit.
ante oculos fluctus canenti nunc sale saevit,
nunc amat in curvos leniter ire sinus:
fulta toro quotiens undantis flamina ponti
turbida placatis iam posuere minis.
num sese exaequet nobis, qui cedere numquam
de patriis exul finibus ausus erit?
navita, quotquot eunt soles, in mente recenset
innumeras, ingens quas mare servat, opes.

J. C. M.

The Angler.

HOU that hast loved so long and well
the vale's deep quiet streams,
where the pure water-lilies dwell
shedding forth tender gleams ;
and o'er the pool the May-fly's wing
glances in golden eves of Spring,
Oh ! lone and lovely haunts are thine,
soft, soft the river flows,
wearing the shadow of thy line,
the gloom of alder boughs ;
and in the midst, a richer hue,
one gliding vein of heaven's own blue.
And there but low sweet sounds are heard—
the whisper of the reed,
the plashing trout, the rustling bird,
the scythe upon the mead ;
yet, through the murmuring osiers near
there steals a step which mortals fear.
'Tis not the stag that comes to lave,
at noon his panting breast ;
'tis not the bittern by the wave
seeking her sedgy nest.
the air is fill'd with summer's breath ;
the young flowers laugh, yet look ! 'tis death.
But if, where silvery currents rove,
thy heart, grown still and sage,
hath learned to read the words of love
that shine o'er nature's page ;
if holy thougnts thy guests have been
under the shade of willow green,
Then, lover of the silent hour
by deep lone waters pass'd,
thence hast thou drawn a faith, a power
to cheer thee through the last ;
and, wont on brighter worlds to dwell,
may'st calmly bid thy streams farewell.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Tremula dum captat harundine pisces.

QUI bene, qui dudum vallis, piscator, amasti
flumina, qua ripis incubat alta quies,
lilia qua crescunt, rivi castissima proles,
et tenerum jaciunt inde vel inde iubar,
quaque super stagnum dio sub vespere muscae
a Maio nomen quae trahit, ala salit,
sunt tibi, sunt latebrae dulces solique recessus ;
lympha fugax molles molliter urget aquas :
umbra tui lini summo jacet aequore picta,
redditur e vitreis alnus opaca vadis ;
at color in medio splendet magis, amne secundo
labitur aetherii caerula vena poli :
auditurque nihil nisi quae dulcedine mulcent,
aut lene a tremulis murmur harundinibus,
aut trutta exsiliens aut arbor ab alite mota,
aut procul arguta falce resecta seges.
at furtim interea saliceta per avia repens
ille homini semper pes metuendus adit.
non sonus est cervi gelidas properantis ad undas
aestibus ut mediis pectora anhela lavet :
nec planta ardeolaest quae iuxta flumina currens
quaerit harundineos exagitata lares.
aura poli aestatem redolet ; nascentia rident
germina : sed certo mors venit ecce gradu.
si tamen accrevit placido sapientia cordi
qua natae vitreo fonte vagentur aquae ;
si legere illa potes quae dextra scripta benigni
numinis in terris undique visa nitent ;
si qua glauca salix gratam tibi praebuit umbram
mos erat aeternum tollere laude Deum ;
tum tibi, qui tecum meditari talia gaudes
et tacitum ad solas fallere tempus aquas,
sancta fides dabitur, dabitur spes vivida, vitae
quae vel ad extremum te beet usque diem ;
et, quia regna sequi solitus meliora, licebit
fontibus his salva dicere pace Vale !

H. H.

Dirge.

IF thou wilt ease thine heart
of love and all its smart,
then sleep, dear, sleep,
and not a sorrow
hang any tear on thine eyelashes:
lie still and deep,
sad soul, until the sea-wave washes
the rim of the sun to-morrow
in eastern sky.
but wilt thou cure thine heart
of love and all its smart,
then die, dear, die;
'tis deeper, sweeter
than on a rose-bank to be dreaming
with folded eye;
and then alone, amid the beaming
of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
in eastern sky.

BEDDOES.

Daring Ambition.

WE get so near, so very, very near!
'tis an old tale: Jove strikes the Titans down,
not when they set about their mountain-piling,
but when another rock would crown their work.
and Phaethon—doubtless his first radiant plunge
astonished mortals; though the gods were calm,
and Jove prepared his thunder: all old tales.

R. BROWNING.

Ἀχέων Ἄκος.

Εἰ μὲν θέλοις ἔρωτα
μεθεὶς ἄχη τ' ἔρωτος
λύσιν βραχεῖαν εὑρεῖν,
εὔδοις ἄν, ὦ φίλ', εὔδοις,
μηδ' ὀφρύσιν τερείναις
βάλοι τι δάκρυ λύπη·
ἔνδον δὲ κεῖσ' ἕκηλος,
ἀμαυρὲ θυμέ, κεῖσο
ἕως ἂν οἶδμα λούσῃ
Φοίβου χνόας ἑῴην
ἐς αὔριον κατ' αἴθρην.
ἀλλ' εἰ θέλοις ἔρωτα
φυγὼν ἄχη τ' ἔρωτος
σὴν καρδίην ἀκεῖσθαι,
θάνοις ἄν, ὦ φίλ', εὐθύς·
βάθιόν ἐστι τοῦτο,
ἥδιον, ἢ 'ν ῥοδῶνι
κλιθέντ' ὄνειρ' ἰδέσθαι
σὸν ὄμμα συμβαλόντα·
οὕτω γὰρ ἐντύχοις ἂν
αὐτῇ ποτ', εὖτ' ἔρωτος
ὄρωρεν ἄστρ', ἑῴην
μόνος μόνῃ κατ' αἴθρην.

K.

Ridet si mortalis ultra Fas trepidat.

AT prope perventumst, heu quam prope! fabula prisca:
Juppiter audaces Titanas deicit, haud cum
montibus instituunt primos involvere montes,
verum operi exacto scopulus cum deficit unus.
quid Phaethon? rutilo mortales obstupefecit
introitu, quamquam placida di pace sedebant,
dum Pater exacuit sua fulmina. fabula priscast.

K.

Break, break, break.

REAK, break, break
on thy cold gray stones, o Sea;
and I would that my tongue could utter
the thoughts that arise in me.
O, well for the fisherman's boy
that he shouts with his sister at play;
o, well for the sailor lad
that he sings in his boat on the bay.
And the stately ships go on
to their haven under the hill:
but oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
and the sound of a voice that is still.
Break, break, break,
at the foot of the crags, o Sea;
but the tender grace of a day that is dead
will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

On a Poor Man's Grave.

ARD was his path in life,
heavy the load he drew;
how heavy and how hard,
God only knew.
if then he seemed to thee
a laggard in life's race,
haply to God who knew
he moved apace.
easy thy path and smooth,
thy burden too is light,
fear lest thy speed be not
speed in God's sight.
he laboured to the end,
thy life is not yet past;
see thou be found as he
was at the last.

P. P.

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα.

ANAS, o mare frigidum,
cautes tunde tuis, tunde fragoribus:
vellem sic ego promere
quae concepta latent corde sub intimo.
felix qui strepitu puer
ad lusus sociam provocat aemulos:
felix qui fragilem regens
lintrem nauta rudes ingeminat modos.
celsae deveniunt rates
portum sub viridi valle reconditum:
sed quo vox ea fugit et
dextrae dextra meae iuncta fideliter?
imas, o mare pervicax,
rupes tunde tuis, tunde fragoribus;
sed nil praeteritum diem et
vitae molle meae reddiderit decus.

H. J. H.

Suos novit Dominus.

IC grave traxit onus, durum quoque pertulit aevum;
quam grave, quam durum, sunt ea nota Deo.
si tibi visus erat stadium decurrere segnis,
hunc Dominus forsan viderit esse citum.
tu leve pondus habes facilique in calle; timeto,
cum citus is, Illi ne videare piger.
pertulit ad finem hic: superest tibi vita: fac ergo
tu quoque sis, parto fine, quod ille fuit.

K.

The Stream of Life.

STREAM descending to the sea
thy mossy banks between,
thy flowerets blow, thy grasses grow,
thy leafy trees are green.
in garden plots the children play,
the fields the labourers till,
and houses stand on either hand,
and thou descendest still.
o life descending into death,
our waking eyes behold
parent and friend thy lapse attend,
companions young and old.
strong purposes our minds possess,
our hearts affections fill;
we toil and earn, we seek and learn,
and thou descendest still.
o end to which our currents tend,
inevitable sea
to which we flow, what do we know,
what shall we guess, of thee?
a roar we hear upon thy shore,
as we our course fulfil;
scarce we divine a sun will shine,
and be above us still.

A. H. CLOUGH.

The Poet King.

FLACCUS in thy Caesar proudly own;
thy poet-king, fair city, richly crown;
in ivy-wreaths entwine thy treasured gold,
and into bays thy choicest emeralds mould.

K.

Labitur et labetur.

MUSCOSAS inter ripas placidissimus errans
ad mare declivi, Tamesi, curris aqua.
en tibi luxuriant flores, tibi gramina crescunt,
pensilibusque virens arbor opaca comis.
per spatia hortorum pueriles undique coetus
indulgent ludo : rusticus arva colit,
innumerasque domos hinc stantes cernis et illinc,
et tu decidua currere pergis aqua.
quot tibi labenti comites, o vita, parantur,
dum traheris lento mortis ad antra gradu !
nunc pater et mater, mox et comitantur amici,
plurima te iuvenum, plurima turba senum.
consiliis nosmet validis agitamus euntes,
motibus et variis pectora versat amor.
nos studiis petimus doctrinam, lucra labore ;
et tu deciduum currere pergis iter.
o mare vitandum nulli, quot vivimus, o tu
termine, quo certa cogimur ire via,
dic age, quid de te scimus ? documentane quaedam,
vera piae menti quae videantur, habes ?
qui prope finito subiit tua litora cursu,
murmurat huic tremula mollis in aure fragor
vix ita divinare docens : sol haec erit ultra
litora, qua tutus luce viator eat.

K.

Inscriptum in Albo Gazophylacii Monacensis.
A. S. MDCCCXLV.

AUGUSTUM Flaccumque viro miraris in uno,
rege tuo felix, urbs pia, vate tuo :
finge hederas auro, laurus imitare smaragdis,
ut decoret tantum digna corona caput.

K.

Idyl.

OME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height;
for Love is of the valley; come thou down,
and find him; by the happy threshold, he,
or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
or red with spurted purple of the vats,
or fox-like in the vine; nor cares to walk
with Death and Morning on the silver horns;
nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
that huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
to roll the torrent out of dusky doors.
but follow: let the torrent dance thee down
to find him in the valley; let the wild
lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
the monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke.
that, like a broken purpose, waste in air:
so waste not thou, but come; for all the vales
await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
arise to thee; the children call; and I
thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,—
sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet:
myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
the moan of doves in immemorial elms,
and murmuring of innumerable bees.

LORD TENNYSON.

Up in the Morning.

F thou art sleeping, maiden,
awake and open thy door:
'tis the break of day, and we must away
o'er meadow and mount and moor.
wait not to find thy slippers,
but come with thy naked feet:
we shall have to pass through the dewy grass
and waters wide and fleet.

LONGFELLOW.

Huc ades.

Λῆς, φίλα, ὧδ' ἐνθῆν, ἕδος ὥρεος αἰπὺ λιποῖσα;
χῶρον Ἔρως φιλέει θεὸς ἥμενον· ἔνθ' ἐπ' Ἔρωτα.
ὀλβίω ἦ μάλα τῆνον ἐπὶ προθύροιο τὺ λαψῇ,
ἢ 'ν σταχύεσσι καλᾷ συνεπισπόμενον μετ' Ὀπώρᾳ.
ἔντι δ' ὅχ' ὡυτὸς ἐβαπτίσθη τρυγὶ πορφυρέσσᾳ,
ἔνθ' ὅκ' ἀλωάων κέεται μέσος ἠύτ' ἀλώπηξ·
ἀλλά οἱ οὐ κορυφαὶ κατὰ τὸν νόον ἀργικέρωτες
ἔνθ' ἀὼς νάρκαις μετ' ἀνιαραῖσι πολεῖται,
οὐδ' αὐλῶνι θεὸς θηράσιμος ἐν νιφόεντι,
οὐδὲ γυᾶν ἔπι κεκλιμένος χειμῶνι παγεισᾶν,
ταί τε φέροντι κάτω, φαίη κέ τις ἔργον ἀρότρω,
ἐκ δὲ καταχὲς ὕδωρ σκιερᾶν πέμποντι θυράων.
αἰετὸν οἷον ἔα λεπτόστομον ὠρύσασθαι,
ὑψόθε δ' αἴκα λῆς μετὰ νάματα ποσσὶ χορεῦσαι,
τὼς καταβᾶθι θεὸν ἐιζημένα· ἄγκεα πάντα
ἐλπίδ' ἔχοντι τεοῦς. βωστρεῖ τυ τὰ παιδία· καπνῶ
κίονες ὠράνιαι κατὰ πᾶν στέγος ἑστήκαντι·
χὠ σὸς ἐγὼ ποιμὰν τυρίσδω, πάντα τ' ἀείδει,
γλῶσσα μὲν ὧν κλῄσδει σέθεν ἄδιον, ἀδὺ δὲ πάντα·
ἀδὺ κατειβομένοις κελαρύσδει νάμασι λειμών,
τρυγόνες ἀρχαίαισιν ἐπὶ πτελέαις στενάχοντι,
βομβεῖ δ' ἐν κάποισιν ἀνάριθμα φῦλα μελισσᾶν.

W. G. C.

Surge age.

SI vel adhuc, virgo, somnus tua lumina claudit,
erige te lecto, nec mora, pande fores:
aspicis? Aurorae nova lux rubet: en age mecum
per iuga per campos prataque carpe viam.
nec curae tibi sit suris aptare cothurnos,
sed mihi vel nudum crede, puella, pedem.
per fluvios latos iter est quaque aestuat unda,
per quae mane novo gramina rore micant.

F. T. C.

Vivien.

BUT Vivien, fearing Heaven had heard her oath,
and dazzled by the livid-flickering fork,
and deafened with the stammering cracks and claps
that followed, clung to him and hugged him close,
and called him dear protector in her fright,
nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
but wrought upon his mood, and hugged him close.
she shook from fear, and for her fault she wept
of petulancy; she called him lord and liege,
her seer, her bard, her silver star of eve,
her god, her Merlin, the one passionate love
of her whole life: and ever overhead
bellowed the tempest, and the rotten branch
snapt in the rushing of the river-rain
above them: and in change of glare and gloom
her eyes and neck glittering went and came:
till now the storm, its burst of passion spent
moaning and calling out of other lands,
had left the ravaged woodland yet once more
to peace: and what should not have been had been,
for Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
had yielded, told her all the charm and slept.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Homesick Rose.

A ROSEBUD from its native thorn
plucked by thy gentle hand at morn,
thou sent'st me: but ere eventide
homesick it pined away and died.
and in this little song from me
its odorous breath returns to thee.

K. *from* UHLAND.

Quid femina possit.

AT Canace, nequis deus impia sacramenta
audierit metuens, necnon splendore corusco
fulguris obcaecata oculos ignique trisulco,
ictibus et tonitrus balbi obtundentibus aures
territa, se iungit vetulo, complexibus haerens
iam propior : tutorem illum compulsa pavore
carum appellabat. necdum pavor excutit artem ;
urget enim illecebris vel nunc, complexibus haerens
iam propior. tremefacta metu flensque exprobrat iras
ipsa sibi: illum etenim regem sua corda tenere
fatidicum, vatemque, argento purius astrum,
divum Tiresiamque : uno se semper in illo
arsisse, atque imis flammam traxisse medullis.
interea mugit supra caput ira procellae,
aridaque effusa pluviarum frangitur arbos
diluvie; vicibus flammae et caliginis atrae
itque reditque nitor cervici oculisque puellae.
exhausta demum rabie missoque furore
tandem e longinquis mittens suspiria terris
tempestas iterum loca devastata quieti
reddiderat. sed facta manent quae infecta manerent;
vates fessus enim debellatusque loquella
dixerat omne illi carmen somnoque iacebat.

H. J. H.

Rosa Desiderans.

DECERPTAM propria manu
misisti, Lalage, mane mihi rosam :
sed desiderio tui
languescens periit vespere flosculus :
et nunc te repetens odor
expirat tenero carminis halitu.

K.

A Geological Specimen.

HERE shall we our great Professor inter,
that in peace may rest his bones?
if we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
he will rise and break the stones,
and examine each stratum that lies around,
for he's quite in his element underground.
If with mattock and spade his body we lay
in the common alluvial soil,
he'll start up, and snatch those tools away
of his own geological toil.
in a stratum so young the Professor disdains
that embedded should lie his organic remains.
Then, exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
his carcase let stalactite cover;
and to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
when he is encrusted all over:
there 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,
let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

WHATELY.

Hath Song a balm for Grief?

E hearts that break and give no sign
save whitening lips and fading tresses,
till Death pours out his cordial wine
slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses;
if singing breath or echoing chord
to every hidden pang were given,
what endless melodies were poured,
as sad as Earth, as sweet as Heaven!

O. W. HOLMES.

The Papal Aggression.

ITH Pius Wiseman tries to lay us under ban:
o Pius, man unwise, o impious Wiseman!

S.

Monumentum aere perennius.

NOSTER erit quali tumulandus funere Doctor,
incluta quo possint ossa quiete frui?
si validum struimus proscisso monte sepulcrum,
surget, et impacta saxa bipenne ruet,
quaelibet explorans telluris strata propinquae;
siquis enim, Terrae filius ille iacet.
audeat hunc aliquis vulgari tradere glaebae,
flumina quam longo deposuere luto,
excitus eripiat cuneos durosque ligones,
quae proprius quondam gesserat arma labor.
tamne recente velit Doctor gravis ille cubili
ipsius organicas sternere reliquias?
at potius, gelido qua stiria pendet ab antro,
deciduae sensim vi solidetur aquae:
mox incrustatum glaciali marmore corpus
excipias clari tu, Rhedycina, sophi,
mixtus ubi Ogygiis elephantibus et crocodilis,
sed tamen editior, stet, suus ipse lapis.

K.

Medicina Doloris.

DICITE, qui luctu marcentes signa dedistis
sola quod albescunt labra senentque comae,
donec ab Aerumnae pressatis aestuet uvis
quod medicum tarde dat Libitina merum;
si canere occulti muto sub pectore luctus
aut chorda possent si resonante loqui,
maestitiam terrae solantes nectare caeli
quot fluerent dulces tempus in omne modi!

Bellum Papale.

QUM Sapiente Pius nostras iuravit in aras;
impius heu Sapiens insipiensque Pius!

S.

Visions of the Future.

FOR I dipt into the future
far as human eye could see,
saw the vision of the world
and all the wonder that would be,
saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
pilots of the purple twilight
dropping down with costly bales,
heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
from the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue,
far along the world-wide whisper
of the south wind rushing warm,
with the standards of the peoples
plunging through the thunder-storm;
till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
and the battle-flags were furled
in the parliament of man,
the federation of the world.

LORD TENNYSON.

Inscription at Melbourne.

REST, weary stranger, in this shady cave,
and taste, if languid, of the mineral wave.
there's virtue in the draught, for health that flies
from crowded cities and their smoky skies,
here lends her power to every glade and hill,
strength to the breeze, and medicine to the rill.

HON. G. LAMB.

Quid sit Futurum.

QUANTUM sciebant lumina prendere
humana, vidi, fataque gentium
promissa mirandosque casus,
indicium venientis aevi;
vidi scatentem mercibus aera,
non usitatis vidi ego linteis
puppes adurgeri et magistros
vespere purpureo rubentes
deferre gazas desuper aureas,
caelumque sese murmure bellico
miscere, feralesque labi
caeruleum per inane rores,
haerente classi classe per aetheris
tractus supernos, unde tepentibus
late susurraret per orbem
flaminibus furialis auster;
interque nimbos fulmine luridos
deproeliantum signa cohortium
iactata volvi, dum fragores
dedidicit tuba bellicosos,
nec iam explicantur martia per suos
vexilla malos; sedit amabilis
conventus, et commune foedus
unanimae voluere gentes.

H. A. J. M.

Fonte cadit medico.

HOC specus umbrosum requiem tibi, fesse viator,
et ferruginei pocula fontis habet,
si langues, haustu revocabere, nam grave caelum
quae fugit et densas urbis Hygeia vias
haec nemora, hos saltus implet virtute salubri,
vimque suam zephyro dat, medicamen aquae.

K.

The Armada.

AND the night went down and the sun smiled out
far over the summer sea,
and the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round
us all in a ring;
but they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we
still could sting,
so they watched what the end would be.
and we had not fought them in vain,
but in perilous plight were we,
seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
and half of the rest of us maimed for life
in the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
and the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
and the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
all of it spent;
and the masts and the rigging were lying over the side.

LORD TENNYSON.

St. Denis to St. Cupid.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
that, from the nunnerie
of thy chaste breaste and quiet minde
to war and arms I flie.
true, a new mistress now I chase,
the first foe in the field,
and with a stronger faith embrace
a sword, a horse, a shield.
yet this inconstancy is such
as you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, deare, so much,
loved I not honour more.

LOVELACE.

Ἀπόλλυται στρατὸς δαμασθεὶς ναΐοισιν ἐμβολαῖς.

νὺξ δ' ἐκλέλοιπεν, ἠλιός τ' ἐπ' οἴδματι
γελᾷ γέλασμ' ἄτερμον· αἱ δ' ἐρραισμένοις
πλήθουσι κύκλῳ δόρασι Μηδικαὶ πλάται.
βίας δ' ἐγεύσαντ' οὐκέθ', Ἕλληνα στρατὸν
κἀκ τῶνδε μή τι δῆγμ' ἐνῇ φοβούμενοι.
χοὶ μὲν καραδοκοῦντες ἤλπιζον τέλος·
ἡμῖν δ' ἄρ' ἀγὼν ἦν μὲν οὐκ ἀνήνυτος,
δεινῶς γε μὴν ἐκείμεθ'· ἐξώλοντο γὰρ
τῶν ἡμιν ἑκατὸν ἀθλίων δὶς εἴκοσι.
ὅσοι δ' ἐπιζῴημεν, οὐ μεῖον μέρος
βλάβας ἐκεκτήμεσθ' ἀνιάτων παθῶν
καθ' αἱμάτων χάλαζαν ἐν κλόνῳ δορός.
καὶ τοῖς κατ' ἄντλον τραυμάτων ἠσσημένοις
Ἅιδης ἔπηξε γυῖα· πᾶσα δ' ἐγχέων
ἀκμὴ κέκαμπται καὶ διέρρηκται δίχα,
βέλος δ' ὑπῆν ἔτ' οὐδέν· ἐκ τοίχων δ' ἄκρων
ἱστοῦ κάταγμ' ἔκειτο ναΐων θ' ὅπλων.

R. D. A. H.

Cui bello est habilis Veneri quoque convenit.

QUOD fera tam castis mutare recessibus arma
cogimur, eque tuo longius ire sinu,
parce, precor, verbis nimium indulgere severis:
non adeo tuus est, lux mea, durus amans.
quid si, acie primum quemcumque offendimus hostem,
est novus a nobis iste petendus amor,
si clipeo potius, si basia iungimus ensi,
ardentique magis corde perimus ecum?
attamen et tibi se mea vita probaverit ipsi,
nec nihil haec levitas quo capiaris habet;
nam tu, crede mihi, non tam dilecta fuisses,
ni tibi decressem praeposuisse decus.

G. J. K.

The Gladness of Nature.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
when our mother Nature laughs around;
when even the deep blue heavens look glad,
and gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?
There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
and the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
the ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
and the wilding bee hums merrily by.
The clouds are at play in the azure space,
and their shadows at play in the bright green vale;
and here they stretch to the frolic chase,
and there they roll on the easy gale.
There's a dance of leaves on the aspen bower,
there's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
there's a smile on the fruit, and smile on the flower,
and a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.
And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
on the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
on the leaping waters, and gay young isles:—
aye, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANT.

The Dead Love.

WHITE art thou, my maiden,
canst not whiter be:
warm my love is, maiden,
cannot warmer be.
but when dead, my maiden,
white was she still more,
and, poor lad, I love her
warmer than before.

From the RUTHENIAN.

Omnia rident.

DEME supercilio nubem; cur tristia versas
cum Natura parens undique laeta nitet,
caerula cum caeli supra ridere videntur,
et tibi laetitiam florens halat ager?
regulus en gaudet pendensque ex arbore picus;
gaudet hirundineum, garrula turba, genus:
pipilat exultans silvestre [1] sciurus ad antrum,
et vaga laetanti murmure fertur apis.
nubila caeruleum super aethera ludere, et infra
umbrata in nitida ludere valle vides;
nunc agitant hilares veluti certantia cursus,
nunc fluitant leni flamine vecta Noti.
populea saliunt illi tibi fronde recessus,
sibilat in fagis aura canuntque comae.
flosculus arridet, rident et in arbore fructus,
quique citis torrens in mare currit aquis.
cernis ut ingenti sol ultro luceat ore,
exhilarans laeta roscida rura face,
Cyclades ut reddant salienti ex aequore risus,
nec tibi cernenti talia maeror abit?

H. H.

Λευκοτέρα χιόνος.

Λευκὰ παρθέν', ἐμά, τίς κε πέλοι λευκοτέρα βλέπειν;
κἀμοὶ θερμὸς ἔρως· θερμότερος τίς γε γένοιτ' ἔτι;
οἴχῃ, παρθέν' ἐμά· νῦν δὲ πρέπεις λευκοτέρα σέθεν·
κηγὼν θερμοτέρῳ νῦν ἔραμαι παῖς ὁ τάλας πόθῳ.

R. S.

[1] Quantitatem syllabae condonat necessitas ineluctabilis.

The Lake has burst.

HE lake has burst! the lake has burst!
down through the chasms the wild waves flee;
they gallop along,
with a roaring song,
away to the eager awaiting sea!
Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,
and over the forests, the flood runs free;
and wherever it dashes,
the oaks and the ashes
shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!
The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
and the slave and his master,
in one wide disaster,
are hurried, like weeds, to the scornful sea!
The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane,
he bellows aloud to the misty sky;
and the sleep-buried Thunder
awakens in wonder,
and the Lightning opens her piercing eyes!
There is death above, there is death around,
there is death wherever the waters be;
there is nothing now doing
save terror and ruin,
in earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

PROCTER.

Speech.

HE sight of living spirit why
must living spirit vainly seek?
because, alas, when *speaks* the soul,
the *soul* itself has ceased to speak.

E. *from* SCHILLER.

Fera Diluvies.

UGERE ruptis obicibus lacus
fugere lymphae : per cava litorum
exultim et immissis habenis
agmine prono equitant liquores
bacchantium cum murmure fluctuum
dudum vocantem visere Nerea.
per saxa depressasque valles,
per siluas furit expedito
umore torrens amnis : et impetus
tumultuantem qua tulit, ilices
a stirpe convulsas et ornos
traxit ad oceanum voracem :
regumque turres tectaque pauperum
tandem ruinae conciliant pares ;
fatoque consortes eodem
cum famulis domini per unam
stragem in superbos, ceu stipulae leves,
volvuntur aestus. vorticibus furit
Neptunus, et cristas comantes
fluctibus aeriasque torquens
spumas opacum nubibus ad polum
immugit omnis : quo fremitu Pater
erectus excusso sopore
fulminat et iaculatur ignes.
supraque circumque exitium ingruit,
quocumque cursum praecipitant aquae,
tellusque caelumque et tremendas
ira maris glomerat ruinas.

T. S. E.

Mens.

ENTI cur nequeat se mens ostendere quaeris ?
quod mens, cum loquitur, desinit ipsa loqui.

K.

Albion.

NOT yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
o Albion, o my mother Isle!
thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
glitter green with sunny showers;
thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
echo to the bleat of flocks;
(those grassy hills, those glittering dells
proudly ramparted with rocks)
and Ocean mid his uproar wild
speaks safety to his island-child:
hence for many a fearless age
has social Quiet loved thy shore;
nor ever proud invader's rage
or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

COLERIDGE.

On a Statue of Cupid.

1. QUI que tu sois, voici ton maître;
il l'est, le fût, ou le doit être.

VOLTAIRE.

2. Whoe'er thou art, thy master see;
he is, he was, or he will be.

K.

Love's Young Dream.

NEW hopes may bloom, and days may come
of milder, calmer gleam;
but there's nothing half so sweet in life
as love's young dream.

MOORE.

Britanniae Laus.

ONDUM indecoro sordida vinculo
nostri creatrix, Albion, insula,
clivosque munitasque laudo
litorea tibi rupe valles.
valles Edeni saltibus aemulae
vernant apricis non sine roribus;
crebroque balatu iugorum
summa sonant modice tumentum.
ipse inter iras Oceanus pater
bacchantibus cum murmure fluctibus
te voce solatur salutem
pollicita. Socia hinc per annos
lene adfluentes te coluit Quies:
hinc nullus ignem turribus intulit
praedator insultans, nec hostis
sanguine commaculavit agros.

T.M.

In Cupidinis Statua.

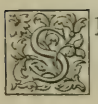
1.

UISQUIS ades, resta paullum, dominumque saluta:
hic tibi dat, dedit, aut postmodo iura dabit.

2. Πρόσβλεπ' ἐνθάδ', ὅστις εἶ σύ, σὸν σταθέντα δεσπότην
ἐγκρατὴς ὅδ' ἐστίν, ἦν ποτ', ἢ γενήσεται, σέθεν.

K.

Ὀναρ νεότητος ἐρώσης.



PES florere novae possint, veniantque serena
luce magis blandi temperieque dies:
suave sit in vita multum, suavissima longe
somnia sunt, iuvenis quae sibi fingit amans.

K.

Autumn.

THE Autumn is old,
the sere leaves are flying;
he hath gathered up gold,
and now he is dying;
old age begin sighing.
The vintage is ripe
the harvest is heaping;
but some that have sowed
have no riches for reaping:
poor wretch, fall a-weeping.
The year's in the wane,
there is nothing adorning;
the night has no eve
and the day has no morning:
cold winter gives warning.
the rivers are chill,
the red sun is sinking,
and I am grown old
and life is fast shrinking:
here's enow for sad thinking.

HOOD.

The End.

DEATH at last for all men is a harbour, yet they flee from it,
set sails to the storm-wind and again to sea;
yet for all their labour no whit further shall they be from it,
nor longer but wearier shall their life's work be.
and with anguish of travail until night
shall they steer into shipwreck out of sight,
and with oars that break and shrouds that strain
shall they drive whence no ship steers again.

SWINBURNE.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή.

PARGIT deciduas iam gravior comas
autumnus, cito quas struxerat aureis
decessurus acervis,
et me flere iubet senem.
en nunc uva rubet, messibus horrea
complentur; tamen est qui segetem miser
deplorat male tantis
respondere laboribus.
Annus non solito flore superbiens
brumales monitus pallet; adest comes
non Aurora diei,
non nocti suus Hesperus.
currit frigidior rivus; abit rubens
Phoebus; vita mihi contrahitur simul,
curisque ipse senescens
mecum tristibus ingemo.

W. G. C.

Τί τὸ Τέλος;

εἷς ποτὲ πᾶσι λιμὴν Ἀΐδης, ἔφυγον δέ μιν αὖτις
δόντες ἀέλλῃσιν λαίφε' ἄγειν ἅλαδε·
πολλὰ δέ περ μογέων τις ἀπωτέρω οὐ γένετ' αὐτοῦ,
κοὔ τι βίος μάσσων ἀλλὰ πονηρότερος.
ὠδίνων δ' ἔκπαγλον ἐς ἠέλιον καταδύντα
ναυφθόρον εἰς ἄτην ἦξ' ἀφανιζόμενος,
σύν τ' ἐρέτμων ἀγῇσι καμόντεσσίν τε κάλοισι
σεῦθ' ὅθεν οὐκέτι νηῦς εὗρεν ὑποτροπίην.

R. D. A. H.

Night.

IGHT again was come; but oh, how lonely
to the mourner did that night appear!
peace nor rest it brought, but sorrow only,
vain repinings and unwonted fear.
dimly burned the lamp—
chill the air and damp—
and the winds without were moaning drear.
Hush! a voice in solemn whispers speaking
breaks within the twilight of the room;
and Ione, loud and wildly shrieking,
starts and gazes through the ghastly gloom.
nothing sees she there—
all is empty air,
all is empty as a rifled tomb.

AYTOUN.

Holy Death.

HE passed away, like morning dew,
before the sun was high:
so brief her time, she scarcely knew
the meaning of a sigh.
As round the rose its soft perfume,
sweet love around her floated;
admired she grew—while mortal doom
crept on unfeared, unnoted.
Love was her guardian angel here,
but love to death resigned her;
though love was kind, why should we fear
but holy death is kinder.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Travellers.

1 *T.* 'VE lost my portmanteau. 2 *T.* I pity your grief.
1 *T.* All my sermons are in it. 2 *T.* I pity the thief.

A.

Nox.

ALTERA nox aderat; sed nox ea visa dolenti
dira; flet ereptum sola puella virum:
nec pax nec requies: frustra male facta revolvit;
luget; adhuc nunquam sueta timere, timet:
lampas hebet; gelidis penetralia roribus ument,
perque polum maesto murmure flabra gemunt.
Audin? sublustris thalamum qua flamma pererrat,
nescio quid coepit vox metuenda loqui:
exsilit e lecto furibundaque clamat Ione,
lustrat et horrenda quae loca nocte latent.
heu nihil apparet; spatium videt omne vacare;
haud aliter rapto corpore busta vacant.

H. W. M.

Euthanasia.

VANUIT ex oculis virgo, ceu mane liquescit
ros nondum medio sole tenente polum.
cur gemerent homines, haud discere contigit illi:
vita brevis curae vix grave sensit onus.
ut sua quamque rosam fragrantia saepit odore,
hanc volitans circum dulcis obibat amor.
addidit aucta dies speciem: sed lenta fefellit
fatalem peragens mors necopina viam.
vivam fovit amor custos geniusque fidelis:
sponte tamen morti tradidit almus amor:
almus amor certe, certe fuit ille benignus:
sed pia mors ipso (crede) benigna magis.

J. C. M.

Ὀδῖται.

Οδ. α. ὤλεσα τὸν σάκκον. Οδ. β. φεῦ φεῦ κακοδαίμον ὁδῖτα.
Οδ. α. ἐν δὲ λόγους ἑκατόν. Οδ. β. φεῦ σέθεν, οἰκτρὲ κλοπεῦ.

K.

Retrospection.

AINLY the heart is steeled
in Wisdom's armour: let her burn her books:
I look upon them as the soldier looks
upon his cloven shield.
Virtue and virtue's rest—
how have they perished! through my onward course
repentance dogs my footsteps: black remorse
is my familiar guest.
The glory and the glow
of the world's loveliness have passed away;
and Fate hath little to inflict to-day,
and nothing to bestow.
No matter! I will turn
to the straight path of duty: I have wrought
at last my wayward spirit to be taught
what it hath yet to learn.
labour shall be my lot:
my kindred shall be joyful in my praise,
and fame shall twine for me in after days
a wreath I covet not.

W. M. PRAED.

Woman.

ICKLEST of things is woman, once I thought;
but sounder logic new conviction wrought.
ficklest of things forsooth: does this express
a thing so constant in its fickleness?

A.

A Common Epitaph.

HAT thou art reading o'er my bones
I've often read on other stones;
and others soon shall read of thee
what thou art reading now of me.

FLEMING.

Retrorsum Vela dare.

VANUM pectoribus dat Sapientia
munimen: crepitent igne volumina
quotquot sunt: ita fractum
bellator clipeum videt.
Virtutem sociamque ut male perdidi
pacem! quidquid ago, passibus additur
custos Poena, nec aegrum
maeror deserit hospitem.
Vitae spes periit credula, palluit
quae lux risit heri; iam minus in dies
Parcis quod mihi demant,
quod donent superest nihil.
Esto: restat adhuc tramite progredi
recto Pythagorae: scilicet imbui
mentem saepe rebellem
neglectis prius artibus,
Clarisque invigilans usque laboribus
genti nomen ero: sic mihi postera
nectet Fama perennes
ultro prodiga laureas.

T. M.

Levior Cortice.

HOC ego credideram, levius nihil esse puella;
sed mens non eademst quae fuit ante mihi,
scilicet illa levis non ullo iure vocatur,
quae propria constans in levitate manet.

J. H.

Eadem sunt omnia semper.

QUOD legis hic de me de multis saepe ego legi:
quique legis de te saepe legetur idem.

K.

Remorse.

H me, me!
clear stars above, thou roseate westward sky,
take up my being into yours, assume
my sense to know you only; steep my brain
in your essential purity, or, great Alps,
that wrapping round your heads in solemn clouds
seem sternly to sweep past our vanities,
lead me with you, take me away, preserve me!
O moon and stars, forgive! and thou, clear heaven,
look pureness back into me. o, great God!
why, why, in wisdom and in grace's name,
and in the name of saints and saintly thoughts,
of mothers, and of sisters, and chaste wives,
and angel woman-faces we have seen,
and angel woman-spirits we have guessed,
and innocent sweet children, and pure love,
why did I ever one brief moment's space
but parley with this filthy Belial?

A. H. CLOUGH.

The Heart of Singing.

ADY, sing no more! science all is vain,
till the heart be touched, lady, and give forth
its pain.
'tis a living lyre fed by air and sun,
o'er whose witching wire, lady, faery fingers run.
pity comes in tears from her home above,
hope, and sometimes fear, lady, and the wizard,—love.
each doth search the heart to its inmost springs,
and when they depart, lady, then the spirit sings.

PROCTER.

Δίψυχος.

ἰώ μοί μοι.
ὦ καθαρὸν ἄστρων ὕψος, ὦ πυριφλεγὲς
σκήνωμα δυσμῶν, εἰ γὰρ ᾠκειωμένην
ψυχὴν ἐμὴν αἴροιτε τὴν ὑμῶν μόνον
αἴσθησιν ἴσχειν, ὥστε μ᾽ ἁγνείας ἄδην
κείνης ἐπιρροαῖσιν ἀρδεύειν φρένα·
ὑμεῖς τ᾽, ὀρῶν ὀγκώματ᾽, ἠμφιεσμένα
σεμναῖσι κορυφὰς ἀχλύων περιπτυχαῖς,
στερρῷ σθένει πατοῦντα τὰς θνητῶν μάτας,
ἀπάγετ᾽, ἀνάγετέ μ᾽, ἀναφάνητ᾽ ἀρωγά μοι.
ἰὼ σελήνης ἀστέρων τ᾽ ἐπιστροφαί,
ξύγγνωτε· καθόρα μ᾽, ὅμμ᾽ ἄχραντον οὐρανοῦ,
καὶ τῇδ᾽ ἀπεικάσθητι δισσὸν ἐν φρενί.
πῶς γάρ ποτ᾽, εἴ τι χάριτος, ὦ θεύς, θεύς,
σοφίας τε τῆς σῆς τῶν τ᾽ ἀεὶ θεοῖς φίλων
ὅσια φρονούντων, εἴ τι μητέρων σέβας
τρέφω κασιγνητῶν τε χὠσίου λέχους,
ὦ πρὸς γυναικῶν, ὧν ποτ᾽ ἰσοθέους ὁρῶν
μορφὰς ἐπήκασ᾽ ἀντίθεα φρονήματα,
τερπνῆς τε παιδῶν κἀδόλου ξυνουσίας,
ἁγνοῦ τ᾽ ἔρωτος, πῶς ἄρ᾽ ἠξίωσα δὴ
λόγου βραχίστου σ᾽, ὦ κατάπτυστον μύσος;

R. D. A. H.

Citharae Sciens.

LYDIA, pone chelyn : nil ars valet ista canendi,
ni mens sollicitum mota resolvat onus.
mens animata chelys zephyrique et solis alumna,
non nisi divino pollice tacta canit :
quippe ubi flens caelo Pietas delabitur et Spes,
et Pavor, et comitem se magus addit Amor.
hi vice quisque sua penitus praecordia temptant,
nec, nisi cum fugiunt, mens resoluta canit.

K.

Attendant Spirits.

ANY a year is in its grave,
since I crossed this restless wave;
and the evening, fair as ever,
shines on ruin, rock, and river.
then, in the same boat, beside,
sat two comrades old and tried;
one with all a father's truth,
one with all the fire of youth.
one on earth in silence wrought,
and his grave in silence sought:
but the younger, brighter form
passed in battle and in storm.
so, whene'er I turn my eye
back upon the days gone by,
saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
friends, who closed their course before me.
but what binds us, friend to friend,
save that soul with soul can blend?
soul-like were those hours of yore:
let us walk in soul once more.
take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
take: I give it willingly:
for, invisible to thee,
spirits twain have crossed with me.

LONGFELLOW (*from* UHLAND).

The Lucre of Wisdom.

EALTH, pomp, and luxury, Wisdom cannot gain them:
what gives she then? a soul that can disdain them.

From KAESTNER.

Carpere iter Comites parati.

TEMPORE deperiit iam plurimus annus ab illo
haec ubi turbatis me tulit unda vadis,
perque ruinosas turres fluviumque iugumque
indelibato Vesper honore rubet.
tum comites mecum, corda incorrupta, fideles,
quos eadem vexit cymba, fuere duo:
hic pater: haud quisquam veri constantior auctor;
ille iuventutis ferbuit igne puer.
hic tacito functus, mansit dum vita, labore,
oppetiit tacita morte sepulcra senex:
praemia tranquilli spernentem fortiter aevi
bella suis illum corripuere fretis.
sic mihi, cum mentem meditatus ad ista reporto
tempora, quae celeri sustulit hora fuga,
plurima amicorum tristis succurrit imago,
quos sua, me vivo, fata subisse queror.
quid tamen est fido quod amicum iungit amico?
quod socia pollet mens pia mente frui.
mentibus ut sociis una nos ivimus olim,
sic sociis iterum mentibus ire iuvet.
nunc igitur triplex age, portitor, accipe naulum,
accipe quod dono, crede, libente manu:
scilicet, at nescis, geminis comitantibus umbris
hoc ego trans istas lintre vehebar aquas.

W. E. H.

Sapientiae Dona.

NON dat divitias Sapientia, non dat honores,
non vana luxus gaudia.
dic igitur, Sapiens, quid dat Sapientia? rebus
carere posse talibus.

K.

The Silent Land.

NTO the Silent Land!
ah, who shall lead us thither?
clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
and shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
who leads us with a gentle hand,
thither, oh thither, into the Silent Land?
Into the Silent Land!
to you, ye boundless regions
of all perfection, tender morning visions
of beauteous souls, eternity's own band.
who in life's battle firm doth stand,
shall bear hope's tender blossoms into the Silent Land.
Oh Land, O Land! for all the broken-hearted
the mildest herald by our fate allotted
beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
to lead us with a gentle hand
into the land of all the great departed,
into the Silent Land.

LONGFELLOW (*from the German of* SALIS).

To the Redbreast.

NHEARD in summer's flaring ray,
pour forth thy notes, sweet singer,
wooing the stillness of the autumn day,
bid it a moment linger
nor fly
too soon from winter's scowling eye.
The blackbird's song at eventide,
and her's who gay ascends,
filling the heavens far and wide,
are sweet, but none so blends
as thine
with calm decay and peace divine.

HEBER.

Νήνεμος Αἶα.

Νήνεμον ζητοῦμεν αἶαν· τίς πρόεισιν ἡγεμών;
ἑσπέρα μελαντέροισι νέφεσι συσκιάζεται,
πανταχῆ δ' ἔρρωγεν ἀκτὴ ναυτικοῖς ἐρειπίοις·
νήνεμον τίς ἡμῖν εἰς γῆν πρευμενῶς ἡγήσεται;
νηνέμους ποθοῦμεν ἔδρας, παντελεῖς, ἀτέρμονας,
ἀφθίτων καλῶν θ' ἑῷα πνευμάτων ὀνείρατα·
ὃς γὰρ ἐν βίου μάχαισιν ἔμπεδον στήσῃ πόδα,
νήνεμον φέρει πρὸς αἶαν ἐλπίδος φίλον γάνος.
χαῖρε γαῖα, χαῖρ'· ὁ γάρ τοι πᾶσι τοῖς δυσαθλίοις
ἠπιώτατος βροτοῖσιν ἐκ θεῶν πεπρωμένος
προσκαλεῖ κήρυξ, σταθείς τε δᾷδ' ἄνω κάτω τρέπων
χειρὶ μαλθακῇ προφαίνει πρευμενῶς ἡγούμενος
τῶν πάλαι κλεινῶν ἐς ἀκτὴν νηνέμου τ' αἴας πέδον.

K.

Ὄρνιθα μελῳδόν.

QUAE muta sedes, sol ubi fervidis
aestivum radiis occupat aera,
nunc, arguta volucris,
nunc, oro, repares melos,
autumnique diem compositum tuo
cantu detineas, ne celerem nimis,
torvae lumina brumae
formidans, rapiat fugam.
sub noctem merulae suave sonant modi;
nec non suave sonant illius, illius,
quae summas petit auras
et lati spatia aetheris
implet laetitia: neutra tamen mihi
tam morti placidae consona, tam piae
concordare videtur
paci quam tua naenia.

R. B.

The Lee-Shore.

LEET and hail and thunder,
and ye winds that rave
till the sands thereunder
tinge the sullen wave;
winds, that like a demon
howl with horrid note
round the toiling seaman
in his tossing boat;
from his humble dwelling
on the shingly shore,
where the billows swelling
keep such hollow roar;
from that weeping woman,
seeking with her cries
succour superhuman
from the frowning skies;
from the urchin pining
for his father's knee,
from the lattice shining
drive him out to sea.
let broad leagues dissever
him from yonder foam!—
O God! to think man ever
comes too near his home!

HOOD.

Arouse not Love.

ROUSE not Love: still sleeps the charming boy;
thy studious hours, while time allows, employ:
the prudent mother thus provision makes
for household duties ere her babe awakes.

K. *from* GOETHE.

Nimium premendo Litus iniquum.

RANDINES imbresque Iovisque fulmen,
instar et diri Boreas gigantis,
ima quo bacchante truces arena
miscuit undas,
Qui laborantem fragili carina
navitam circumgemis, hunc procul vos
pellite a saxis quibus intumescens
obstrepit unda;
Qua, boni tutela laris, marinis
accubat spumis casa, qua minaces
pro viro divos miseris fatigat
planctibus uxor,
Qua puer multum lacrimans amata
poscit absentis genua; a fenestra,
quae procul nota rutilat lucerna,
trudite in altum.
Longus hunc inter scopulosque iniquos
saeviat pontus. Tibi vae miselle,
quem vel aversi tueantur arce-
antque penates.

W. G. C.

Quieta non movere.

N ubi dormit Amor! noli turbare puellum;
gnaviter i studiis, ut sinit hora, vaca;
sic operi insumit tempus breve sedula mater,
dum sopor infantem mox abigendus habet.

K.

Love and Duty.

OULD Love part thus? Was it not well to speak,
to have spoken once? It could not but be well.
the slow sweet hours that bring us all things
good,
the slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
and all good things from evil, brought the night
in which we sat together and alone,
and to the want, that hollowed all the heart,
gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
that burned upon its object through such tears
as flow but once a life.
The trance gave way
to those caresses, when a hundred times
in that last kiss, which never was the last,
farewell, like endless Welcome, lived and died.
then followed counsel, comfort, and the words
that make a man feel strong in speaking truth;
till now the dark was worn, and overhead
the lights of sunset and of sunrise mixed
in that brief night; the summer night, that paused
among her stars to hear us; stars that hung
love-charmed to listen: all the wheels of Time
spun round in station, but the end had come.
o then like those, who clench their nerves to rush
upon their dissolution, we two rose,
there—closing like an individual life—
in one blind cry of passion and of pain,
like bitter accusation ev'n to death,
Caught up the whole of love, and uttered it,
and bade adieu for ever.

TENNYSON.

Quod Crimen praeter amasse ?

IC fuerit divulsus amor? quae culpa loquentum?
crimen erat quantum non tacuisse semel?
crimen erat nullum. sed tempora tarda moventur
dum portant homini quae bona cumque iuvant;
quae mala cumque angunt portantia tarda moventur
dumque bonas referunt post mala longa vices.
et noctem nobis, qua soli sedimus una,
haec eadem, quamvis tarda, tulere tamen,
cum desiderium, quod pectore surgit ab imo,
prodidit obtutu voltus uterque suo,
prodidit et lacrimis. nulli bis contigit ardor
ille, neque hoc fletu bis maduere genae.
oscula succedunt: quaeque ultima, prima videntur,
et dictura 'vale' lingua susurrat 'have.'
consilium sequitur, solamina, qualia vere
dicta viri firmant pectus ad omne bonum.
at primo iam mane breves agitante tenebras
sol oriens tinctus sole cadente redit.
nox aestiva moras inter sua sidera nectit,
addiderant aures sidera capta suas:
in medio motu vel stat vel stare videtur
circuitus mundi: sed prope finis erat.
ut miseri quondam, firmati robore nervos,
dant se praecipites in sua fata viri,
sic nos eragimur simul et consurgimus ambo,
una quod haec rerum meta duobus adest.
protinus ingentem promit vox rupta dolorem,
ceu fremit in sontes cum gravis ira reos:
alter enim simili perculsus et altera sensu
dixit 'amo,' dixit, 'tempus in omne vale.'

K.

Bird benefactions.

E wish to declare how the birds of the air
all high institutions designed,
and holding in awe art, science, and law,
delivered the same to mankind.
to begin with: of old man went naked and cold
whenever it pelted or froze,
till we showed him how feathers were proof against weathers;
and so he bethought him of hose.
and next it was plain that he in the rain
was forced to sit dripping and blind,
while the reed-warbler swung in a nest with her young
deep-sheltered and warm from the wind;
so our home in the boughs made him think of the house;
and the swallow, to help him invent,
revealed the best way to economise clay
and bricks to combine with cement.

COURTHOPE.

Come not.

OME not, when I am dead,
to drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
to trample round my fallen head
and mock the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save;
there let wind sweep and the plover cry,
but thou—go by.
Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;—
wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
and I desire to rest;
pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie;
go by, go by.

LORD TENNYSON.

Ὄρνιθες.

Ὡς ὀρνίθων γένος αἰθέριον,
ξυστῆσαν ἅπανθ' ὅσα σεμνά,
τέχνας ποτ' ἐπιστήμας τε νόμους τ'
αἰσχυνόμενον παρέδωκεν
τοῖς ἀνθρώποις, τοῦτο φράσωμεν·
πρῶτον μὲν ἀνήρ τις, ὅθ' ὗοι,
ἢ κρύος εἴη, γυμνὸς ἐφοίτα
ῥίγῶν θ'· ὅθεν οὖν ὑπόνοιαν
ἔσχε κοθόρνων, πτέρα τὸν χειμῶν'
ὡς ἔστεγ' ἐδείξαμεν ἡμεῖς·
εἶτ' ἦν ὄμβροις τοῦτον ἀνάγκη
δίυγρον, πῶς δ' οὐχι; τυφλοῦσθαι·
ἀλλά τις ἡμῶν καλάμους οἰκῶν
ἐδονεῖτ' αὐτοῖσι νεόττοις
ἐν τῷδ' ἄν, ὑπήνεμος ἐνδόμυχος
κρυφθείς· καλάμους δ' ἄρ' ἐπιγνοὺς
ἀνὴρ ἔμαθ' οἰκοδομεῖν· πηλὸν δ'
ὑπομιμήσκουσα χελιδὼν
κατέδειξεν ἄνευ δαπάνης πλάττειν,
πλίνθους τε χάλιξι συνείρειν.

W. G. W.

Mitta supervacuos honores.

NON bustum celebrare et lacrimas fundere inutiles
te, virgo, patiar mortuus, et triste super caput
insultare. quid heu quid miserum semper inanibus
sic tu ludibriis exagites impia pulverem
quem servare penes te fuerat nec lubuit tamen?
illaetabilis hic ventus humum verrat, et improbos
ploratus iteret noctua, tu praetereas velim.
errorisne tui hoc an tua sit culpa, puellula,
nil nunc scire iuvat; sat mihi si me miserum scio.
tu nuptura viro cuilibet i. sed piget irriti
nos aevi; requiem poscimus, ut pace fruar sacra,
hunc, oro, leve cor, praetereas, praetereas locum.

E. C. C.

At her window.

EATING heart! we come again
where my love reposes:
this is Mabel's window-pane;
these are Mabel's roses.
is she nested? does she kneel
in the twilight stilly;
lily-clad from throat to heel,
she my virgin lily?
soon the wan, the wistful stars,
fading, will forsake her;
elves of light, on beamy bars,
whisper then, and wake her.
let this friendly pebble plead
at her flowery grating.
if she hear me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting.
Mabel will be deck'd anon,
zoned in bride's apparel;
happy zone!—oh, hark to yon
passion-shaken carol!
sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
pipe thy best, thy clearest;—
hush, her lattice moves, o hush—
dearest Mabel!—dearest . . .

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Epitaph of Socrates.

OT any builded shrine, since breath began,
was half so sacred, stranger, as this sod,
for underneath is the most righteous man
that ever knew not God.

F. W. H. MYERS.

Ad fenestram.

COR Catulli ventitamus anxium
puella quo dormit mea:
haec Lesbiam fenestra claudit invida;
roseta sunt haec Lesbiae.
nido fovetur? noctis an silentio
deos adorat, ad pedes
par lilio velata veste candida,
flos ipsa flore purior?
discedet aegra mox cohors pallentium
languente taeda siderum:
eoa lux, per claustra frangens spicula,
somnos susurris excute.
tuque i, lapille grate, cancellos pete,
sic sic, fenestrae floreae:
sin audit, aures ecquid applicaverit?
Catullus hic sum, Lesbia.
iam Lesbiae velabit ora flammeum,
iam zona praecinget latus;
zonam beatam!—o qualis, audin? illa vox
amore plena palpitat!
divina avis, mellita fundè carmina,
quîs dulcius nil noveris;—
crepuit fenestra: parce, parce! quin taces?
o Lesbia, o carissima!

C. H. G.

ὁ Σωκράτους Τάφος.

Οὐπώποτ᾽ ἐξ οὗ πνέομεν ἐκτίσθη νεὼς
ὧδ᾽ ἱερὸς ὡς οὗτος τάφος·
ἔνδον γάρ, ὦ ξεῖν᾽, ἔσθ᾽ ὁ πλεῖστον εὐσεβὴς
τῶν μήποτ᾽ εἰδότων Θεόν.

K.

Freedom.

OU ask me why, though ill at ease,
within this region I subsist,
whose spirits fail within the mist,
and languish for the purple seas.
It is the land that freemen till,
that sober-suited Freedom chose,
the land, where girt with friends or foes
a man may speak the thing he will;
a land of settled government,
a land of just and old renown,
where Freedom broadens slowly down
from precedent to precedent.
Where faction seldom gathers head,
but, by degrees to fulness wrought,
the strength of some diffusive thought
hath time and space to work and spread.
Should banded unions persecute
opinion, and induce a time
when single thought is civil crime,
and individual freedom mute;
though Power should make from land to land
the name of Britain trebly great;
though every channel in the state
should almost choke with golden sand;
yet waft me from the harbour mouth,
wild wind! I seek a warmer sky;
and I will see before I die
the palms and temples of the south.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Claims of the Workman.

IGHT of voice in framing laws,
right of peers to try my cause,
peasant homestead, mean and small,
sacred as a monarch's hall.

WHITTIER.

Verba animi proferre.

QUAERIS, perpetuo cur ita taedio
enectus tamen hunc sustineam Iovem,
cum desiderio purpurei maris
mens inter nebulas labet.
terram gens arat hanc libera, praetulit
libertas modico sobria pallio ;
hic fidis pariter cinctus et invidis
ausim quod libeat loqui ;
has ius compositum mosque regit plagas,
antiquis merito laudibus inclitas ;
exemplumque novo sensim adhibens vetus
libertas patet amplior.
raro firmat opes prava sodalitas,
sed rectus populum sensus ut imbuit
paulatim, spatium nanctus idoneum
vi diffunditur insita.
quid si vocem animi prosequitur ream
coniurata cohors, temporaque ingerit,
cum sentire secus laedere publicumst,
et ius cuique suum tacet ?
ter munita opibus fama Britanniae
crescat per populos, impetus alveos
omnes paene, quibus res fluit imperi,
massae strangulet aureae :
me portus tamen hinc aufer ab ostio,
vemens vente, peto litus apricius,
et palmas medio templaque sub die
vivus visere destino.

H. A. J. M.

Quid Pauper oret.

REGIBUS intersim vox quantulacumque ferendis,
iudice res nostrae stentve cadentve pari ;
sordida quantumvis, patrii casa parva coloni
sancta sit, ut summi principis ampla domus.

K.

Silent Love.

EW the words that I have spoken:
True love's words are ever few;
Yet by many a speechless token
hath my heart discoursed to you.
Souls, that to each other listen,
hear the language of a sigh,
read the silent tears that glisten
in the tender trembling eye.
When your cheek is pale with sadness,
dimmer grows the light of mine,
and your smiles of sunny gladness
in my face reflected shine.
Though my speech is faint and broken,
though my words are ever few,
yet by many a voiceless token
all my heart is known to you.

K.

Sir Galahad.

Y good blade carves the casques of men.
my tough lance thrusteth sure;
my strength is as the strength of ten,
because my heart is pure.
the shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
the hard brands shiver on the steel,
the splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
the horse and rider reel.
they reel, they roll in changing lists,
until the tide of combat stands;
then perfumed flowers fall in showers,
that lightly rain from ladies' hands.

LORD TENNYSON.

Mutus Amor.

Παῦρ' ἐγῷδ' ἔπη λαλήσας· παῦρ' ἔρως λαλεῖν φιλεῖ·
ξυμβόλοις δ' ὅμως ἀναύδοις σοὶ τὰ πόλλ' ἠνιξάμην.
φρὴν γὰρ εἰ φρενὸς κλύει τις, οἶδε τί στόνος λεγει
ἀκρύων τ' ἄφωνος ὀμφὴ μαλθακοῦ δι' ὄμματος·
σῆς παρῇδος ὠχριώσης ἥ τ' ἐμὴ μαραίνεται,
σῷ τ' ἐμὸς γέλωτι λαμπρὸς ἀντιφέγγεται γέλως.
ὧδε δυσκρίτως μόλις τε τἀμὰ σοὶ φωνῶν ὅμως
ξυμβόλοις ἔρωτ' ἀναύδοις γνωρίσας ἅπαντ' ἔχω.

K.

Pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis.

BELLANTUM galeas, ensis fidissime, findis,
nec dubios ictus, lancea dura, moves;
scilicet has vires mens incorrupta ministrat,
hinc bis quinque viris unus adaequor ego.
interea tuba clarisono ciet aere fragorem,
exitium ferro ferrea parma facit,
dissilit hinc illinc hastarum fissile robur,
nutat ecus prono pondere, nutat eques.
nutat eques varioque volubilis ordine fertur,
martia dum positis unda residat aquis;
nec mora, odoratus florum demittitur imber,
virginea leviter praemia lapsa manu.

T. M.

Prometheus to Jupiter.

WHY art thou made a god of, thou who hast
the never-sleeping terror at thy heart,
that birth-right of all tyrants, worse to bear
than this thy ravening bird on which I smile?
thou swear'st to free me, if I will unfold
what kind of doom it is whose omen flits
across thy heart, as o'er a troop of doves
the fearful shadow of the kite. What need
to know that truth whose knowledge cannot save?
Evil its errand hath as well as Good;
when thine is finished, thou art known no more;
there is a higher purity than thou,
and higher purity is greater strength.
thy nature is thy doom, at which thy heart
trembles behind the thick wall of thy might.

LOWELL.

On the Cenotaph of Sir J. Franklin in Westminster Abbey.

NOT here! the white North hath thy bones; and thou,
heroic sailor soul,
art passing on a happier voyage now
toward no earthly pole.

LORD TENNYSON.

Τλήμων Προμηθεύς.

Θεὸς σὺ δῆθεν· πῶς δὲ πρὸς θεοῦ τρέφειν
ἐγρηγορός τι δεῖμ' ἀεὶ πρὸ καρδίας,
τὸ τοῖς τυραννεύουσι μόρσιμον λάχος;
οὐ τοῦτο πῆμα δυσλοφώτερον πέλει
τοῦ σοῦ διαρταμοῦντος αἰετοῦ δέμας
τοὐμόν, γέλων δ' ὁρῶντος ἐγγελῶντ' ἐμέ;
ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἀκούσας ὅρκον ὃν κατώμοσας
ἢ μήν με λύσειν ἦν ἐγὼ προθεσπίσω
τὴν μοῖραν οἷα σαῖσι προσκόποις φρεσὶν
ἀεὶ πάρεστιν ὡς ὅταν πελειάδας
δεινὸς σκιάζῃ κίρκος ἐπτοημένας.
καίτοι τί κέρδος προὐξεπίστασθαι σαφῶς
τὸ μὴ σὲ σῶσον; ὡς φύσει προκείμενα
ἔχουσιν ἔργα τἀγαθόν τε καὶ κακὸν·
τὸ σὸν δὲ τελέσας αὐτὸς οὐδαμοῦ φανεῖ.
ὑπερτέρα τις ἔστιν ἀγνεία σέθεν,
ὑπερτέρας δὲ μεῖζον ἀγνείας σθένος.
μοῖρ' ἐστὶν ἡ σὴ σοὶ φύσις, τρέμεις δέ νιν
εἰ καὶ μέγ' αὐχεῖς τῇ βίᾳ πεφραγμένος.

A. F. C.

Δεύτερος Πλοῦς.

1. Οὐκ ἐνθάδ'· ὀστᾶ μὲν σέθεν στέγει λευκὸς
βορρᾶς, σὺ δ' οὖν, εὔτολμε ναυτίλου ψυχή,
πλοῦν ἄλλον οὔρῳ νῦν γ' ἀπήμονι στέλλεις
πόλου κατὰ ζήτησιν οὐκ ἐν ἀνθρώποις.

2. Nil iacet hic. canens Arctos tua possidet ossa,
tuque, anime aequoreum pandere fortis iter,
nunc alio cursu felicius est ubi quaeris,
et non terrarum quaeris in orbe, polum.

K.

A Farewell.

LOW down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
thy tribute-wave deliver;
no more by thee my steps shall be,
for ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
a rivulet, then a river;
no where by thee my steps shall be
for ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree
and here thine aspen shiver,
and here by thee will hum the bee,
for ever and for ever.

A hundred suns will stream on thee,
a thousand moons will quiver;
but not by thee my steps shall be,
for ever and for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

The Current of Life.

BABY fountain springing from the earth,
bringing new joys and sweet unconscious mirth:
a tiny rivulet tottering on its way,
with infant murmurs lisping in its play:
a full brook leaping on mid golden hours,
noisily jubilant in its youthful powers:
a calm clear stream, majestically strong,
rolling with deep-toned utterance along:
a weary current gliding peacefully
through level meadows slowly to the sea:
so runs our life away; so on the breast
of Time's broad ocean sinks at last to rest.

T. E. P.

In omne volubilis aevum.

DEFLUAS hinc ad mare, frigidaeque
rite vectigal tribuatur undae,
te meae numquam repetent per aevum,
rivule, plantae.
leniter saltus siluasque praeter
rivulus nunc, postmodo rivus, erres,
non meos usquam videas neque ullo
tempore passus.
hic tuae custos gemet alnus orae,
populus molli tremet icta vento ;
hic apis nullo tibi murmurare
desinet anno.
solibus centum radiare perges,
mille lunarum tremulo nitore,
me tamen nullo prope te vagantem
senseris aevo.

K

Labuntur anni.

EN, fons tenellus emicans terra levis
novam inscienter afferens dulcedinem :
iam rivulus tremente dum currit pede
ludo et loquellis murmurans infantibus :
mox sole torrens qui sub aureo salit
laetus juventae robore exultans suae;
tum nobile undis flumen amplioribus
laeto sonoras alveo volvens aquas :
tandem aeger amnis taedio longae viae
cum pace placido levis illabens mari :
sic vita lapsu praeterit volubili,
sic mergit aequor alta in aeternum quies.

T. E. P.

Would I were there.

THAT I now, I too, were
by deep wells and waterfloods,
streams of ancient hills, and where
all the wan green places bear
blossoms cleaving to the sod,
fruitless fruit and grasses fair,
or such darkest ivy-buds
as divide thy yellow hair,
Bacchus, and their leaves that nod
round thy fawn-skin brush the bare
snow-soft shoulders of a god;
there the year is sweet, and there
earth is full of secret springs,
and the fervent rose-cheeked hours,
those that marry dawn and noon,
there are sunless, there look pale
in dim leaves and hidden air,
pale as grass or latter flowers,
or the wild vine's wan wet rings
full of dew beneath the moon,
and all day the nightingale
sleeps, and all night sings.

SWINBURNE.

Empfänglichkeit.

EATH a chilly sky the rose
reft of all its fragrance blows;
if thou wishest earth to charm thee,
in heaven's holy sunshine warm thee.

From W. MUELLER.

Φέρετέ μ' αὖραι.

εἴην νῦν ὅθι περ βαθειᾶν (στροφή)
ἔρσαι τ' ἀνακηκίουσι παγᾶν
κρᾶναί τ' ὠγυγίων ὀρῶν,
ἔνθα χθὼν ὑδαρὴς τρέφει
νευστάζοντα πέδονδε τἄνθη
χλωροὺς ἀνὰ κόλπους,
ἄκαρποί τε βρύουσι καρποὶ
σχοῖνοί τ' ἀταλοί, τό τε
σοῖς πλοκάμοισιν, Ἴακχε, περιστεφὲς
ἐρυθρὸν ἔρνος ἁβᾷ
κισσοῦ φυλλάδος, ἅπερ ὑγροῖς,
ὦναξ, πετάλοισι σάν τε νεβρὶν
ψαίρει καὶ νιφόεντας ὤμους.
πᾶν γὰρ μᾶκος ἔτους τέθαλεν (ἀντιστροφή)
πλήθει τ' ἀφανέσσι γαῖα κρουνοῖς,
αἱ δ' ἀοῦς θαλαμαπόλοι
ὁμαίμου τε μεσαμβρίας
αἴθουσαι ῥοδοχρῶτες ὧραι
ἤδη κατ' ἐρεμνὰς
λόχμας ἀελίου τ' ἀλαμπεῖ
μαυροῦνται ἐπ' ἀέρι.
τὰν νοτίαν θ' ἑλικόδρομον ἄμπελον
ἄδην ἄωρά τ' ἄνθη
δρόσοισιν πότισεν σελάνα,
πᾶν δ' ἅμαρ ὕπνῳ λαθοῦσ' ἀηδὼν
μακρὰν νύκτ' ἐπέφλεξε μολπαῖς.

R. D. A. H.

Calor divinus.

ERE sub gelido nullos rosa fundit odores ;
ut placeat tellus, sole calesce Dei.

K.

Ulixes and the Cyclops.

U. OST thou descry yon sunlit table-land?
C. I do; but not distinctly, being one-eyed.
U. but, if half-sighted, half of it you see?
C. O Noman, Noman, where is thy discernment?
my vision fails in kind, not in degree;—
contemplate Luna in her properties:
broader of disk but shallower of sheen
she lacks the sparkle of a brace of stars;
and in comparison of such twin lights,
as twinkle in the brows of mortal men,
more weakly burns the big circumference
that faintly moons this frontal firmament.
U. Lord of the lonely sphere, less luminous
than large, I have no charm nor spell wherewith
to call upon thy brow another eye;
but this I have—a subtle potent potion,
meet draught for earthborn giants, the red blood
of earthborn fruits eyeshaped:—take thou this bowl,
which drained to the dregs shall multiply
thy single vision till thou double see.
now reel, then sleep and hold the fire-bar fast,
and this thy second sight shall prove thy last.

T. S. E.

Inscription on a Well at Shanklin.

TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet,
drink of this water pure and sweet;
it flows for rich and poor the same.
then go thy way, remembering still,
the wayside well beside the hill,
the cup of water in His name.

LONGFELLOW.

Monstrum horrendum informe ingens.

O. ὁρᾷς ἐκείνην ἡλιόβλητον πλάκα;
K. ὁρῶ μέν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐμφανῆ μονωψ γεγώς.
O. ἀλλ' ἡμίσειάν γ' εἶδες, ἥμισυ βλέπων;
K. ὦ Οὖτις, Οὖτις, ποῖ ποτ' ἐξίκου φρενῶν;
τὸ ποῖον, οὐχὶ τὸ πόσον οὐφθαλμὸς ποθεῖ.
σκέψαι Σελήνην, πρὸς θεῶν, οἵως ἔχει·
κύκλον μὲν ἰσρὺν φῶς δ' ἄγαν λεπτὸν φέρει,
σέλας γ' ὑπείκουσ' ἀστέρων ξυνωρίδι·
καὶ τοῖς διπλοῖς λαμπτῆρσι τοῖς βροτησίῳ
ἐν κρατὶ μαρμαίρουσιν οὐκ ἴσον φλέγει
ὁ κύκλος οὐπίσημος ὁ σπείρων μόγις
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ τοῦδ' ὡς σεληναῖον φάος.
O. ἄναξ μόνου μὲν κἀφίλου κυκλώματος
πελωρίου δὲ μᾶλλον ἢ 'ξαυγεστέρου,
ἔχω μὲν οὐχὶ θέλκτρα κἀπωδὰς λόγων
ὅπως καράνοις σοῖσιν ὄμμ' ἐπάσομαι
θάτερον, ἔχω δὲ φάρμακον πιστὸν τόδε,
πρέπον γίγασι γῆθεν ὠνομασμένοις,
ἐρυθρὸν αἷμα γηγενοῦς φυτεύματος
ὀφθαλμομόρφου. τοῦτό μοι δέξαι λαβών,
σπάσας δ' ἀμυστὶ τὴν πρόσοψιν ἐκτενεῖς
τοσοῦτον ὥστε κἀξ ἁπλοῦ διπλοῦν ὁρᾶν.
ἰλιγγία δή· κᾆτα κοιμηθεὶς ὅπως
ἕξεις μοχλὸν φλέγοντα, τὴν δὲ δευτέραν
ὄψιν ξυνείσει καὶ πανυστάτην ἔχων.

T. S. E.

Fontis Inscriptio.

HUNC laticem ut potes dulcem, sta, fesse viator;
idem divitibus pauperibusque fluit:
fontis abi sub colle memor salientis, et haustae,
quae datur in Christi nomine, iugis aquae.

H. J. H.

Be still, and wait.

UT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
east wind and frost are safely gone;
with zephyr mild and balmy rain
the summer comes serenely on;
earth, air and sun and skies combine
to promise all that's kind and fair:—
but thou, O human heart of mine,
be still, contain thyself and bear.
December days were brief and chill,
the winds of March were wild and drear,
and nearer and receding still,
spring never would, we thought, be here;
the leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
had, not the less, their certain date:—
and thou, O human heart of mine,
be still, refrain thyself and wait.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Forget thee?

ORGET thee!—bid the forest-birds forget their
sweetest tune;
Forget thee!—bid the sea forget to swell beneath
the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing
dew;
Thyself forget thine own dear land, and its mountains
wild and blue;
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot:
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be
forgot.

MOULTRIE.

Perfer et obdura.

DA, platane alta, tuas da truso germine frondes;
fugerunt Euri flamina, fugit hiemps.
iam Zephyri tepuere, cadit gratissimus imber;
leniter aestivi temporis hora subit.
foedere communi sol, aether, sidera, tellus,
promittunt almi quidquid ubique nitet;
at tu, cor nostrum, docili sub pectore sortem
disce tuam, presso murmure, disce pati.
luce brevi fuerat, non miti sole December;
Martius horrendis triste sonare notis:
iamque propinquanti similis similisque fugaci
spes abiit vernos posse redire dies.
turgentesque comas nitidosque Hyperionis ortus
certa tamen certa rettulit hora vice.
tu quoque, cor nostrum, placido sub pectore lentas
disce moras, presso murmure, disce pati.

C. G. G.

Nec me meminisse pigebit.

OBLITUS omnes ut tui vivam dies?
cesset avis liquido mulcere silvas carmine:
oblitus omnes ut tui vivam dies?
negligat unda maris tumere sub lunae face:
siticulosa nutet immemor rosa
nectareos bibere rorantis Hesperi scyphos:
tuo paternum corde litus effluat,
notaque caeruleo fulgore vasta montium,
vultusque amatus quisque, et a puertia
plurima deliciis signata plurimis loca:
quorum simul te ceperint oblivia,
excideris animo tu, cara, tum demum meo.

K.

The Light of Love.

HE is not fair to outward view,
as many maidens be:
Her loveliness I never knew
until she smiled on me:
oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
a well of love, a spring of light.
But now her looks are coy and cold,
to mine they ne'er reply;
and yet I cease not to behold
the love-light in her eye:
her very frowns are better far
than smiles of other maidens are.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Perfect Day.

GIFT of God! O perfect day!
wherein shall no man work but play;
wherein it is enough for me
not to be doing but to be.
through every fibre of my brain,
through every nerve and every vein
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
of life that almost seems too much.
While over me unrolls on high
the splendid scenery of the sky,
where through a sapphire sea the sun
sails like a golden galleon,
towards yonder cloudland in the West
towards yonder islands of the blest,
whose steep sierra far uplifts
its craggy summit white with drifts.

LONGFELLOW.

Καλλιβλέφαρον φάος.

PULCHRA parum forma est: certe formosior illa
conspicitur nivei multa puella chori:
molle mihi donec furtim subrisit ocello,
virginis illecebrae me latuere meae.
tum veluti plenus fons lumine, plenus amore,
sidereus gemino fulsit ab orbe nitor.
nunc tua mutati cerno fastidia vultus:
dedidicit nobis iste referre vices.
ast ego non potero vultum satiare videndo
quantus sidereis orbibus insit amor.
contrahe tu frontem: subrideat altera virgo:
alterius risu frons magis ista placet.

R. S.

Perfecta Dies.

SINE labe dies, divino munere nata,
otia quæ misso grata labore facis,
te peragente viam non res agitabimus ullas:
da, precor, o tantum vivere, cuncta dabis.
nulla etenim cessat mihi fibra micare cerebri,
venaque cum nervo consona quæque suo:
vita mihi talis magico per corpora tactu
pervolat et totum vix toleranda quatit.
explicat interea scenam polus ecce supernam,
sol ubi caeruleum carpere pergit iter;
sol ubi caeruleo puppis velut aurea ponto
pandit ad Hesperias carbasa plena plagas.
nonne vides? Qua multa animis natat insula sanctis
seposita, hic portus ardet inire suos:
qua procul incani praerupta cacumina montes
velati nivibus stantque micantque suis.

T. M.

Listen and save.

ABRINA fair,
listen where thou art sitting
under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
in twisted braids of lilies knitting
the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
listen, for dear honour's sake,
goddess of the silver lake;
Listen and save.

* * * * *

Rise, rise and heave thy rosy head
from thy coral-paven bed,
and bridle in thy headlong wave
till thou our summons answered have:
listen and save.

MILTON.

Audi casta Puellas.

ABRINA, nostras rite memor preces
audi sub imo gurgite, qva sedes
regina pellucentis undae et
in vitreo thalami recessu
iam liliorum flore recentium
nexo fluentes undique comprimis
crines, et electro nitentis
luxuriam religas capilli.
Argentei te fluminis incolam
nos invocamus. Supplicibus tuis
succurre, si castas tueri
cura tibi superest puellas.
Quid te morantem detinet? Ilicet
antro relicto, purpureis ubi
fulget pavimentum lapillis,
nympha potens, roseos precamur
exserta vultus aequore prodeas
tutela praesens; sed rabiem prius
fraena reluctantis fluenti et
praecipites, tua regna, fluctus.

C. T. N.

CARMINA SACRA.

The Lord the Creator.

BENEATH thy all-directing rod
both worlds and worms are equal, God.
thy hand the comet's orbit drew,
and lighted yonder glowworm too.
thou didst the dome of heaven build up,
and form yon snowdrop's silver cup.

BOWRING.

Deus est quodcumque vides.

RERUM summe parens, tuae bilances
mundos lege pari probantque vermes.
quae scripsit manus orbitam cometae,
et lampyridis edidit lucernam.
caeli tu rutilum lacunar idem
et lili niveam creas corollam.

K.

The Captive Israelites.

E sat and wept by Babel's stream,
for Sion was our mournful theme:
and there, on many a willow bough,
we hung our harps, all silent now.
they came, whose captive yoke we bear,
they came, and saw us weeping there:
a mirthful strain they bade us raise:
"come, sing us one of Sion's lays."
how shall I sing to heathen ear
a song the Lord was wont to hear?
if I forget thee, Sion hill,
may my right hand forget its skill;
my tongue may cleaving palsy chain,
when from my heart thy memories wane;
when thou, Jerusalem, shalt be
than dearest joys less dear to me.

PSALM CXXXVII. CAMBRIDGE VERSION.

The Fathers.

HE fathers are in dust, yet live to God:"
so says the Truth; as if the motionless clay
still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
smouldering and struggling till the judgment-day.
and hence we learn with reverence to esteem
of these frail houses, though the grave confines:
sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
that they are earth;—but they are heavenly shrines.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Captae superavimus Urbi.

LEBILES propter Babylonis amnem
sedimus nostri memores Sionis ;
interim rami citharam saligni
quamque tenebant
pendulam, mutis fidibus. Sed, ecce,
flentibus servis domini imminentes
de Sionaeis sibi cantilenis
una canatur
imperant, laetis socianda chordis.
mene, quos nostro cecini Jehovae,
mene delenire meis profanas
cantibus aures ?
O Sionaei iuga sancta montis,
hora si vestras mihi mente delet
ulla convalles, propriae fatiscat
immemor artis
dextra ; nec linguae sua vis supersit,
ulla cum dicam mihi dulciora,
quam tui quondam, Solyme, fuerunt
gaudia templi.

K.

Est Deus in nobis.

IVET adhuc veterum, qui sunt in pulvere, patrum
cara Deo, docuit sic Deus ipse, cohors,
ceu premerentur humo luctantia semina vitae,
dum rupto eliceret caespite summa dies.
has itaque exuvias, quamvis sapientia mendax
mole putet tumuli semper inerte premi,
debita conservat reverentia ; quaeque sophistes
esse lutum fingit, sunt ea templa Dei.

K.

The Year.

N childhood, when, with eager eyes,
the season-measured year I viewed,
all, garbed in fairy guise,
pledged constancy of good.
spring sang of heaven; the summer flowers
let me gaze on, and did not fade;
even suns o'er autumn's bowers
heard my strong wish, and stayed.
they came and went, the short-lived four;
yet, as their varying dance they wove,
to my young heart each bore
its own sure claim of love.
far different now!—the whirling year
vainly my dizzy eyes pursue,
and its fair tints appear
all blent in one dusk hue.
why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
spring-time, or winter's social ring?
long days are fireside nights,
brown autumn is fresh spring.
then what this world to thee, my heart?
its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless;
thou hast no owner's part
in all its fleetingness.
the flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
earth's joy, earth's terror, nought is thine;
thou must but hear the sound
of the still voice divine.
O princely lot! o blissful art!
e'en while by sense of change opprest,
thus to forecast in heart
heaven's age of fearless rest.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

In se sua per Vestigia volvitur Annus.

ANNUM temporibus dispositum suis
dum miror cupido lumine parvulus,
sponderi mihi visa est
mansuri series boni.
ver caeli cecinit gaudia; non Canis
aestatis roseum praeripuit decus;
nec sol ipse rogatas
invidit foliis moras.
venerunt Charites quattuor et vice
discessere cita: sed puero breves
saltus inter amoris
pignus quaeque tulit suum.
ut versa est species! Ut rapidum sequor
annum vix oculis deficientibus!
pallet, praeterit omnis
subsidens tenebris color.
autumnale iubar quid morer, aut opes
vernas, aut hiemis concilia et choros?
nil Octobribus horis
Maiae, nil brevior dies
longo discrepat. O pars melior mei,
quo te terra beat munere, quo cibo
pascit? num fugitivi
menses te dominam vocant?
tempestas, tonitru, flamma, tremor soli,
terrarum timor et gaudia, nil tuum:
observanda tibi una est
magni vox tenuis Dei.
O regum mihi sors sorte beatior,
dum motus quatiunt, dumque metus, metu
sic motuque vacantem
praesensisse animo polum!

K.

The Wonders of the Deep.

HEY that go down to the sea in ships,
and do business in great waters;
these men see the works of the Lord,
and his wonders in the deep.
for at his word the stormy wind ariseth,
which lifteth up the waves thereof.
they are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep:
their soul melteth away because of their trouble.
they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
and are at their wit's end.
so when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
he delivereth them out of their distress.
for he maketh the storm to cease,
so that the waves thereof are still.
then are they glad because they are at rest
and so he bringeth them to the haven where they would be.

PSALM CVII.

Means of Grace.

ORD, I have fasted, I have prayed,
and sackcloth has my girdle been,
to purge my soul I have essayed
with hunger blank and vigil keen.
o God of mercy! why am I
still haunted by the self I fly?
sackcloth is a girdle good,
o bind it round thee still;
fasting, it is angels' food,
and Jesus loved the night-air chill;
yet think not prayer and fast were given
to make one step 'twixt earth and heaven.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Miracula Ponti.

Ὅσοι βεβῶτες πόντιοι νεῶν ἔπι
ἐν εὐρυνώτῳ χρήματα σπεύδουσ' ἁλί,
τούτοις πάρεστιν εἰσορᾶν τὸν Κύριον
ὁποῖα θαύματ' ἐν βυθοῖς ἐργάζεται.
κείνου γὰρ ἐντέλλοντος εὐθὺς ὄρνυται
τυφὼς ἀείρων οἶδμ' ἁλὸς μετάρσιον.
οἱ δ' οὖν ἐς αἰθέρ', ἄλλοτ' ἐς πόντου βάθη
χωροῦσ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω φορούμενοι·
καὶ πᾶς τις ἔνδον τήκεται λύπης ὕπο.
βίᾳ γὰρ ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσ', ὡς οἰνωμένοι,
σκιρτῶσιν εἰλίσσουσι παράφορον πόδα,
ἤδη παραλλάσσοντες ἕξεδροι φρενῶν.
ὅταν δ' ἀμηχανοῦντες εὔχωνται Θεῷ,
ἐκρύεται σφᾶς τοῦ ταλαιπώρου πάθους·
κοιμᾷ γὰρ οὖν ἄελλαν, ὥστ' ἀκύμονα
θάλασσαν εὖδειν· οἱ δ' ὁρῶντες εὐδίαν
χαίρουσ'· ὁ δ' ὅρμον ὃν ποθοῦσιν εἰσάγει.

T. S. E.

Ardua prima Via est.

DIXI saepe preces, egi ieiunia, vinxi
mollia saetoso tegmine membra, Deus:
utque animum turpi purgarem adspergine, saepe
est temptata mihi nox vigil, aegra fames.
dic, Pater, humanos semper miserate labores,
cur me sic fugiens sic tamen ipse sequor?
corpora saetosum confirmat fortia tegmen;
hoc igitur circa pectus, ut ante, liga:
saepe fuere cibo superis ieiunia turbis;
Christo in deliciis frigora noctis erant.
sed ne tu precibus, ne per ieiunia caelum
crede rapi, nulla praepediente mora.

K.

The Better Land.

HEAR thee speak of the better land,
thou callest its children a happy band :
mother, oh where is that radiant shore ;
shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
is it where the flower of the orange blows,
and the fire-flies dance through the myrtle-boughs ?—
not there, not there, my child.
is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
and the date grows ripe under sunny skies ;
or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
and strange bright birds on their starry wings
bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?—
not there, not there, my child.
is it far away in some region old,
where the river wanders o'er sands of gold,
where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
and the diamond lights up the secret mine,
and the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ;
is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?—
not there, not there, my child.
eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
sorrow and death may not enter there ;
time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
for beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
it is there, it is there, my child.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Arva beata petamus Arva.

NARRAS de meliore, mater, ora;
felices ibi credis esse coetus:
dic o dic ubi sit; licetne terram
fulgentem petere et carere fletu?
an qua flore citri renidet aestas,
et musca saliunt flagrante myrti?—
terram quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—
an qua sub face laetiore fructus
alatae properat tumere palmae,
qua splendor maris insulis inerrat
silvosis, zephyrosque odorat arbor,
stellatisque avium caterva pennis
rerum mille novos rapit colores?—
terram quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.—
an mundo procul abditur vetusto,
qua flumen ruit aureis arenis,
qua secreta vibrant per antra lucem
gemmae multicolore fulgurantes
scintilla, niveisque margaritis
albet curalium micantis actae?—
terram quam cupis haud ibi est, puelle.
nulli visi oculo, tenelle, nulla
laetos succinuit modos in aure:
numquam mens ita liberam creavit
letoque et lacrimis serenitatem.
nam, qua nescit edax nocere tempus,
trans nubes radiat nigras, sepulcri
vernat trans hiemem beata tellus.

K.

Sonnetto.

OV' è, Signor, la tua grandezza antica,
e l' ammanto di luce, e l' aureo trono ?
dove il fulmin tremendo, il lampo, il tuono,
e l' atra nube che al tuo piè s' implica ?
parmi che turba rea m' insulti e dica :
questi è il tuo Nume ? e quel vagito è il suono
scotitor de la terra ? e quelle sono
le man' ch' arser Gomorra empia impudica ?
esci, gran Dio, da l' umil cuna, e in tempio
cangiato il vil presepio, al primo onore
torna del soglio, e sì favella a l' empio :
vedrai, vedrai del giusto mio furore
la forza immensa a tuo gran danno e scempio,
tu che non sai quanto in me possa amore.

ANTONIO TOMMASI.

The Restitution of Man.

SON, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
my word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
all hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
as my eternal purpose hath decreed :
man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will ;
yet not of will in him, but grace in me
freely vouchsafed ; once more I will renew
his lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthralled
by sin to foul exorbitant desires ;
upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
on even ground against his mortal foe ;
by me upheld, that he may know how frail
his fallen condition is, and to me owe
all his deliverance, and to none but me.

MILTON.

Deus in Cunis.

NUNC ubi majestas ? Ubi nunc, Deus, aurea sedes?
circumfusa tibi taenia lucis ubi ?
fulgur ubi tonitruque tuum fulmenque tremendum,
quaeque obducta tuos implicat umbra pedes ?
impia gens risu me provocat: Hoc tibi numen
scilicet, et mundum vox quatit ista suum ?
haene manus, quibus ultricem jaculantibus ignem
nequitiae poenas foeda Gomorra dedit ?
quo potes usque pati ? templum praesepia fiant;
surge tuis cunis, maxime, surge, Deus:
surge potens soliique tui reparatus honore
protere terribili voce rebelle caput:
qui quid amor valeat nescis meus, in tua damna
quid valeat disces vindicis ira Dei.

K.

Sceleris Vestigia nostri irrita.

Ὦ Τέκνον, ἀμῆς καρδίας τὰ φίλτατα,
ἀγαπητὲ Τέκνον, ὃς μόνος πάντων ἔφυς
Σοφία Λόγος τε παντελὴς τ' ἰσχὺς ἐμή,
προσῳδὰ μὲν πάντ' εἶπας οἷς ἐφρύντισα
ξύμφωνα δ' οἷς ἔγνωκ' ἀπ' αἰώνων ἐπὶ
αἰῶνας· ἄνθρωπος γὰρ οὐ πανώλεθρος
πέπτωκεν, ἢν δέ τις θέλῃ σωθήσεται·
οὐ μὴν θέλων μὲν κεῖνος, ἀλλ' ἐμοῦ χάριν
δωρουμένου σφιν. ἐξανορθώσω δ' ἔτι
κείνου μάλ' αὖθις τὴν παλίρροπον φύσιν.
κεἰ νῦν πέπραται πᾶσα κἀπιθυμιῶν
κλύει περισσῶν, ἀνομίας ἡσσωμένη,
ἐμαῖς ἀρωγαῖς κεῖνος ἀντιστήσεται
ἤδη μάλ' αὖθις ἴσος ἴσῳ τῷ δυσμενεῖ·
ἐμαῖς γ' ἀρωγαῖς, ὡς ἂν ἐξειδῇ μαθὼν
εἰς ἣν μεθέστηκ' οἰζύν, ὡς ἀμήχανος,
κἀμοί γ' ὀφείλῃ παντελῆ τὰ ῥύσια. T. S. E.

Sayings of the Wise.

ETTER is the poor that walketh in his integrity,
than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool.
also that the soul be without knowledge, it is not
good;
and he that hasteth with his feet sinneth.
the foolishness of man perverteth his way:
and his heart fretteth against the Lord.
wealth maketh many friends;
but the poor is separated from his neighbour.
a false witness shall not be unpunished,
and he that speaketh lies shall not escape.
many will entreat the favour of the prince:
and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.
delight is not seemly for a fool;
much less for a servant to have rule over princes.
the discretion of a man deferreth his anger,
and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.
the king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion;
but his favour is as dew upon the grass.

PROVERBS, CH. XIX.

Twofold Hope.

EFLECTED on the lake, I love
to see the stars of evening glow,
so tranquil in the heaven above,
so restless in the wave below.
thus heavenly hope is all serene;
but earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
still flutters o'er this changing scene,
as false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair.

HEBER.

Σοφία ἐν Παροιμίαις.

Ἔχουσι πλεῖον, ὅστις ὢν πένης ἀνὴρ
χωρεῖ δὶ ἁπλότητος, ἢ διάστροφον
γλῶσσαν νέμων τις μῶρος ἐκ μώρου φρενός.
οὐδ' ἀξυνήμων οὖσα φρὴν καλῶς ἔχει·
ἁμαρτάνει δ' ὁ τιθέμενος σπουδὴν ποδός.
καὶ μὴν τὸ μῶρόν γ' ἄνδρα τῆς ὁδοῦ πλανᾷ,
πρὸς κέντρα λακτίζοντα διὰ φρενῶν Θεῷ.
πολλούς γ' ὁ πλοῦτος τοὺς φίλους ἐφέλκεται,
οἰκεῖ δὲ χωρὶς τῶν πέλας πένης ἀνήρ.
ἢ ψευδόμαρτυς οὐκ ἀπαλλαχθήσεται
ἀθῷος, οὐδὲ μὴ 'κφύγῃ ψευδόστομος.
πολλοί γέ τοι σαίνουσι τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἀεί,
καὶ τῷ διδόντι δῶρα πᾶς τις εὖ φρονεῖ.
γεγηθέναι τὸν μῶρον οὐκ ἐν εὐπρεπεῖ,
ἧπου τὸ δοῦλον φῶτα κοιράνων κρατεῖν.
τὸ σῶφρον ὀργῆς ἀμβολὰς θέσθαι φιλεῖ,
ὅστις πεπονθὼς τἄδικ' εἶτ' ἀγάλλεται
παρείς· χόλος τοι βασιλέως φλέγων πρέπει
βρυχωμένῳ λέοντι, φρικώδης κλύειν·
χάρις δ' ἔοικεν εὐδρόσῳ χλόης γάνει.

T. S. E.

Spes Duplex.

ESPERTINA iuvat spectare lacustribus undis
reddita siderei lumina mille chori:
ut superum caeli decorent immota lacunar,
inque tremant imis irrequieta vadis.
sic tranquilla nitet spes caeli praescia: sed quae
ducit ab humanis spes alimenta bonis
irradiat fragilem mutanti lumine terram,
pulchra, sed heu species falsa, brevisque nitor.

K.

Sweet are the Uses of Adversity.

HAVE been honored and obeyed,
I have met scorn and slight;
and my heart loves earth's sober shade
more than her laughing light.
for what is rule but a sad weight
of duty, and a snare?
what meanness, but with happier fate
the Saviour's cross to share?
this my hid choice, though not from heaven,
moves on the heavenward line;
cleanse it, good Lord, from sinful leaven,
and make it simply thine.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

A Present Deity.

LORD, thou hast searched me out, and known me:
thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising:
thou understandest my thoughts long before.
thou art about my path and about my bed,
and spiest out all my ways.
for lo, there is not a word in my tongue,
but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.
thou hast fashioned me behind and before,
and laid thine hand upon me.
such knowledge is too wonderful and excellent for me:
I cannot attain unto it.
whither shall I go then from thy Spirit,
or whither shall I go from thy presence?
if I climb up into heaven, thou art there:
if I go down to hell, thou art there also.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Ingenium Res Adversae nudare solent.

MPERIO quondam, quondam dignatus honore,
mox idem opprobrio ludibrioque fui:
seriaque in terris semper mihi dulcior umbra est
quam liquida ridens ebria luce dies.
quid regnare tulit nisi pondus triste laboris
retiaque occultis insidiosa dolis?
et quid pauperies? Christi suspiria, Christi
sortiri luctu cum leviore crucem.
haec igitur, si non caelo demissa, voluntas
me tamen haud dubia ducit ad astra via.
hanc tu labe, Deus, turpique adspergine purga,
et tibi quae placeant omnia velle iube.

K.

Praesens Deus.

Ὦ Κύρι', οἶσθά μ' ἐξερευνήσας τορῶς,
εὐνῆς τ' ἐπαντέλλοντα κἀπιδέμνιον
πίτνονθ' ὁμοίως ἐννοεῖ μ'· ἃ δ' ἂν φρονῶ,
καὶ πρὶν φρονεῖν με προὐξεπίστασαι πάλαι.
σὺ δ' ἀμφὶ μὲν πόδ', ἀμφὶ δ' εὐναστήριον
ἀεὶ πάρει μοι, πάντας ἐξιχνοσκοπῶν
τρόπους· ἐπεί τοι κοὐ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχω
οὐδέν τι φωνεῖν, μὴ οὐ σάφ' εἰδότος σέθεν.
σύ τοι δέμας μου τά τ' ὀπίσω ξυνήρμοσας
καὶ τἀπίπροσθεν, ἐπιβαλὼν σὴν δεξιάν.
τοιαῦτ' ἐμοὶ σοφώτερ' ἢ ξυνιέναι,
γνώμην ὑπερβάλλοντα. ποῖ μὲν γὰρ λάθω
σὸν πνεῦμα, ποῖ δὲ σὴν παρουσίαν ἰών;
πτηνὸν γὰρ ἄρας σῶμ' ἐς αἰθέρος βάθη
ὁρῶ σ' ἐκεῖ παρόντα, καὶ κατὰ χθονὸς
μολὼν ὁρῶ σ' ἐνόντα κἀν Ἄιδου δόμοις.

T. S. E.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
and, with his sickle keen,
he reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
and the flowers that grow between.
"shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"have nought but the bearded grain?
though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
he gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
he kissed their drooping leaves;
it was for the Lord of Paradise
he bound them in his sheaves.
"my Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
the Reaper said, and smiled;
"dear tokens of the earth are they,
where He was once a child.
"they shall all bloom in fields of light,
transplanted by my care,
and saints, upon their garments white,
these sacred blossoms wear."
and the mother gave, in tears and pain,
the flowers she most did love;
she knew she should find them all again
in the fields of light above.
oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
the Reaper came that day;
'twas an angel visited the green earth,
and took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

Debemur Morti.

MESSOR obit mundum: mors illi nomen: acutae
falcis inexpletum sedulus urget opus:
hordeaque et pariter barbatas inter aristas
quae radiant florum milia multa secat.
et, nihil, exclamat, pulchri retinere licebit,
et barbata mihi est unica praeda seges?
gratus odor florum; sed, quamquam suaviter halent,
has in delicias nil mihi iuris erit.
protinus ad flores rorantia lumina vertit,
addidit et lentis oscula maesta comis:
stringit enim strictosque aliam dimittit in oram,
nutriat hos proprio qua Paradisus ero.
haec, ait arridens Messor, quae laeta patescunt,
germina sunt Domino rite legenda meo.
talia quippe lubens terrae monumenta videbit,
vixit ubi quondam parvulus ipse puer.
florebunt agris in pellucentibus omnes,
transtulerit glebae quos mea cura novae;
felicesque chori niveas intersita vestes
floribus e sacris plurima serta gerent.
audiit, et lacrimis oculos suffusa dolentes
delicias mater tradidit ipsa suas;
tradidit, et Flores, quos nunc amittimus, inquit,
restituet diae postmodo lucis ager.
credite, nil crudele movens, non concitus ira,
venerat haec illo Messor in arva die;
sed viridi illapsus terrae bonus incola caeli
dona tulit flores grata futura Deo.

E.

All Things are Vanity.

HEN mirth is full and free,
some sudden gloom will be;
when haughty power mounts high,
the watcher's axe is nigh.
all growth has bound; when greatest found,
it hastes to die.
when the rich town, that long
has lain its huts among,
rears its new structures vast,
and vaunts,—it shall not last.
bright tints that shine are but the sign
of summer past.
when, too, thine eye surveys
with fond adoring gaze
and yearning heart thy friend,
love to its grave doth tend.
all gifts below, save faith, but grow
towards an end.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

The Parish Priest to his Successor.

F thou dost find
a house built to thy mind
without thy cost,
serve thou the more
God and the poor;
my labour is not lost.

HERBERT.

Omnia magna cadunt.

NTER soluti gaudia pectoris
persaepe nubes ingruit horrida;
utcumque sublimi potestas
summa sedens dominatur arce,
ultor securim praeparat. Omnia
quae procreantur limite parvulo
clauduntur, atque in maius aucta
funere deproperant caduco.
En qua per agros sparsa mapalia
dudum latebant, urbs nova colligit
caementa, et insigni domorum
mole nimis locuples superbit,
mansura paullum: mox cadit obruta
turpi ruina. Silva coloribus
quam vestit autumnus coruscis
omen habet morientis anni:
et cum sodalem pectore sedulo
fixusque amanti lumine suspicis,
iam nunc sepulcrales inire
fluxus Amor properat tenebras.
quaecumque nobis sunt data munera
iniurioso limite temporis
urgentur; indefessa longo
sola fides stabilitur aevo.

H. J. H.

Apto cum Lare Fundus.

AEC tibi si cordi est, qui nunc mea munia curas,
sumptibus haud propriis aedificata domus,
da tu pauperibus tanto plus ipse Deoque:
sic poterit noster non periisse labor.

K.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

MY Shepherd is the Lord; no care
or craving want I know:
in pastures green he feeds me, where
the soothing waters flow:
He calls my wandering spirit back
from paths of sin and shame,
and leads me in the righteous track,
so holy is his Name.
I fear no evil, though my way
through death's dark valley lie;
thy rod and staff are all my stay;
thy guiding hand is nigh:
Thy table for my feast is spread
in sight of all my foes;
thy cheerful oil anoints my head,
my cup of joy o'erflows.
still with thy love and goodness blest,
till life's last days are o'er,
within thy dwelling I shall rest,
o Lord, for evermore.

PSALM XXIII. CAMBRIDGE VERSION.

The Vanity of the World.

BROTHER, know the world deceiveth:
trust in Him who safety giveth.
fix not on the world thy trust;
she feeds us, but she turns to dust:
and the bare earth or kingly throne
alike may serve to die upon.

HEBER.

Ἐγώ εἰμι ὁ Ποιμὴν ὁ ἀγαθός.

ASTOR est mihi Deus,
quo quod sit aptum dante nil requiro:
prata per virentia
me ducit, undae qua canunt amoenae.
Ille me vagum bonus
custos pudendis a viis reducit;
sistit ille tramite
recto, verendae sanctitatis auctor.
mortis atra sit licet
calcanda vallis, nil mali timebo,
dux enim manus tua est,
firmas euntem tu potente virga.
hostibus palam meis
lasso fruendam ponis ipse mensam;
balsamis nitet caput
tuis, abundat te replente poclum.
sic amore provido,
dum vita restat, usque me sequeris,
aede et in tua, Deus,
felix in omne commorabor aevum.

K.

Vix ea nostra voco.

UNDO nulla fides. Illi confidere praestat,
qui tribuit solus munera tuta Dator.
parce, puer, monitus fallaci credere terrae:
nos alit at putri postmodo miscet humo:
et tibi vel nudus caespes vel regia sella
aptus erit pariter, quo moriare, locus.

P. P.

Christian Warfare.

SOLDIER, go—but not to claim
mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
not to build a vaunting name,
not to dwell in tents of pleasure;
dream not that the way is smooth,
hope not that the thorns are roses;
turn no wistful eye of youth
where the sunny beam reposes:
thou hast sterner work to do,
hosts to cut thy passage through;
close behind thee gulfs are burning:
forward!—there is no returning.
soldier, rest—but not for thee
spreads the world her downy pillow;
on the rock thy couch must be,
while around thee chafes the billow;
thine must be a watchful sleep,
wearier than another's waking;
such a charge as thou dost keep
brooks no moment of forsaking.
sleep, as on the battle-field,
girded, grasping sword and shield:
those thou canst not name or number
steal upon thy broken slumber.
soldier, rise—the war is done:
lo, the hosts of hell are flying;
'twas thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.

Sic itur ad Astra.

INCIPE, miles, iter: sed ne terrestria quaeras
munera, post paucos interitura dies,
neu cupias vano nomen memorabile fastu,
neve voluptatis mollia castra petas,
neve putes iri facili super aethera cursu,
neu teneram spinis posse carere rosam,
neu captes oculo tractus iuveniliter illos
ridet ubi aestivis solibus almus ager,
te labor armatum gravior manet, acrior hostis;
est acies telis magna domanda tuis.
aestuat a tergo flamma fervente barathrum;
protinus i recto calle; redire nefas.
carpe tuam, miles, requiem; sed non tibi luxus
explicat ignavo stragula grata toro:
vix tibi sufficiet scopulosa cubilia rupes
quam ferus illisis obsidet Eurus aquis:
te decet attentum longas producere noctes,
et somno excubiis asperiore frui:
quae tu difficili servas tutamine castra
tempore non ullo deseruisse licet.
somnos carpe, velut pugnam introiturus, in armis
impiger, et clipeo cinctus et ense latus;
illi qui numeroque carent et nomine certo
invadunt tacito somnia fracta pede.
surge adeo, miles, confecto munere belli:
en agitat rapidam turba nefanda fugam.
dux tuus infernas fraudes devicit: Iesus
morte sua victo victor ab hoste redit.

pass the stream—before thee lies
  all the conquered land of glory:
hark what songs of rapture rise;
  these proclaim the victor's story;
    soldier, lay thy weapons down,
    quit the sword, and take the crown;
triumph! all thy foes are banished,
death is slain, and earth has vanished.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The Evidence of Things not seen.

E saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,
o Saviour, this our sinful earth;
nor heard thy voice restore the dead,
and waken them to second birth;
yet we believe that Thou didst come,
and quit for us thy glorious home.
we were not with the faithful few,
who stood thy bitter cross around;
nor heard thy prayer for those who slew,
nor felt that earthquake rock the ground.
we saw no spear-wound pierce thy side,
but we believe that Thou hast died.
no angel's message met our ear,
on that first glorious Easter Day;
"The Lord is risen. He is not here;
"come, see the place where Jesus lay."
but we believe that Thou didst quell
the banded powers of death and hell.
we saw Thee not return on high;
and now, our longing sight to bless,
no ray of glory from the sky
shines down upon our wilderness;
but we believe that Thou art there,
and seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

ANON.

traiice iam fluvium ; devictae gloria terrae
panditur ante oculos, scaena propinqua, tuos.
audin, laetifica dulcedine murmurat aer,
dum pia victorem carmine turba sonat.
quin tu depositis clipeo, bellator, et ense
laetus Io magna voce Triumphe canis ?
quin tu serta capis ? fugit hostis : mortua Mors est :
vanuit in priscum terra relapsa chaos.

R. B.

Μακάριοι οἱ μὴ ἰδόντες, καὶ πιστεύσαντες.

NON vidimus Te, Christe, peccantum salus,
terrena visentem loca :
non lingua nobis audientibus tua
iussit renasci mortuos ;
sed credimus Te, vindicem nostrum, Patris
liquisse fulgentem domum.
si non tuae nos vidit adstantes cruci
pauxilla fidorum cohors,
pro parricidis nec preces audivimus,
nec sensimus labi solum,
nec visa nobis hasta transfodit latus,
te mortuum esse credimus.
lux illa Paschae prima non praeconium
caeleste nobis attulit :
surrexe Dominum scite : non hic est : locum
spectate, Iesus qua modo
iacebat :—at vi victa credimus tua
mortisque et Orci foedera.
ad astra si non Te redire vidimus,
nec lucis optatum iubar
palantibus per vasta terrarum micat,
adesse credimus tamen
te semper illic, Domine ; praesenti Tibi
laudes precesque mittimus.

K.

The Praise of God.

YE mists and exhalations, that now rise
from hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey
till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
in honour to the world's great Author rise;
whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
rising or falling, still advance his praise.
his praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
with every plant, in sign of worship wave.
fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
that singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
the earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
witness if I be silent, morn or even,
to hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

MILTON.

The Grace of God.

THE misty clouds that fall sometime
and overcast the skies
are like to troubles of our time,
which do but dim our eyes.
but as such dews are dried up quite
when Phoebus shews his face,
so are sad fancies put to flight
when God doth guide by grace.

GASCOIGNE.

Deum laudate.

AERII umores, terrai spiritus udae,
qui sudante lacu vel aquosis collibus orti
nunc ferrugineum submittitis aera, donec
vellera Sol extrema suo pertinxerit auro,
vos rerum Artifici iam adsurgite : sive colorum
purum fert animus nebulis illudere caelum,
sive cadente solum bibulum conspergere rore,
surgentes laudate Deum, laudate cadentes.
quattuor effusae mundi regionibus aurae,
nunc humiles, nunc admissae, praeconia laudum
adspirate Deo. deflectite culmina, pinus,
more salutantum, et plantarum quidquid ubique est.
flumina, quae prono strepitis numerosa liquore,
lympharum numeris dias intexite laudes.
unam, viva cohors animarum, tollite vocem.
aetheriae volucres, quibus usque canentibus itur
ad portam caeli, pennisque et gutture laudes
ferte Deo. testor vos, quae mare curritis, et quae
assiduo terram teritis pede, sive superbo
incendentia sive humili reptantia gressu ;
nec veniente die nec decedente silebo
quin doceam vallesque cavas clivosque cubantes
umbrasque fluviosque Deum laudare canendo.

T. S. E.

Gratia Caeli.

UT poli quondam nebulae serenos
obruunt risus, ita damna vitae
saepe ridentes oculos obortis
nubibus umbrant.
utque siccati fugiunt vapores
aureum Phoebo referente vultum,
sic obumbrantes fugat alma curas
gratia caeli.

K.

A Hymn for all Nations.

A. D. MDCCCLI.

LORIOUS God, on Thee we call,
Father, Friend, and Judge of all,
Holy Saviour, heavenly King,
homage to thy throne we bring.
in the wonders all around
ever is thy Spirit found,
and of each good thing we see
all the good is born of Thee.
thine the beauteous skill that lurks
every where in Nature's works;
thine is Art with all its worth,
thine each masterpiece on earth.
yea, and foremost in the van
springs from Thee the mind of man:
on its light, for this is thine,
shed abroad the love divine.
lo, our God, thy children here
from all realms are gathered near,
wisely gathered, gathering still,
for peace on earth, towards men goodwill.
may we with fraternal mind
bless our brothers of mankind:
may we, through redeeming love,
be the blest of God above.

TUPPER.

Ἐκ Θεοῦ ἀρχώμεσθα.

Σέ τοι σεβίζομεν λιταῖς,
μέγιστε Θεός, πάντων Πάτερ,
Σῶτέρ τ' Ἄναξ τε καὶ Κριτά,
σὰ προσκυνοῦντες ἔδρανα.
πάντων ὅσ' ἔστι θαυμάτων
σὸν Πνεῦμ' ἐπίστροφον πέλει,
πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἔστι φερτάτων
ἐκ Σοῦ πέφυκε τἀγαθόν.
σῆς ἐστι δημιουργίας
ἡ πᾶσα πανταχοῦ φύσις,
καὶ πάνθ' ἃ καλλιστεύεται
δαιδάλματ' ἐντίμου τέχνης.
κἀν τοῖς γε πρῶτον ἐκ Σέθεν
γεγᾶσιν ἀνθρώπων φρένες,
ἃς νῦν θεοσσύτου φάους
ἀκτῖνι θέλξον ἠπίᾳ.
ῥεῖ δεῦρο, δεῦρ' ἀεί, Θεός,
σὴ γέννα πάμφυλος λεώς,
πνέοντες εἰρήνην χθονί,
πνέοντες εὔνοιαν βροτοῖς.
ἡμεῖς δὲ συγγόνῳ φρενὶ
θνητοὺς δεδεγμένοι κάσεις
δεχοίμεθ' ἄφθιτον βίον
διδόντος ἐν τέλει Θεοῦ.

K.

Heaven.

HIS world is all a fleeting show,
for man's illusion given;
the smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
there's nothing true but Heaven.
and false the light on glory's plume
as fading hues of even;
and love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
are blossoms gathered for the tomb;
there's nothing bright but Heaven.
poor wanderers of a stormy day,
from wave to wave we're driven,
and fancy's flash and reason's ray
serve but to light the troubled way;
there's nothing calm but Heaven.

MOORE.

The Sower.

Siehe, voll Hoffnung vertrauſt du der Erde den goldenen Samen
und erwarteſt im Lenz fröhlich die keimende Saat.
nur in die Furche der Zeit bedenkſt du dich Thaten zu ſtreuen,
die von der Weisheit geſät ſtill für die Ewigkeit blühn.

SCHILLER.

Ὁ χάλκεος Οὐρανός.

ITA fugaci similis pompae
vanis hominem capit illecebris ;
risus hilares, miseri fletus,
falsi radiant falsique fluunt :
solidi nihil est nisi caelum.
splendet inani Gloria crista,
ceu fluxa rubet vespere nubes ;
et Spes et Amor Formaeque nitor
quid sunt ? Tumulo data serta novo :
nitidi nihil est nisi caelum.
nos obeuntes deforme fretum
tumor undarum rapit huc illuc ;
iter incertum vix irradiat
fax Aonidum, lux Rationis :
placidi nihil est nisi caelum.

K.

Exspectata Seges.

UREA sulcatae confidis semina terrae,
praecipiens laeto pectore veris opes ;
et piget in vitae sulcis deponere facta,
quae bene si sata sint, tempus in omne metas ?

K.

Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
almighty! Thine this universal frame,
thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
to us invisible or dimly seen
in these thy lowest works; yet these declare
thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
and choral symphonies, day without night,
circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
on Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
fairest of Stars, last in the train of night,
if better thou belong not to the dawn,
sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
with thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
while day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

MILTON.

The Value of Life.

NOR love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
live well, how long or short permit to heaven.

MILTON.

Ὕμνος εἰς Θεόν.

Τοιαῦτα τεύχεις φαίδιμ', ὦ γενέθλιον
καλῶν ὅσ' ἐστί, παγκρατὲς Πατρὸς σέβας.
σὸν ἔργον ἥδε γαῖα πάγκοινος βροτοῖς
θαυμαστὸς ὡς εὔμορφος· εἶτ' αὐτός γε δὴ
οἷον Σὺ θαῦμ' ἅπασιν, ἄφθεγκτον τέρας,
ἁγνοῦ γ' ὕπερθεν οὐρανοῦ καθήμενος,
ἡμῖν δ' ἄδηλος, ἢ τυφλοῖσιν ὄμμασι
τοιοῖσδ' ἐν ἔργοις ἐσχάτοις κάτοπτος ὤν·
δηλοῖ δ' ὅμως καὶ ταυτα φροντίδων πέρα
θεῖόν σ' ὑπάρχοντ' εὐμενέστατον κράτος.
φωνοῖτ' ἂν οἷς μάλιστα σημαίνειν πάρα,
ὦ φῦλον οὐρανοῦχον, ὦ φάους τέκνα,
οἵπερ βλέποντες αὐτὸν αἰανεῖ θρόνῳ
πανημέροις μολπαῖσιν ἀμφιβάλλετε
μέλος χαρᾷ ξύναυλον· ὦδ' ἐν οὐρανῷ
ὑμεῖς μὲν αἰνεῖθ'· ἂν δὲ γῆς τρέφῃ πέδον
γεννήματ' Αὐτὸν πρῶτον ὕστατον μέσον
ἄπειρον εὐλογεῖτε παμμίκτῳ χορῷ.
ὦ καλλιφεγγὴς λαμπάς, ἣ πανύστατος
στίλβεις ἐν ἄστρων νυκτέρων ὁμηγύρει,
ἢν μὴ σὺ μᾶλλον ἐμπρέπῃς ἑωθινοῖς,
σὲ δή, βεβαίαν ἐγγύην τῆς ἡμέρας
καλῶ, γελώσης ἥτις ἐκστέλλεις Ἕω
στέφος φαεννόν, κεῖνον αἰνέσαι χρεών,
ἐν σαῖς κέλευθοις στροφάσιν, εὖτ' ἂν ἐκφανῇ
ὡραῖον ὄμμα, φαιδρὸν ἡμέρας σέλας.

A. H.

Cetera mitte Deo.

ITAM, si sapias, Homo,
nec magni facias, nec tamen oderis.
quod vivis, bene vivito;
sit longum, breve sit, viderit id Deus.

K.

The Star in the East.

RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
star of the East, the horizon adorning,
guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
low lies His Head with the beasts of the stall,
angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
odours of Edom and offerings divine,
gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?
vainly we offer each ample oblation;
vainly with gifts would His favour secure:
richer by far is the heart's adoration;
dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
star of the East, the horizon adorning,
guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

HEBER.

Holy Love.

OVE'S holy flame for ever burneth,
from heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
too oft on earth a troubled guest,
at times deceived, at times opprest,
it here is tried and purified,
then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
it soweth here with toil and care,
but the harvest-time of love is there.

SOUTHEY.

Praevia Lux anteit.

ALMA fuga nobis tenebras, Lux omnibus una
luminibus caeli clarior; affer opem:
duc age nos, oriens Astrum, qua parvulus Infans
ille, mali nostri nata medela, iacet.
rore micant gelido cunae; positique sopore
ecce silens pueri stat prope vacca caput:
at chorus aetherius, Tu rebus causa creatis
una, canit, Tu rex unus et una salus.
huicine promemus quot Idume misit odores,
quoque solet sumptu terra piare Deum?
silva dabit myrrhae frondes, aurumque fodina,
gemma suos montes, baca relinquet aquas?
frustra divitias amplas exponimus Illi;
quaeritur haud ullo munere tantus amor:
ditior est, censente Deo, reverentia cordis;
pauperis exaudit laetior Ille preces.
alma fuga nobis tenebras, Lux omnibus una
luminibus caeli clarior; affer opem:
duc age nos, oriens Astrum, qua parvulus Infans
ille, mali nostri nata medela, iacet.

K.

Dius Amor.

EDITUS e caelo, caelum rediturus, in aevum
fulget inexhausti fons sacer ignis Amor.
saepius in terris mala sustinet anxius hospes,
decipiturque dolis opprimiturque minis.
eluit hic vitae labem per mille dolores;
at pura requie perfruiturus ibi est.
hic sementis habet curam durosque labores
ut metat in caelo commoda pacis Amor.

K.

Te Deum Laudamus.

(Omitting three probably spurious verses.)

E praise thee, O God : we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
all the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.
to thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.
to thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : continually do cry,
Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;
heaven and earth are full of the Majesty : of thy Glory.
the glorious company of the Apostles : praise thee.
the goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise thee.
the noble army of Martyrs : praise thee.
the holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge thee ;

. . . . . .

thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.
thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.
when thou tookest upon thee to deliver man : thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.
when thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : thou didst open the King 'om of Heaven to all believers.
thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the Glory of the Father.
we believe that thou shalt come : to be our Judge.
we therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.
make them to be numbered with thy Saints : in glory everlasting.
o Lord, save thy people : and bless thine heritage.
govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Ὕμνος εἰς Χριστόν.

(Omissis tribus versibus, qui spurii videntur.)

A. Εὐλογοῦντες ὡς Θεὸν σὲ Δεσπότην γνωρίζομεν.
B. τὸν δι᾽ αἰῶνος σὲ Πατέρα χθὼν ἅπασα προσκυνεῖ.
A. πᾶς ἀνωλόλυξε δαίμων οὐρανός θ᾽ ὅ τ᾽ ὢν ἄνω.
B. καὶ μάλ᾽ εὐφήμως βοῶντες διατελοῦσιν οἱ θεοί.
A. ἁγνόν, ἁγνὸν ὦ σέβας Θεοῦ, Δέσποθ᾽ ἁγνὲ δεσποτῶν.
B. οὐρανόν τε γῆν τ᾽ ἔπλησε δόξ᾽ ὑπερτάτη σέθεν.
A. εὐλογεῖ σ᾽ ὕμνοις ὁ κλεινὸς τῶν Ἀποστόλων στόλος.
B. εὐλογεῖ δὲ καὶ Προφητῶν εὐσεβὴς ὁμιλία.
A. εὐλογεῖ δέ γε σφαγέντων Μαρτύρων κεδνὸς στρατός.
B. σεμνά θ᾽ ἱερὰ πανταχοῦ γῆς πάνθ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἔστ᾽ ἐγνώρισεν,

. . . . . .

A. εἴ τι κλεινόν ἐστ᾽ ἀνάσσεις, Χριστέ, παντίμου κλέους.
B. τοῦ Πατρός γ᾽ Υἱὸς πεφυκὼς ἀφθίτῳ θάλλων ζόῃ.
A. ἀξιῶν σώζειν τὸ θνητὸν νηδὺν οὐ μέμφει Κόρης.
B. τοῖς τ᾽ ἀεὶ πιστοῖς ἀνοίγεις οὐρανὸν κρατῶν μόρου.
A. μέτοχος εἶ τιμῆς Πατρῴας ἐξιᾷ παρήμενος.
B. καὶ Κριτὴν μέλλειν ποθ᾽ ἥξειν ἀνδράσιν πεποίθαμεν.
A. τιμίου νυν ἔλθ᾽ ἀρωγὰς πριάμενός νιν αἵματος.
B. τοὺς δὲ σοὺς τελεῖν ἐς ἁγνοὺς ἐς τὸν αἰανῆ χρόνον.
A. ὄλβισον λεὼν σὺ σαυτοῦ κλῆρον ἐκσώζων σέθεν.
B. καὶ κυβερνήσας νιν ὀρθῶς ἆρον ὑψηλοὺς ἀεί.

day by day : we magnify thee;
and we worship thy Name : ever world without end.
vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.
o Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.
o Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.
o Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

The Day of the Lord.

HOWL ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand;
it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty;
therefore shall all hands be faint,
and every man's heart shall melt;
and they shall be afraid:
pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them;
they shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth:
they shall be amazed one at another;
their faces shall be as flames.
behold, the day of the Lord cometh,
cruel both with wrath and fierce anger,
to lay the land desolate;
and he shall destroy the scorners thereof out of it.
for the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof
shall not give their light;
the sun shall be darkened in his going forth,
and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.

ISAIAH, CH. XIII.

A. ἡμέραν ἐξ ἡμέρας σοὶ θυστάδ' ἴεμεν βοήν.
B. ὄνομα προσκυνοῦντες ᾠδαῖς διὰ τέλους παύλης ἄτερ.
A. Δέσποθ', ὧδ' ἀναμπλάκητον τῆσδ' ἐφ' ἡμέρας μένειν.
B. οἴκτισόν με· ταῦθ' ἱκνοῦμαι δευτέροις προσφθέγμασιν.
A. οἴκτισόν με δῆθ', ὅσηπερ ἥδ' ἐμὴ πίστις πάρα.
B. μήποθ', ὦ Θεός, πεποιθὼς σοὶ ταραχθείην ἐγώ.

R. S.

Ἡ κυρία Ἡμέρα.

Ὀλολύζετ'· ἦμαρ γὰρ πέλας τὸ μόρσιμον·
σκήψει δὲ θνητοῖς θεόθεν, ὡς διαφθορά.
τοίγαρ προλείψει πᾶς ἀνειμένῃ χερί,
κοὐδεὶς ὃς οὐχὶ καρδίαν τεγχθήσεται.
καὶ δειμανοῦσι· καὶ φρενῶν ἀνθάψεται
σφάκελος μετ' ἄλγους, καὶ δι' ὠδίνων πικρων
χωρήσεταί τις ὥσπερ ἐν τόκοις λεχώ.
καὶ μὴν πρὸς ἄλλον ἄλλος ἐκπαγλούμενοι
βλέψουσι, λάμψει δ' ὄμμαθ' ὡς πυρούμενα.
ἰδού, τὸ μοιρόκραντον ἦμαρ ἔρχεται
χόλῳ βαρυνθέν, ὀξυμηνίτους πνέον
φόνους· Θεὸς γὰρ ἐξερημώσει τε γῆν,
καὶ τοὺς πανούργους γῆθεν ἐξαποφθερεῖ.
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ γὰρ ἀστέρων ὁμήγυρις
οὐ μὴ μεθῇ φῶς, ξὺν δ' ἀμαυρωθήσεται
στείχων ἐν ἀντολαῖσιν ἡλίου κύκλος
σκότῳ, σελήνη δ' οὐκέτ' ἐκλάμψει σέλας.

T. S. E.

"*The Lord was my Stay.*"

STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,
yet day by day the light in due gradation
from hour to hour through all its changes guide;
Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
an eve untouched by shadows of decay,
the brightness of a holy death-bed blending
with dawning glories of the eternal day.
Hear us, o Father, gracious and forgiving,
through Jesus Christ Thy co-eternal Word,
who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
now and to endless ages art adored.

HYMNS A. AND M.

The Divine Presence.

OD that madest earth and heaven,
darkness and light;
who the day for toil hast given,
for rest the night;
may Thine angel guards defend us,
slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
holy dreams and hopes attend us
this livelong night.

HEBER.

Factus est Dominus Protector meus.

COLUMEN rerum, Rex qui mortalia servas
omnia, mutari nescius Ipse manes;
idem rite die lucem moderaris euntem,
dum levis haud dubia labitur hora vice;
ne tenebris vitae vesper, ne tabe laboret;
securum condas et sine nube diem;
sic, qualem irradiat mens recti conscia, mortem
excipiet prima luce perenne decus.
exaudi, Pater alme (Tuumst ignoscere), Jesu
nomine; perpetuum par Tibi numen habet;
quîs simul ambobus toto Paracletus in orbe
cultus et aequali jure colendus erit.

J. H. L.

Te tuente dormio.

TERRAE Deus et poli,
o caliginis et luminis Artifex,
quo praebente laboribus
est addicta dies, nox vacat otio,
tutos milite nos tuo
dulcis non sine te possideat sopor,
nec spes nec sua somnia
nocti continuae Relligio neget.

T. M.

FINIS.

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